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# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

*WESTERN PARTS OF ENGLAND,*

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO

PICTURESQUE BEAUTY;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A FEW REMARKS

ON THE

PICTURESQUE BEAUTIES OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

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By WILLIAM GILPIN, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY; AND VICAR OF BOLDRE IN  
NEW-FOREST, NEAR LYMINGTON.

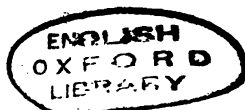
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THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1808.



Strahan and Preston,  
Printers-Street, London.

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE  
HENRY ADDINGTON  
SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

---

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH your inquiries  
suits have always been  
higher nature than the subjects  
papers, yet I take the liberty  
senting them to you, as I am  
you do not disapprove in  
the rigid economy of your  
will not suffer you to pursue  
attention yourself.

My book would gladly  
still offer itself to your  
some little personal affinity  
scribes a country, through

have often travelled; and in which your property chiefly lies.

But if this plea have less weight, it hath one more, from which it hath a better hope of procuring a favourable reception. The profits of it are intended to lay the foundation of a little fund, which you, my dear Sir, and a few other kind friends, have obligingly engaged to countenance at some future period.

As to the book itself, it has lain by me these twenty years, in which time it ought to have gained—and I hope it has gained—some little advantage. One advantage is, that I have had opportunities of adorning several of the scenes it describes, with contrasts taken from other countries, which have occasionally fallen in my way. It was always a particular amusement to myself,

## DEDICATION.

self, and I hope it may be also to others to see how *variously* Nature works up the *same modes* of scenery, in different parts of the world.

At the same time, so long a date had occasioned some little anachronisms. I met with a few improvements in different places, of later date than the body of the work itself. These indeed might have inserted in notes; but I thought the occasion did not require much chronological exactness, and therefore blended them with the text.

After all, my dear Sir, to tell you the plain truth, in my address to you, consider my book only as a vehicle. The fact is, I had the vanity to wish known, that I could call one of the most amiable and respectable men I am acquainted with, my friend: and I hope you will excuse my not comm

nicating to you this piece of vanity, as I had determined to indulge what I feared you might wish to repress.

I beg, dear Sir, you will believe me to be, with the truest esteem, respect, and affection,

Your most obedient, and

obliged humble servant,

WILL. GILPIN.

VICAR'S-HILL,  
April 23, 1798.



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OBSER-

# OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

WESTERN PARTS OF ENGLAND

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## S E C T. I.

OUR road led us first to Epsom through Nonfuch-park. The very vestiges of splendid palace and sumptuous gardens Nonfuch, where Henry VIII. and Elizabeth held their royal revelries, cannot now be traced; except here and there, in the form of a canal, or a terrace. Impressions made on the *ground itself*, are commonly more lasting than any of the *works of art*, which are constructed on its surface. They are generally more enormous: and the materials of no less. Thus we have numberless tumuli — intrusions — mounds — and ditches, of Roman or Saxon construction, which will probably last as many ages as they have already seen.

B

the architectural remains of those nations are either gone, or falling fast into ruin. The ruin however of Nonfuch had an earlier date than happens to most great houses. The prudent foresight of the duchess of Cleveland, to whom Charles II. presented it, was the cause of its speedy dissolution. She feared a resumption, and pulling it in pieces, sold the materials. It is somewhat remarkable that her father, Lord Francis Villiers, one of the handsomest men of his time, was killed, in the preceding reign, in a skirmish with a party of Cromwell's forces, on this very spot.

But though the building of Nonfuch was splendid, and the gardens sumptuous beyond any of the royal houses of that time, the situation has little merit. At this day, a situation is generally the first point attended to, as indeed it ought, in building a grand house; but formerly the very worst situations seem to have been chosen; as if on purpose to shew the triumphs of art over nature. Indeed our ancestors had little taste for the beauties of nature; but conceived beauty to reside chiefly in the expensive conceits and extravagances of art; in which this palace particularly abounded. The body of the edifice formerly stood in a field,

field, across the road, opposite to a little  
 now known by the name of the *Cherry*  
*den*. If it had been carried a quarter of a  
 higher, where a detached building appended  
 upon it, called the *bánqueting-room*, form  
 flood, its situation would have been much  
 ter. It might have commanded a view ov  
 country, which is in some parts pleasing.

Of the numerous appendages of this fu  
 tuous pile, nothing remains but a house, ne  
 modernized, which is said to have been form  
 the habitation of Queen Elizabeth's maids  
 honour. In the garden was a large chalk-  
 containing about an acre of ground, which  
 been planted, and formed into a pleasing  
 sequestered scene by Mr. Whately, late sec  
 tary to the treasury, who wrote *Observations*  
*Modern Gardening*. His brother now poss  
 that estate, which was formerly the demesne  
 the place.

From Nonfuch we pass through Ewel  
 Epfom. Ewel is chiefly remarkable for  
 pious spring of limpid water, which aris  
 several parts of the village, forms itself

considerable stream. The baths collected from it, are chill, and pure in a great degree. Epsom hath been described by the pen of Toland; who exercised the powers of a wanton imagination with more innocence on this subject, than on many others. All that can now be said of it with truth (and it is *now* much improved since the days of Toland) is, that it is a large pleasant village, built in the form of a crescent, in an open country; and that it contains a few elegant houses. Of these the most remarkable is a house belonging to the late Lord Baltimore; though it is now neglected, and the park thrown into farms.

The chief recommendation of Epsom, is its situation on the skirts of that open country, called Banstead-downs, celebrated for hunting, racing, cricket-matches, and mutton. These downs consist of beautiful sweeps of intersecting grounds; disfigured indeed here and there by a chalky soil, but adorned with rich and very picturesque distances.

On these downs stand a hunting-seat of Lord Derby's, called the *Oaks*; which that nobleman

bleman brought into repute (for it was formerly an inn) by a very expensive sumptuous evening entertainment, which he gave upon his marriage. General Burgoyne celebrated the place and the occasion, in a small dramatic piece, called the *Maid of the Oaks*.

Though this little villa is whimsical and singular, it has its beauty. It commands about twenty acres, in an oblong form. In the centre stands the house, which is a kind of tower but yet unfinished. One half of the ground is laid out in close walks, winding among oaks from whence the place has its name: the other half is a hanging lawn, interspersed with fir, flowering shrubs, and beeches. The oaks are ordinary; and the firs scarcely yet half-grown; but some of the beeches are of the grand old form. The whole is surrounded by a high fence; and like an enchanted island in a sea of downs in its neighbourhood; and has a grand view over them, as far as the towers of London,

From Epsom we proceeded to Leatherhead, skirting Lord Suffolk's park at Ashted :

is a pleasant scene, including some fine oaks and elms, within a walled circumference of about two miles. The house is not grand; but compact, and comfortable\*.

\* The house is now rebuilt. Sir Robert Howard, in Charles the Second's time, was the architect of the old house, which I thought, having often seen it, a very good one.



## S E C T. II.

**A**T Leatherhead, instead of continuing **al**  
 the great road to Guilford, we tur  
 short on the left, to take a view of  
 Lock's house at Norbury-park; which sta  
 about half-way between that town and D  
 ing, on the banks of the Mole. Nothin  
 these parts is so well worth a traveller's  
 tention.

The beauties of the Mole itself deserve  
 little commendation. It is a lazy stream  
 sinking into the ground in some places,  
 its channel dry, in drougthy seasons.  
 banks, however, are beautiful in various  
 but in no part more so than where Mr.  
 woods and lawns rise loftily above them.

On entering the gate from the road,  
 ing the Mole, we wind round the hill  
 right towards the house, which stands

summit, removed from the sight, as we approach it; though from various parts of the country it is a conspicuous object.

Among other wood, which adorns this ascent, is a profusion of box. This plant grows here in full luxuriance, in its native uncultivated state; marking the road on the right with great beauty. A regular clipped box wood hedge is an object of deformity: but growing wildly, as it does here, and winding irregularly, at different distances, along the road, it is very ornamental. The box itself also is a pleasing object: in winter it harmonizes with the ground; and, in summer, with the woods, which surround it. Box has a mellow, a more varied, and a more accommodating tint, than any ever-green. One other circumstance of advantage attends it. Almost every species of shrub, in a few years, outgrows its beauty. If the knife be not freely and frequently used, it becomes bare at the bottom; its branches dispart, and it rambles into a form too diffuse for its station. But box-wood long preserves its shape: and in the wild state in which we found it here, is far from regular; though its branches, which are never large, are close  
and

and compact. I should, however, mention holly, as having all the picturesque qualities of box, except the variety of its tints. But in the room of these it throws out its beautiful clusters of coral berries, which have a pleasing effect among its dark green polished leaves, Like box it grows slowly, and alters leisurely.

After winding about a mile up the hill, we arrive at the house, which is encircled with groves of lofty, full-grown beech. The *back-front* (if I may be allowed an awkward expression for want of a better) overhangs the steep part of the hill; and commands, as you survey it from the windows of the house, a very grand vale; not like the winding rocky vales of a mountainous country, but such as we sometimes find (though rarely on so ample a scale) among the downy hills of a chalky soil; though here the chalk rarely offends. This vale is a flat area of cultivated ground, about five or six miles in length, and one in breadth. Sometimes indeed, though but rarely, it takes the form of a lake or bay of the sea; which it exactly resembles when it happens to be overspread by a thick white fog, such a fog as from its gravity,  
and

and the want of air to disturb it, sinks to a level like water ; and like water also describes the prominences of the vale around the bases of the hills.

Generally indeed these heavy fogs are mischievous, when they float over sea-marshes, and other moist lands. A gentleman once fitted up a house near the coast of Suffolk, which was often subject to them. It stood on a small eminence, in the midst of a rich woody vale ; the whole surrounded by hills. Here the fogs would sometimes appear, in an autumnal evening, winding along the vale like a river, and sometimes like a lake ; not with that indistinct and vapourish surface which fogs commonly assume, but flat, clear, and transparent ; forming distinctly all those little indentations which a water-line would have described. These beautiful exhibitions, though frequently presented, never failed to please. In the mean time the family were all seized with agues, fevers, and bilious disorders ; and in three years found out, that these beautiful fogs were the cause of their complaints. When the master of the scene therefore had just gotten his house and grounds completed, he was constrained to leave them,

Norbury

Norbury park, however, is this beautiful mischief. It is its vale is thus filled with a fleece when it is, the house stands so it, that it despises its bad effect

The side-screen of this vale, or you still survey it from the wind of a downy hill, marked with various regular channels, and planted with oak and beech. Through these woods conducted along its sloping side; if you have descending views into the low: some of which seen through the opening arms of an oak or a beech, as the frame of a picture, have a pleasing effect.

The other side-screen of the vale that boasts of Surrey, the celebrated so called from the profusion of beech, flourishes spontaneously upon it. From its downy back and precipitous sides exhibits great variety of pleasing views of the lower parts of Surrey; and the high parts of the neighbouring counties. But we have only to do with it, as itself an object in the opening scene; in which it fills its station with great beauty; discovering its shivering pines, and downy hillocks, every where

spersed with the mellow verdure of box, which is here and there tinged, as box commonly is, with red and orange.

This hill, and the neighbouring hills, on which this beautiful plant flourishes in such profusion, should be considered as making a part of the natural history of Britain. After, in his *Life of Alfred the Great*, tells us, that Berkshire had its name from a wood, *ubi buxus abundantissime nascitur*. No trace of any such wood now remains: nor is there perhaps a single bush of indigenous box to be found in the whole country. All has been rooted up by the plough. If it were not therefore for the growth of box on the Surrey hills, whose precipitous sides refuse cultivation, it might perhaps be doubted, whether box were a native of England. As to the common tradition of the country, that it was planted by an earl of Arundel, it is certainly fabulous; for there are court-rolls still existing, which mention *the box-wood on the hill*, before any such artificial plantation could have taken place\*.

The

\* Insignificant as this shrub appears, it has been to its owner, Sir Henry Mildmay, a source of considerable profit. It is used chiefly in turning. But the ships from the Levant brought such quantities

The end-screen which shuts in the beautiful vale just described, consists of the range of hills beyond Dorking; and the rising ground at Deepden; where in a clear day, a new castle built by the Duke of Norfolk, makes a conspicuous object. A little to the left of the rising hills, the high grounds gradually descend to admit a distant catch of the South Downs, which overhang the sea.

Such is the situation of this elegant prospect, though, like all other situations, it hath both favourable and unfavourable lights. It is seen to most advantage in an evening. As the sun points almost directly south from the castle, the west is on the right. In the evening, therefore the woods of that screen are a

quantities of it in ballast, that the wood on the hill could not be a purchaser; and not having been cut in 65 years, was in many parts cankered. But the war having diminished the influx of it from the Mediterranean, several purchasers began to offer: and in the year 1795 Sir Henry put it up to auction, and sold it for the immense sum of twelve thousand pounds. It attains its full growth in about fifty years; in which time, if the soil be good, it will rise fifteen feet, and form a stem of the bigness of a man's thigh. The depredations made on Box-hill in consequence of this sale, will not much injure its beauty; as it will be twelve years in cutting, which will give each portion a reasonable time to renew its beauty.

Shado

shadow, which is flung in one vast mass over the bosom of the vale; while the setting sun, having just touched the tops of the trees, as its rays pass over, throws a beautiful light on the guttered sides of Box-hill.

This view over the vale, (beautiful as it is,) is subject, however, to inconvenience. Every house should, if possible, overlook its *own domains*, as far at least as to remote distance. All the intermediate space, in which objects are seen more distinctly, may suffer great injury from the caprice of different proprietors: and, in fact, this view has, in two or three instances, suffered injury from the interference of neighbours. This is indeed one reason, among others, why noble palaces, with extensive property on every side, are most adapted to these commanding situations.

Norbury-house pretends only to comfort and convenience; except in the drawing room, which is an object of great curiosity. It is an oblong of 30 feet by 24. The walls are covered with a hard and durable stucco, and are painted by Barret. The whole room represents a bower or arbour, admitting a *fictitious*  
sky



sky through a large oval at the  
 vered at the angles with trell  
 woven with honey-suckles, vi  
 grapes, and flowering creepers of  
 The sides of the room are div  
 painted pilasters, appearing to su  
 lis roof; and open to four view  
 wards the *south* is *real*, consistin  
 inclosed by Box-hill, and the hill  
 and Dorking, which hath been  
 The other three are *artificial*.  
 which are the two end-views, co  
 sides of the room from the c  
 base.

The scene presented on the  
 taken from the lakes of Cumberl  
 exact portrait of none of them;  
 scape formed from a collection  
 the happiest circumstances whic  
 all. No real view could present  
 and complete a picture. A larg  
 the lake, under a splendid calm, is  
 the eye, furrounded by mounta  
 well shaped and stationed. Natur  
 nice in the moulds in which she  
 casts these enormous bodies; and

various forms of beauty, so have they of deformity; but here we have some of the most pleasing shapes culled out, and beautifully grouped. Woods are scattered about every part, which give these scenes a greater richness than nature hath given to any of the lakes in Cumberland. The smaller ornaments also of buildings, figures, and boats are judiciously introduced, and have a good effect. All this scenery is contained in various removes of distance; for no part of the lake comes close to the eye. The near ground is composed of bold rocks, and other rough surfaces, with which the banks of lakes commonly abound. Among these a wild torrent, variously broken, pours its waters under the furbase of the room, which intercepts it. This torrent the painter has managed so well, that its spirit and brilliancy produce no lights which interfere with the calm resplendency of the lake, but rather contrast it.

In describing this noble landscape, I have thus far considered it chiefly as a *whole*. But all its *parts* are equally excellent. On the foreground particularly are two birch-trees, which are painted with great beauty. The roots, the bark, and the foliage, are all admirable.

The other grand landscape occupies the *eastern* wall of the room. It is, I think, inferior to that on the *west*; yet it is a noble work. The scene is sylvan, and the objects of course less grand. The foreground, where we admire particularly some beautiful trees, is tumbled about in various forms; but in the distance it sinks into a rich flat country, through which a sluggish stream, winding its course, discharges itself into the sea. The same observations might be made on this picture, which were made on the other, with regard to composition, and the judicious management of the several parts.

The *north* side of the room, opposite to the windows, offers two more landscapes; divided by the breast of the chimney; which is adorned with a pier-glass, let into the wall, and covered thick with a frame-work of honey-suckles, vines, wild-roses, and various creepers in flower; all painted with great beauty. These two pictures on the *north* are a continuation of the scene exhibited on the western wall, which they unite with the landscape on the *east*. Clustering vines, and wild flowers, form a frame-work to all these beautiful pictures, both at the base, and along the

c

trellis-

trellis-work of the sides ; so as to give them the resemblance of being seen through the openings of the harbour.

With this *unity in the subjects* of these landscapes, the *light* also, and other *particulars* coincide. The *season* represented, is autumn. Every where round the room the year is in its wane. Each tree, and bush, is touched with its autumnal hue. The *time of the day* is about an hour before the sun sets, which, after a rainy afternoon, is breaking out from the watery clouds that are scattered before a gentle breeze, in too high a region of the air to affect the surface of the lake. The rainy clouds, which are broken in the *west*, hang heavy in the north; and give a dark lurid tint to the lake below. In the *north-east angle*, a ray of sunshine, breaking through the gloom, gilds a castled cliff: but the clouds condensing again, fall in a heavy, though a partial shower on the landscape in the east.

As the sun is represented setting on the *western* side of the room, it is *supposed* to illumine the several objects in *all* the pictures; and when the *natural hour* corresponds with the *hour represented*, there is a coincidence of *artificial* and *natural* light. All the landscape,  
both

both within and without the room, appears illumined by the same sun. The union too between the *natural* and *artificial* landscape, is still farther assisted by a few straggling trees, which are planted before the windows, with a view to connect the picture with the *country*.

We dwell the longer on this curious and interesting room, as it is the only one of the kind perhaps in England. There is a room painted by the celebrated Gasper Pouffin, at the villa of Monte Dragone, near Rome, on a plan something like this; but Gasper has paid no attention to the union of the several *lights*, nor to the *characteristic agreement* of the several views.

Added to the house is another grand room, full of much curiosity. It was built by Mr. Lock, as a painting room for the amusement of his eldest son, whose genius, taste, and knowledge in painting contend with our best artists. This room is adorned with a rich collection of statues, models, casts, and bas-reliefs; all excellent in their kind: and an adjoining closet is filled with heads, hands, feet, trunks, and other parts of the human body; so that the whole together is a complete study for a painter.

Among the casts is a very fine one of the Venus of Medici. It is not common to see so

good a substitute of this figure. I have sometimes heard her *attitude* called in question. Instead of that modest demeanor, which is commonly ascribed to her, I have known her reproached for prudery, and theatrical affectation. We can, in truth, say but little for her moral character. Her *attitude*, however, I think may be defended. The sculptor, I suppose, meant her to be viewed with her face towards you. In that position she makes the most elegant figure.

—— Shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, ——

she received the shot of the prophane eye that surprised her, as our modern heroes in duelling receive a bullet, by instantly drawing her body into a profile. In both cases nature teaches the easiest and most commodious posture.

But this collection, though it consist chiefly of casts, contains some genuine antiques; particularly a Discobolus, which is esteemed, I believe, the first statue in England. It turns on a pivot; and exhibits (what few statues are able to exhibit) *on every side* the justest proportions and the most pleasing attitudes. But  
what

what chiefly engages the attention in this statue, is its *expression*. It is a great beauty in any figure to appear to have some object in view, which always gives animation to it. I mean not that strong degree of action, which the ancient masters sometimes gave their figures; as in the Laocoon, the fighting gladiator, and the Torso, as far as we may judge of that fragment from the swelling of the muscles. *Strong expression*, no doubt, is highly beautiful, when it is well executed. But I would here only observe the effect of some *easy action*, or *expression*, in opposition to *none at all*; as in the Venus, the Belvidere Apollo, the listening Slave, or the Farnesian Hercules, resting from one of his labours. All these gentle modes of *action* or *expression* are certainly much more beautiful than the uninteresting vacancy of a consul standing erect in his robes. Interesting he still may be, all I contend for is, that such a statue is not *so* interesting as if it had some object in view. The Discobolus before us possesses this beauty in a distinguished manner. He has just delivered his quoit; and with an eager eye, and right arm still extended, is watching its success. The expanded hand indicates, that the mind is yet in suspense.

pence\*. His left hand holds another quoit; as, I suppose, each Discobolus had two. It is probable, however, the statuary might have disposed [the left hand to more advantage, if he could have described a quoit flying through the air. But he thought it necessary in some way to shew in what mode of action his figure was engaged. Nature could not have told the story with more expression†.

As the statuary has generally a single figure only to manage, there is much artifice necessary to shew who he is; or, if he be employed, what he is about; and sometimes this is done very awkwardly. We might produce many instances; but few perhaps more remarkable than M. Angelo's celebrated statue of Moses. Unless the original greatly exceed any of the copies we have of it, it certainly deserves less praise than it has found. The face is incumbered with beard, and the body with drapery. But what I mean to remark at present is, the conceit with which the statuary has *charac-*

\* The right hand, in this statue, is modern; but there is a repetition of this figure in the Musæum Clementinum at Rome, which shews, I am informed, the hand to have been well copied.

† This statue is now in the hands of Mr. Duncombe of Yorkshire, who purchased it of Mr. Lock.

*terized*



*terized* Moses. Some symbol was required to distinguish him from a Roman consul in his curule chair. M. Angelo gave him *horns*, by which he has turned into a *satyr*. From whatever silly conceit that gave horns to the great Jewish legislator originally sprang, it is certainly an absurd last degree, to see that *idea realized*. How much better might Moses have been characterized simply by his *rod*, and the *of the covenant*; which latter, well might have made a broad contrast drapery, while in part they might have been covered with it.

Among so many copies from the original, it is difficult to forbear remarking, that in some of them is very awkwardly imitated. I have the Laocoon particularly in view. The hair and beard of this statue have a very common bad effect; for as the face is seen from the eye, the locks of hair, with their round curls, are confounded with the features themselves, presenting a number of dark spots, whose dark shadows diminish the effect of those in the nostrils, mouth, and eyes, which should give character and expression to the face. It is a difficult thing, no doubt

the ease of hair to a block of marble : yet it may be done in two ways. We have examples of both. The hair may be represented very short, just covering the head, approaching nearly to baldness, as we often see it expressed ; or it may be represented in an easy flow. This is more difficult ; yet we sometimes see it well executed ; and when it is so, it is certainly more beautiful than to express the hair in small ringlets, as it is in the Laocoon, and in many other antiques.

Before we leave this room, I cannot forbear mentioning a head, which has a place there, with hair of another kind. It plainly indeed appeared allied neither to the Greek nor Roman models, among which it stood, (for the mouth was frightfully bad,) yet the *upper part* of the face was executed with simplicity, and had something in it like taste and beauty. On inquiry we found it was a great curiosity, being the workmanship of a native of Otaheite ; and seemed a convincing proof, that a love for the imitative arts is innate. But what particularly struck us in this head, was its being adorned with *real hair*, which had a still worse effect than the beard of Laocoon. The mixture indeed of *reality* and *imitation*, is very disgusting ;  
and

and I doubt not would have appeared so on a little more knowledge and experience, to the ingenious sculptor of the head himself. But we need not wonder at such absurdity in an artist of Otaheite, when we see among ourselves so many shocking statues, *painted after the life*; and vile waxen images with wigs and drapery; things to shudder at, rather than to admire. The plain marble makes no pretence to any thing but *imitation*. It means not to put a *trick* upon us, by substituting itself for *real life*. But when we look at a waxen figure, arrayed in *real drapery*; yet with *rigid limbs*, and *glazed and motionless eyes*; that is, with every appearance of life about it but motion, in which the very essence of life consists, we are shocked. The fact is, that when the *art of imitation* (applied to human life) is so perfect as to produce a *real, though momentary illusion*, it presents, by its *near approach to life*, an image of *death*. For the instant we perceive that a figure of this kind wants motion, we pursue it to the next stage, where motion ceases, which is *death*. A *representation of a dead body* may be beautiful and pleasing; but a figure which presents you with the appearance of death, when you expected life, not only

only disgusts you by the suddenness of the transition; but also from the mind's having been even for a moment imposed on by so paltry a trick.

From such effects, therefore, it seems to follow, that an *art calculated to please by an imitation of life*, should, when applied to the human figure, though *necessarily imperfect*, be made *intentionally* more so; lest by too near an approach to *life*, it should shock us with the idea of *death*.

Besides the shock which these representations give to the senses, they grossly oppose every idea of taste. When we see a stuffed skin in a Museum, we expect only an object of curiosity, and are satisfied. But when a thing of this kind is shewn as an *object of beauty*, it sets all taste (which in natural objects seeks for nature) at defiance; and we consider a mummy, which aims at nothing but what it is, by many degrees the more respectable figure.

As we leave this elegant mansion and descend the hill, the views are more *picturesque* than those over the valley from the back-front. They consist of oblique sweeps of descending fore-grounds, every where well-wooded, and set off with remote distances. This is the *simplest*

plest mode of landscape  
ground and distances  
a strong opposition  
unpleasing.

One species of landscape  
simple. I have seen  
a perfect flat. But

ground, it may consist  
objects, to set off the  
few little ornaments  
interspersed, may retire  
to the end of the picture.

A little to the right, as we descend  
house, the beech-woods, consisting of  
grown trees, sweep down to the vale  
in less luxuriance, as they gradual  
When the descent becomes precipitous  
channelled sides of the hill are, in  
bare of vegetation, and discover the  
is not chalk, though of a chalky tinge  
rather grey than white. Patches  
mixed with these patches of bar  
which box-wood grows profusely  
and there, where the soil allows  
beech. Down this hill an Alpine  
into the vale, and adds much  
and character. It is still rendered

are but what  
good, the  
between them.

Landscape indeed is  
as good picture as  
there must be  
of trees, cattle,  
distance, which  
the same kind  
gradually from

resting by opening, in various parts, towards Box-hill; which presents its flanks in these partial views, with a very mountain-like appearance. The whole scene makes a good Alpine picture.

Our remarks on this place should have been more cursory, if the plan of the whole, the situation, and the embellishments of it had not been all uncommon. Great houses in general resemble each other so nearly, that it is difficult to find among them any characteristic features. Here the whole is new.

SECT.

## S E C T. III.

**F**ROM Norbury-park we returned  
 therhead, and passed the Mole aga  
 way to Guildford. The country or  
 consists chiefly of open downs, whic  
 ther narrow in this part, as they are di  
 a point. They are interspersed also w  
 of cultivation. As these downs are  
 high, we had, from many parts of the  
 riety of beautiful distances on the ri  
 so expansive as those from Bansteac  
 but more picturesque, as they are mo  
 the command of the eye. The great l  
 such scenes consists in the richness  
 parts, in the removal of one distance  
 another, discoverable chiefly by lea  
 gleams of light, and in the melting  
 whole into the horizon. If a distanc  
 privied of *any* of these characteristics,  
 perfect; but the last is most essential  
 fary. A *hard edge* of distance check  
 view, (which is often the case when  
 tance is not remote,) is exceedingly di

When the distance indeed is bounded by mountains, it falls under other rules of picturesque beauty.

Of the elevated situation of these downs much advantage hath been taken. Many elegant houses are built upon the edge of them for the sake of the various prospects they command. The whole country indeed from Leatherhead almost to Guildford is thus richly adorned. Two of the most beautiful of these villas, are those belonging to the late Admiral Boscawen and Lord Onslow. The latter is esteemed one of the best houses in Surrey. The grounds about it seem well disposed; but we only rode past them.

A little to the left, near three parts of the way to Guildford, we were directed to look out, about half a mile from the road, for a beautiful scene called the *Sheep-leas*; consisting of lawns, divided from each other by woody copses. We easily found it; and were much gratified with the appearance it presented of a simple Arcadian retreat.

Few parts of this adorned tract of country between Leatherhead and Guildford, (through a space of about eleven miles,) can be called picturesque; yet from the variety it affords, it is  
very



Very amusing. One of the landscape here, as well the neighbourhood of London, in a manner which prevails of cially elms. They are the beautiful ramification branches, and you see formed into mere poles, top. *We* considered their deformity: but the *skilful* heard, considers such mental to the timber. lopping the elm is, then converted into a hollow under ground. Elm is for this purpose, as it can be kept from air; but fifty of these mutilated this use.

Guildford is a town of curiosity; but is in no consists of one long street cipitately to the river W road on the other side

ruptly\*. In the highest part of the town stands the castle, which consists of a heavy tower, though in one or two points it is not unpicturesque. The Wey is navigable as far as Guildford; and beyond it, for timber, which is brought down the river from the contiguous parts of the country.

Floats of timber are among the pleasing appendages of a river, when the trunks are happily disposed. This disposition, however, I fear, must be the result of chance, rather than of art. It is hardly possible to pack a float picturesquely by design. These cumbrous machines are navigated each by a single man with a pole; and as they glide gently down the stream, the tremulous reflections they form on the still surface of the water, and their contrast with trees, bushes, and pasturage, as they float along, are pleasing.

But cumbrous as these rafts are, they are as nothing compared with those which are often floated down the Rhine. In the neighbourhood of Andernach, great quantities of timber, brought down by various streams, from the forests of Germany, are there constructed into

\* It has lately been much eased.

a float of vast dimensions. There are a thousand feet long, and are each furnished with For the accommodation of the street of cabins is built upon float. When all is ready, and are at their posts, (many of and boats, both behind and to conduct it properly,) the pilot taking off his hat, with a loud "Let us pray:" on which the workmen on board fall knees, and beg a blessing on The anchors and cables are then and the whole machine is put floats majestically down the River the inhabitants from the town the banks of the river to see it arrive at Dort in Holland, the population ; where being broken up several parts continues man raises often the sum of thirty thousand. To these timber floats we meet a very singular kind on the Nile,

\* See a longer account of these floats and entertaining work, intitled "A Journal" &c. by Anne Ratcliffe."

earthen vessels. Large jars, to preserve water in dry seasons, are in great request in many parts of Egypt. These, of various sizes, are manufactured chiefly in the clayey grounds of the upper parts of the country. When the potter has gotten a sufficient number ready for market, he begins to form his float. In some convenient place near the river, he ranges his largest jars, empty, but well-corked, in rows of a proper length and breadth. These he braces tight with flexible twigs: and with the same art ranges above them several tiers of smaller jars, till he has made up the quantity and kind of goods his market demands. Over all he constructs a seat for himself. By this time the waters of the Nile, whose increase he calculates, begin to ripple round his earthen raft, which is presently after afloat. Having victualled it with a bag of parched rice, and put on his blue linen shirt and cap, he takes his seat, and paddles his vessel into the middle of the channel. The wondering stranger eyes from the shore this odd species of navigation; and though assisted by his pocket-perspective, cannot conceive its construction. In the mean time it glides down the stream. Neither storms nor rocks it fears,  
with

with which the Nile is little  
it even touch the ground,  
tle, and the ooze so soft, that  
not in the least disturbed  
more ingenious than to make  
materials its own vehicle; at  
a float could hardly be an o

The elegant author of the  
*yard* seems to have had a fi  
his view, in the last lines of  
tiful description of the Nile.

What wonder, in the sultry clime  
Where Nile (redundant o'er his f  
From his broad bosom, life and v  
And broods o'er Egypt with his  
If with adventurous oar, and read  
The dusky people drive before the  
Or, on *frail floats* to neighbouring  
That rise, and *glitter* o'er the am

From Guildford to Farnha  
country is singular. The  
through the space of eight n  
of high ground with a steep  
side. This grand natural te  
country people call the Hog  
on each hand extensive di

right the distance is very remote, consisting of that flat country through which the Wey, the Mole, and the Thames, though none of them objects in the scene, flow with almost imperceptible motion. On the left the distance is more broken with rising grounds interspersed through various parts of it.

Though the distance on neither hand forms a picture, except in a few places, for want of foregrounds and proper appendages proportioned to the scene; yet on both sides we study a variety of those pleasing circumstances, which we look for in remote landscape. As we draw near the close of this terrace, the two distances unite in one, forming a kind of grand amphitheatre in front.

Such violent contrasts as these, in which lofty grounds break down *precipitately* into extensive plains, are rather uncommon in nature, as these different modes of country are generally more imperceptibly united. We have several scenes, however, of this kind in different parts of England; particularly in the view over the vale of Mowbray\*; and in that over the vale of Severn†; in both which the union is abrupt.

\* See Northern Tour, vol. ii. p. 191.

† See the Wye, p. 8.

As England, however, is a country on a small scale, compared with the continent, its scenes are more moderate. Its rivers, its lakes, its mountains, though generally more picturesque, are more suited to human vision, yet do not want to the imagination with so much grandeur. Instances might be brought forward of sublimer effects in all modes of nature. A very abrupt transition from magnificent sylvan scenery to entire desolation with lately in an account of the Kingdom of Boutan and Thibet, communicated in the Philosophical Transactions \*. When the author of those remarks, journeyed into Thibet, the boundary is marked by a line, as is perhaps hardly to be found in any other part of the earth. From the summit where we stood, the mountain range which ranged above us, appeared as if beautifully arrayed in wood, manifesting itself to our very feet. This view was towards the south. When we turned towards the north, the eye is received by a vast dreary landscape extending far and wide, composed

\* Vol. lxxix,

ranges of hills and plains ; but, from the woody spot where we stood, through the whole unbounded distance, there is not the least appearance of vegetation.

Farnham consists chiefly of one long, thorough-fare street, and is principally remarkable for its being the summer-residence of the Bishop of Winchester.

Farnham-castle stands high, and was formerly a fortress of considerable reputation. It was built by a Bishop of Winchester in the time of King Stephen, when castles were much in fashion, and made some figure in the troubled reign of that prince. It afterwards figured in the times of Lewis the Dauphin, in the insurrections of the barons, and in the civil wars of the last century. During these last troubles it was blown up by Sir William Waller ; though not with that *picturesque judgment* with which many castles in those times were demolished. Very little is left that can make a pleasing picture. After the restoration it deposited its military character, and was changed again into an episcopal palace by Bishop Morley ; but it has ever since been neglected. The present



sent bishop is the first who has paid attention, for many generations, to Farnham. He has greatly improved the house, fitted it up in such a manner, as will make it an object to every future bishop, or inner castle, is left standing ruins, and is still a curious piece of an It is surrounded by a deep ditch, which ther with the area of the castle, contains about two acres, makes an excellent garden.

Behind the house extends a park, about miles in circumference, which the bishop as much neglected and out of order as house itself. It was cut with unlicensed the trees were mangled to browse the and a cricket ground had so long been sufficient that the people conceived they had now a to it. This last was a great nuisance. a scene of riot and disorder, with standing selling liquor, just under the castle windows could not easily be endured. The bishop removed the gentlest methods he could to remove the nuisance; and at length, though not without some difficulty, got it effected. He removed from the park, he began to embellish it. He removed from impr

the surface, he laid out handsome roads and walks, he planted young trees, and protected the old trees from farther ill usage.

Across the park runs an avenue a mile long of ancient elms. The bishop could not persuade himself to remove this monument of antiquity ; and I think with great judgment hath left it in its old form ; for though an avenue is neither a pleasing nor a picturesque arrangement of trees, yet the grandeur of this gives it consequence ; and its connection with the antiquity of the castle gives it harmony. Here the poet, after mourning the loss of other avenues, may exult :

Ye fallen avenues ! once more I mourn  
Your fate unmerited : once more rejoice  
That yet a remnant of your race survives,

About a quarter of a mile from the house arises in the park an eminence, on which stands a keeper's lodge. The situation is conspicuous, but the object unpleasing. A few acres, therefore, around it are inclosed, a green-house is built to screen the lodge, and walks are cut, and adorned with different kinds of curious shrubs in high perfection.

From this eminence are several openings into the country, particularly one towards  
Moor-

Moor-park, where that enlightened genius, Sir William Temple, (retiring in disgust from state affairs, when Charles II.'s politics received a tincture from France,) cultivated every part of literature with an elegance of taste uncommon at that day. His heart lies buried, according to his will, in a silver urn, under a dial in his garden. A singularity of this kind, in preferring a garden to a church-yard, rather favours the opinion which Bishop Burnet gives us, of Temple's religious sentiments.

In most of the views from the park at Farnham-castle, Crooksbury-hill is a distinguished feature; which, tradition says, Sir William Temple always considered as one of the greatest ornaments of his place. This shews his love for nature; though in laying out his grounds, the awkward idea of the times misled both his theory and practice.

From the terrace before the castle, the view is singular. We overlooked the town of Farnham, and a tract of country, which may properly be called the *vale of hops*: for we saw nothing but ranges of that plant, which was now in full leaf, and made a curious, though very unpleasing, appearance. The hop and the vine, in a *natural* state, are among the most

most picturesque plants. Their shoots, their tendrils, their leaves, their fruit, are all beautiful : but in their cultured state they are perfect samples of regularity, stiffness, and uniformity ; which are, of all ideas, the most alien to every thing we wish in landscape.

Nothing shews so much the prejudice of names, as the value fixed on Farnham hops. Those produced in this parish sell at Weyhill, and all the great fairs, at a considerably greater price than those which grow even in the next parish, though divided only by a hedge. To keep up this idea of excellence, the Farnham farmers agree every year on a secret mark, which they affix to all their own bags. The value of the hops, spread under our eye from the terrace on which we stood, was supposed to be at least ten thousand pounds.

## S E C T. IV.

**F**ROM Farnham to Alton, the road |  
 through pleasant lanes. Holt Forest |  
 pying the left, forms an agreeable woody |  
 zon. Sometimes it breaks the line, and  
 vances a little nearer the eye; but it gene  
 keeps the same distance, and runs along  
 higher grounds, through the space of se  
 miles. But though it is higher than the ne  
 bouring country, it is itself a tract of  
 land. We rode through it, and were n  
 pleased with its woods and lawns.

In the midst of it stands a house w  
 formerly belonged to Mr. Bilson Legge.  
 very extensive lawn is cleared before it, in  
 spered with combinations of trees; and tho  
 it is a perfect flat, yet the line of its wo  
 boundary being varied, and removed to dif  
 ent distances by retiring woods, the whole  
 a good effect; which is not a little assisted  
 some handsome trees on the foreground.

flat, if it be *very extensive*, may convey a *grand* idea; but when we have a *small piece* of *flat* ground to improve, all we can do, unless we vary its surface, is to adorn it with wood. Surrounded with artful scenery, as it is here, it may form a landscape in which the eye may find great entertainment. The water which adorns this lodge, we thought but indifferently managed; though we were told it was contrived by the late Lord Chatham,

From Alton to Alresford, and from thence to Winchester, we find little that excites attention. About three miles from Alton indeed, at the summit of a gentle rise, we left behind us a very beautiful, and extensive distance, which they enjoy, who travel this road in a contrary direction. But we saw nothing of it. Our road was in general close, till within a few miles of Winchester, where the downs begin to open. They are heavy uninteresting swells of ground: but as we proceeded farther, we admired some of the interfections of their vast heaving forms, and had at least the pleasure of surveying a large tract of country in its  
original

original state ; on which neither  
 ons, Danes, nor Britons seem to  
 impresson\*.

In a valley among these downs,  
 considerable stream, lies Winche  
 descend into it, the great chu  
*King's House*, as it is called, are ca  
 and give it an air of grandeur.  
 : The south side of the great ch  
 of heavy unadorned Gothic.  
 owing to accident. Formerly th  
 a monastery covered this side of i  
 chitect, William of Wickham, w  
 foresee the dissolution of monasterie  
 of no consequence to adorn a part o  
 which could never be seen. But when  
 tery was removed, the defect became  
 Why the tower, in the hands of so  
 architect, was left so ill proporti  
 question of surprize. It certainly  
 to give the whole building an air of

\* More impresson has been made on these down  
 last half dozen years, than had been made befor  
 centuries. Large portions of them are now  
 thrown into tillage.

I doubt whether a spire was ever intended, as it was not, I believe, among the Gothic ornaments of that day.

The inside, however, of this cathedral is very grand, except about the transept, where there seems to have been some awkward contrivance. Indeed this part belonged to the old cathedral: for Wickham did not build the whole from the ground; and would probably have altered the awkwardness of the transept. But he died, before he had finished his work; and left a sum of money to compleat it. The nave, which is three hundred feet in length, is perhaps the most magnificent in England. But it is injured by some monuments, particularly that of the founder, which trespass upon it: they are placed between the pillars, and bulge out into the middle aisle of the nave. Indeed I know not whether monuments at all in such churches as pride themselves on their architecture, can in any shape be considered as ornamental: the nave of Westminster-Abbey, for instance, is injured, *as a piece of architecture*, by the several monuments introduced into it, which, like spots of light in a picture, injure the *whole*; they break in upon its simplicity and grandeur. Thus too  
I doubt



I doubt whether the introduction of monuments will be any advantage to St. Paul's. I should fear they might injure the grandeur of the dome, which the judicious architect had already adorned, as much as he thought consistent with the sublimity of his idea. In all cathedrals there are cloisters and other recesses, which are the proper situations for monuments : and even here every thing should not be admitted that comes under the name of a monument, and pays the fee. Plain tablets may be allowed ; but when figures and ornaments are introduced, they should be such as neither disgrace the sculptor, nor the person whom he meant to honour. It would be of great advantage also to class monuments, as we hang pictures in a room, with some view to symmetry and order ; and, if different professions were ranged by themselves, it would still make it more agreeable to examine them.

The choir of Winchester cathedral is greatly adorned, but without any taste. The *love of ornament* is one of the greatest sources of deformity ; and it is the more to be lamented, as it is very *expensive*, and very *universal*. It prevails from the churchwarden, who paints the pillars of his parish-church blue, and the capitals yellow ;

low; to the artist, who gilds and carves the choir of a cathedral. A taste of this kind prevails here.

In the first place, the situation of the organ seems injudicious. A view along the whole range of the church, no doubt, is grand; but not, I think, of consequence to remove the organ into the awkward situation in which it now stands, in the middle of one of the sides, where it has no correspondent part: besides, an organ, if judiciously adorned, is a proper finishing to one end of the choir, as the communion-table and its appendages, are to the other.

The wood-work in the choir is excellent Gothic; but it is greatly injured by a blue band, spangled with golden stars, with which the ground behind it is adorned. What the meaning of this strange conceit is, I could not conjecture.

But the decoration of the altar-piece is the most offensive. The choir is separated from the chapels beyond it, by a lofty screen. The tabernacle work of this screen still remaining, shews it to have been of the purest Gothic. It is divided into twelve compartments, which are supposed to have held statues of the twelve apostles.

apostles. But these having been destroyed in the time of the civil wars, each Gothic niche is injudiciously filled with a Roman urn.

But the projection over the communion-table is still more offensive. It is a sort of pent-house hanging over the table, and adorned with festoons of flowers. They are said to have been carved by Gibbons, and probably were; but all the elegant touches of his chisel are destroyed. At Hampton Court, at Chatworth, and wherever we have the works of this master, great care has been taken to preserve them in their original purity. I believe not even a varnish has been suffered. But here they are daubed all over with brown paint, totally at variance with every thing around them; and as if that were not enough, they are also adorned with profuse gilding.

Inshrined amidst all this absurdity, hangs West's picture of the Resurrection of Lazarus, which is by no means, in my opinion, among the best works of this master. The *composition* did not please me. The whole is divided formally into three parts, with too little connection among them. Jesus and his disciples stand on one side, the spectators on the other; Lazarus and his sisters occupy the middle.

E

Neither



Neither is the *effect of light* nor the *harmony of the colouring* more pleasing. The colouring particularly, which both the story and the situation of the picture required to be peculiarly modest, is inharmoniously glaring. The *parts* did not appear to more advantage than the *whole*. There is but little of those passions, and varied expression, which the story is meant to excite. In *drawing*, Mr. West is acknowledged to be a perfect master. But there is one thing in the picture which is particularly displeasing. Every painter should so far provide for the *distant effect* of his picture, that no improper or disagreeable idea may be excited in the *general view* of it. As you approach this picture, without knowing what the subject is, a figure at the foot of Lazarus gives the whole too much the appearance of *une femme accouchée*.

The skreen which separates the choir from the nave and the aisles, is beautiful *in itself*; but we are astonished that such an artist as Inigo Jones should not see the absurdity of adorning a Gothic church with a Grecian skreen. The statues of James I. and Charles I. however they come there, would have been in themselves more pleasing, if their unclassical  
insignia

infignia of crowns and sceptres had been removed.

The *King's House* was built by Sir Christopher Wren for Charles II. It stands on the site of the old castle of Winchester, loftily overlooking the city, and is, I think, a beautiful piece of architecture. Magnificent it certainly is, extending in front above three hundred feet; and if it had been completed in the grand style in which it was conceived, with its lofty cupola, and other appendages; its gardens and parks laid out in ample space behind; a noble bridge in front over the ditch; and the street opened, as was intended, to the west end of the cathedral, with which its front is parallel; it would have been perhaps one of the grandest palaces in Europe. The death of Charles put an end to the scheme. It had afterwards another chance of being completed; having been settled on Prince George of Denmark, if he had survived Queen Anne. Its last tenants were six thousand French prisoners, from whose dilapidations it will not speedily recover\*.

\* It has since been much more respectably occupied by a body of emigrant French priests; but is now, I believe, converted into a barrack.

Winchester was not only a regal seat in Saxon times, but one of the first towns in Britain. Its history is full of curiosity; and the antiquities with which it abounds, confirm its history: but among its antiquities I recollect no *object of beauty*, except an old cross in the high street, which is an exquisite piece of Gothic architecture; and shews that the artists of those days could *adapt their ideas of proportion* as well to works of miniature as of grandeur. This little structure rises from a basement of half a dozen steps, with curious open work, in a pyramidal form. It is ornamented in the richest manner; but its ornaments are becoming, because they are introduced with proportion, uniformity, and symmetry. If the edges had been gilt and adorned with Chinese bells, it would have been ornamented in a taste something like that employed in the choir of the cathedral.

## S E C T. V.

**F**ROM Winchester to Salisbury the road continues along downs, the parts often fold beautifully over each other of country, though in itself unvaried affords a good study for a landscape painter. It gives him a few large masterly forms an outline which the imagination fills up. About a mile short of Stocbridge had a good distance on the left.

As we gain the higher grounds about three miles before we reach Salisbury the spire of the cathedral makes its first appearance and fixes the spot to which the road is devious, will certainly carry us at last amusing to see a destined point before we come up to it by degrees. It is also to transfer our own motion to the object we approach. It seems, as the winds, to play with us, shewing itself there, sometimes totally disappearing, rising where we did not expect to find the most pleasing circumstance in approach.

a grand object, consists in its depositing by degrees its various tints of obscurity. Tinged at first with the hazy hue of distance, the spire before us was but little distinguished from the objects of the vale. But as it was much nearer than those objects, it soon began to assume a deeper tint, to break away from them, and leave them behind. As we get still nearer, especially if a ray of sunshine happen to gild it, the sharp touches on the pinnacles shew the richness of its workmanship, and it begins gradually to assume its real form.

Salisbury is a pleasant town, with the sweet accommodation of a stream of limpid water running through every street. But the only thing in it worth the attention of a picturesque eye, is the great church and its appendages.

Salisbury cathedral is esteemed the only pure specimen we have of the early style of Gothic architecture. It marks the period when Saxon heaviness began first to give way. It wants those light and airy members which we find in the cathedrals of York, Canterbury, Lincoln, and others of a later period: but it possesses one beauty which few of them possess, that of symmetry in all its parts. The spire is esteemed the loftiest structure of the kind in England.



England. It is very light : yet its greatness especially when seen either from the west, appears rather disproportioned deed, on the whole, I think, no spire pleasing an object as an elegant Gothic tower is capable of receiving all ties of Gothic ornament. Those of our cathedrals, indeed of many of churches, as of Derby for instance, are with great elegance; but the spire, taken a point, does not present a sufficient ornament. The bands round that of are rather a deformity: nor do I Gothic ornaments so tapering a capable of receiving; for which reason a plain well-proportioned spire may adorn a neat parish church, and make a picturesque object rising among woods, horizon, I think it is not so well: the rich style of a Gothic cathedral deed succeeding architects, as the Gothic advanced in purity, laid aside the spire general adopted the tower. Pinnacles are purely Gothic, are very beautiful this reason the tower part, or four the spire at Salisbury, which is added them, is the only part of it that is improved.

If instead of the spire, something of a Gothic dome, or rich open work, had been carried up a moderate height, I think it would have been more beautiful. As it is, the chief idea seems to have been to carry stones higher into the air, than they were ever carried before.

The inside of Salisbury cathedral is more beautiful than the outside. The assemblage of its various parts, so harmonious among themselves, and its simple ornaments, though of the rudest Gothic, are very pleasing.

There is one beautiful circumstance in it which I remember not to have seen, with so good an effect, in any other cathedral, except that of Wells. To the east end of the choir St. Mary's chapel is attached; and appears separated from it only by three large pointed open arches behind the communion-table. The internal part of the chapel, with its east window and pillars, seen through these arches, gives the conjunct idea of space and perspective, which is very pleasing.

But this cathedral also, though in itself a noble piece of architecture, has been much injured by what is called *beautifying*. The nave of the church and side aisles were painted, as if they had been arched with brick. Nothing

could be more absurd or also was coloured with a bad effect. If the with one uniform lights and shades w more advantage. T and the organ, were : awkward manner. T over with circles cont gendary faints : and profusion of bad taste

To remove all this the cathedral, Mr. V Bishop and Chapter expectation that was the roof are obliterate over with one uniform ornaments of the Bishop stalls are beautiful in a style of later Gothic church.

Across the middle of wall just under the eighty feet long, and for a very disgusting incu rested there beyond th was thought to bind tl

prevent their spreading, it had never been touched. Mr. Wyatt, however, examined it, and being persuaded it had no connection with the walls, ventured to remove it; and has done it without any bad consequence. It was supported in two or three places by scaffolding; and the middle part being sawn and taken away, the ends were easily removed.

The next question was, what should be done with the three large arches which open the view into St. Mary's chapel? Should they be filled with tracery-work, like the east windows of some cathedrals? Or, should they be left open, as they had always been? The latter mode, which was certainly the better, was adopted. Tracery-work would have been out of place in this cathedral: which was built before that mode of ornament was introduced. Besides, a great beauty would have been lost, which arises from a perspective view into the chapel.

This question being settled, another arose. A very beautiful altar-screen was constructed out of the ornaments of a little chapel, which had formerly been attached to the church, and which Mr. Wyatt found it necessary to remove. The question was, where should this  
screen

skreen be placed? Some thought it might be placed best at the end of St. Mary's chapel, so that it might be seen to advantage through the arches, which were to be left open entirely to the bottom. In this case the communion-table was to be moveable; and to be brought forward into the choir only when it was wanted. Others were of opinion, that the communion-table should stand fixed where it had ever stood; and the skreen, which was a very low one, should be placed just behind it, so as merely to hide the *bases* of the pillars, and the pavement of St. Mary's chapel; permitting at the same time a perspective view into it above the skreen. The former of these opinions prevailed, though some thought it might have been more *proper*, and more in *taste*, to have taken the latter. It might have been more *proper*, because it would have made a separation between the church and the chapel, which is as desirable at one end, as the separation made by the skreen and the organ, between the choir and nave, is at the other. Besides, the communion-table is a natural adjunct to the choir, and could not be removed, without making an *improper* break. It might also be thought indecent by many people, and give offence. This  
separation

separation might likewise have been more in *taste*, because the eye, not having so good a criterion of distance as would be afforded by seeing the *bases* of the pillars, and *pavement* of the chapel, would have conceived the distance to the east-window of the chapel greater than it really is: so that the idea being thus in part curtailed, would in fact have been enlarged. It is an undoubted rule in painting, that an *exact delineation* of a grand object injures its sublimity. Whatever is discreetly left to the imagination is always improved. These remarks, however, are founded only in theory; and it is possible the skreen may have a better effect where it stands at present.

The east window of St. Mary's chapel is adorned with a picture of the Resurrection, in painted glass. Sir Joshua Reynolds gave the design; in which, though he had represented our Saviour rising, he had left the tomb still closed and sealed. The Bishop remonstrated, that he had given the fact contrary to the truth of Scripture; where, it is said, the seal was broken, and the stone removed. Sir Joshua, however, still persisted; contending, that by not breaking the seal, he had made the miracle so much the greater; and it was not without  
some

some difficulty that the Bishop persuaded to correct his design, suppose, was, Sir Joshua had attended to the circumstance, did not care to be at the tro picture. How far this work of so eminent a master, know not. It was not last at Salisbury. But if in the other east-window, given (which is esteemed good in my judgment be a disagreement, if colours cannot be glazes, and harmonized, then I own I should never wish subject painted in this way painted window in an olding: but I should desire scrawls. The best painted ever to have seen, were (I think) at Magdalen College are single figures, and on They are the best, because glaring.

The choir of Salisbury proved under the able hand now one of the most beautiful

architecture in England. The deformities of the nave and grand aisles, I fear, will not soon be removed; as there is a deficiency in the fund; but they greatly call for improvement.

Anjoining to the church is a square cloister opening into a chapter-house. In abbies, we suppose, the cloister was a place for the monks to enjoy exercise under cover. But, from the connection of this cloister with the chapter-house, we are led to imagine it was intended also as a place for tenants and suitors to wait under shelter, till each was called into the chapter-house to settle his respective business. The chapter-house and cloisters are in the same way connected at Gloucester; and may probably be so in other cathedrals.

The cloister and the chapter-house at Salisbury belong to an age of much better taste in architecture than that of the cathedral itself. They are both of very pure and elegant Gothic. The former is a light airy square of about forty feet on each side. The latter is an octagon of fifty feet in diameter, with a pointed roof, supported by a light column (rather perhaps too light) in the centre. Nothing in architecture, I think, can be more pleasing than these buildings; nor does any thing militate  
so



so much against a servile attachment  
orders. The Greek and Roman

no doubt, possess great beauty: we suppose them to possess all that were left to their own genius (as the founders of the Gothic we might, it is true, have maintained positions, which we have ever should certainly have greater amidst that variety, no doubt, of elegant models. But the first drawn the art so much to the would be heresy in architecture canons.

Rules, we allow, must control but what rules are necessary to *architecture*, except those of *utility*, *portion*, and *simplicity*? *Utility* requires for which an edifice is the general purity and sameness of *proportion* the relation of part modesty and propriety of ornament in which of these requisites does not equal the Roman. If be thought to fail, it is in part.

In what taste the private buildings of those times were constructed, when Gothic architecture was in its splendor, we know not. It is probable they were not designed by the eminent professors of the art, but by low mechanics, according to every man's humour, without rule or knowledge. Many of them, no doubt, were inconvenient enough, as well as wretchedly adorned. But in the *public* buildings of those times, there is generally such propriety of ornament; that is, each ornamental member *arises so naturally from the building itself*, and is so much of a *piece with it*, (which seems to be all we wish in ornament,) that in the best specimens of Gothic architecture, the eye is nowhere offended, or called aside by the contention of parts; but examines all, *whole and parts* together, in one *general view*. In the *interior*, perhaps, the Gothic architect is commonly more chaste than in the *exterior*, in which he allows himself more to wanton; and indeed seems to have had a worse choice of proper ornaments. But in our best compositions, the outside as well as the inside is highly beautiful. For myself, I freely own, I am as much struck with the cathedral of York,

or

or with this cloister and chapter-house, covered as they are with ornaments, as with the simplicity of the cathedral of St. Paul's. English style is beautiful.

But in comparing the Gothic and Grecian ornaments in architecture, the comparison holds merely with regard to such ornaments as are *fanciful and ideal*. In portraying or combining such ornaments as have *nature for their original*, either in human or in animal life, the Gothic sculptor is in general miserably deficient. He had little knowledge of Nature *forming*, and less of Art in *combining*: and he is often offending with some gross representation of this kind.

In the chapter-house at Salisbury, for instance, which gave occasion to these remarks amidst all that beautiful profusion of ornaments, so elegant in themselves, and so adapted to the building to which they are applied, there is likewise a great profusion of historical sculpture. The several sides of the room are divided into stalls for the men of the church. I believe there are not fewer than fifty; and the little angular divisions of the stalls are adorned with bas-relief. In this workmanship, it is not bad; the

very inferior to Roman or modern sculpture. There is no idea either of grace or taste, or even of proportion in the figures themselves; nor in the mode of combining them. They all represent scripture stories; some of which are very ill-managed. In the story of Noah, two beasts are looking out of a window in the ark, sufficient to load it; and Noah himself praying at the poop is sufficient to sink it. After the civil wars, the parliament commissioners sat in this chapter-house; and have left behind them marks of their rough ideas of religion. At this sculpture they seem to have taken particular offence, and have hacked it miserably. They began as they entered, on the left; and for a while erased every thing before them: but they seem to have grown tired as they proceeded in their work: the middle part, therefore, is but little injured, and the figures on the right are perfect. If, however, the inside of this elegant building were washed over with one uniform stone-colour, the sculpture obtrudes itself so little on the eye, that bad as it is, it might easily pass unobserved. Both the cloister and chapter-house are in so decaying a state, that it would require a great sum to restore them; though there is now in the library  
an

an estimate given in about  
ago, from which it appears  
might then have been com-  
1501. It appears also from  
the library, of ancient date,  
cost 42,000 marks in building  
eight thousand pounds; which  
sum than we should have found  
have cost at that early day.

Near the cathedral stands the  
place, which till very lately was a  
gloomy mansion that can well  
It was a large incumbered house,  
dozen acres of flat ground, by which  
lying around it. This garden  
with a broad canal, and confined  
embattled wall. Such an assemblage  
ward circumstances are not often

The present Bishop of Salisbury  
great expence, entirely new-modern  
gloomy palace. He has altered the  
enlarged the windows, made a new  
and given a new appearance to the  
place. One great and very expensive  
ment was, to arch over a wide drain

\* Bishop Barrington.

was carried along the whole back-front of the palace. It was passed, at different places, by two or three bridges ; and was such a nuisance, that we are surprised it had been suffered so long.

As to the flat grounds which were bisected with the canal, laid out in vistas, and circumscribed by an embattled wall, it was impossible to do more, than to remove a few of the formalities of the place, and carry a neat gravel walk round it, which near the house plays among a few irregular plantations.

But one improvement he has introduced, which adds a grandeur to the garden, beyond what any episcopal seat in England can boast. He has brought the cathedral into it, in one of its most pleasing points of perspective. Between the palace and the cathedral ran formerly a wall, which included a piece of ground belonging to the bishops of Salisbury, and used as a kitchen-garden.

This wall, and the kitchen-garden, Bishop Barrington has removed ; and has not only obtained a *noble object*, but he has exchanged the disagreeable appearance of a long straight wall, for a very grand boundary to his garden. The cloister and chapter-house are the parts  
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About a mile from  
merly stood. Its sit  
were both very singu

Imagine the *ridge*  
*plain*; from the end  
been artificially sepa  
knoll of about two ti  
Cooped within this na  
a still higher knoll in  
castle; and just below  
also stood the bishop's  
the houses of his chapt  
surrounded with imme  
parts, which strike us v  
at this day. — So clo  
castle and a cathedral, i  
and seated so loftily, mu  
singular appearance, the  
never had much picture

Many retainers no doubt there were on so large a foundation ; but it does not appear that any houses, except those of the chapter, were admitted within the precincts of the fortress. Other appendages seem to have been placed as a suburb under its walls.

Here the bishops of Salisbury lived like temporal princes ; till king Stephen, suspecting the bishop of that day was attached to the empress Maud, dispossessed him of his castle of Sarum, together with two other castles which he held ; one at Sherborn, from whence the see had been removed by William I. and the other at the Devizes. — The castle of Sarum was given to a Norman earl, who held a garrison in it for the king.

This became matter of continual contest. The clergy and the garrison were at constant variance. Once the bishop and his clergy returning from a procession, found the gates shut against them.

Wearied at length by repeated insults they complained to the pope, and at length got a dispensation to remove the see of Salisbury to its present situation. This was soon found to be so very convenient in comparison of the old one, that it drew the inhabitants of  
Old



Old Sarum by degrees after it. The castle was left by itself; and in a few years it also was deserted, and Old Sarum became only a heap of ruins. But these ruins, deserted as they are, preserve a substantial proof of their antient dignity in being represented by two members in parliament.

## S E C T. VI.

FROM Salisbury our first excursion was to Longford Castle, the seat of the earl of Radnor. It was built about the time of James the First on a Danish model; probably by some architect who came into England with the queen. Its form is triangular, with a round tower at each corner; which gives it a singular appearance. It stands in a vale, which approaches nearly to a flat; as the Avon, which passes through the garden, does to stagnation. Longford Castle therefore borrows little from its situation. All its beauty is the result of art, which cannot rise beyond what may be called *pleasing*. But the principal objects here are the pictures. The whole collection is good. The following we thought some of the best.

A Return from the Chace, by Teniers. The composition of this master is rarely so good as it is here. His colouring is always pleasing.

A boy, by Rubens.

Peter

Peter de Jode's *fami*  
heads in this picture  
Nature.

A view of Tivoli.

A landscape by Hobi  
the light, and the execution  
all good.

Tobias, by Spagniol.

Two pictures by Po  
many of this master's  
deficiency in point of  
classical spirit in which  
the pure taste of design  
parts, will always give  
Poussin. These I think  
firmer pencil and more  
most of his works.

A landscape by Ruy

Two small paintings  
prizing with what smart  
enlivens his figures. His  
spirit and precision of his

But the two most ad  
collection, are two la  
which exhibit the rise of a  
man empire in a pleasing

mer is represented by a sun-rise, and the landing of Eneas in Italy: the latter by a sun-set, and several Roman buildings in ruin. Nothing can exceed the colouring of both these pictures. The hazy light of a rising sun, and the glowing radiance of a setting one, are exactly copied from nature; and therefore *nicely distinguished*. An eye accurate in the effects of nature, will easily discern with which species of light the summit of the wave, or the edge of the battlement is tipped. And yet Claude has in none of his pictures that I have seen, discriminated the *shadows* of the morning, which are certainly much darker than those of the evening. He does not indeed appear to have marked the difference between them. Nor do we observe that painters in general are more accurate. Now and then, with Nature before him, Claude possibly may give a morning-shadow its character; but when an effect is very rare, it appears to be the result of *imitation*, rather than of *principle*.

With regard to *aërial landscape*, Claude excelled all masters. We are at a loss, whether to admire more the *simplicity*, or the *effect* of his distances.

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 pictures, and still more  
 of any grand scene or ap  
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 as it seldom struck him,  
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 Dutch master who has fe  
 country, introduces neit  
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 pictures, it is no wond  
 who has studied among  
 nines rejects them, it is  
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 Claude painted like  
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tor's. It is true, the objects he painted are of the *grand species*: he saw no other. But as he seldom made the best use of them by bringing them forward, and producing *grand effects*; it is plain he saw them with indifference; and we conclude it was much the same to him, whether he painted by the side of a stagnant canal at Harlem, or under the fall of a cascade at Tivoli. In short, he seems to have had a knack of colouring certain objects, skies, and distances in particular; and this is accounted for by his residing chiefly in the Campagna, — As to his figures and foregrounds, if they do not disgust the eye, it is all we expect. His buildings too are often unpleasing and incumbered; and seem calculated rather to shew his skill in architecture than in the production of picturesque beauty. — It is saying however much in favour of Claude, that he had been bred a pastry-cook; and that if he did not do all that might have been done, he did much more than could have been expected.

## S E C T. VII.

OUR next expedition from Salisbury to Stonehenge and Wilton.

Stonehenge, at a distance, appeared of diminutive object. Standing on so vast an area as Salisbury Plain, it was lost in the immensity around it. As we approached it gained more respect: and we could now see a large ditch round the whole, confined with a gentle mound. But when we arrived at the spot, it appeared astonishing beyond conception. A train of wondering ideas immediately crowded into the mind. Who brought these huge masses of rock together? Where were they brought? For what purpose? What machines were they drawn? Or by what mechanic powers erected?

Many have attempted to solve such questions as these, but none have gone farther than conjecture. Even the very purpose for which these stones were brought together, is not sufficiently ascertained. Mr. Walpole remarks that whoever has examined this monument

has ascribed it to that class of antiquity of which he himself was most fond. This was at least the case of the celebrated Inigo Jones. On his return from Italy, having nothing but Italian architecture in his head, he found out that Stonehenge was a Roman ruin.

Many idle things, no doubt, have been written on this subject. It is a happy field for conjecture. On the whole, perhaps, the laborious inquiries of Dr. Stukeley have been attended with the most success; for though neither he nor any man could answer all the inquiries which curiosity is apt to make on this subject; yet he seems to have contributed more towards a just idea of this wonderful monument, than any other antiquarian. He has gone upon principle. He has traced it by its *measures*, and other data, into Druid times; and (as far as appears) conviction follows his researches. In his long discussion, he may, in some parts, be whimsical; and in many certainly tedious: but allowances should be made for a man full of his subject, who, of course, will see many things which he supposes to be of consequence, and which he cannot, in few words, make apparent to others.

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The inner circle  
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of the priests. In th  
placed a stone, whic  
an altar.

Rough as all this  
after having been ex  
thousand winters, it  
structed with wond

seem to have been chiseled, on the inside especially, with great care; and the imposts have all been let into the uprights by mortices, and tenons very curiously wrought.

But it is not the *elegance of the work*, but the *grandeur of the idea*, that strikes us. The walk between the two circles, which is a circumference of three hundred feet, is awfully magnificent: at least it would have been so, if the monument had been entire. To be immured, as it were, by such hideous walls of rock; and to see the landscape and the sky through such strange apertures must have thrown the imagination into a wonderful ferment. The Druid, though savage in his nature, had the sublimest ideas of the object of his worship, whatever it was. He always worshipped under the canopy of the sky, and could not bear the idea of a roof between him and heaven. I have known the idea sometimes taken up by pious christians, who have confessed they found their minds most expanded, when they worshipped in the open air.

Stonehenge is supposed to be the grandest structure of the kind that exists. We meet with many other Druidical remains of this form, though of inferior size. But I have  
some-

somewhere heard of one in France, inferior indeed to Stonehenge in magnificence, but superior to it in elegant construction: The impost *uniting with each other*, form one continued circle of stone on the top of the uprights; which makes a more pleasing appearance than Stonehenge, where each impost, resting on two uprights, stands detached from its neighbour.

Wonderful, however, as Stonehenge is, and plainly discovering that the mind, which conceived it, was familiar with great ideas, it is totally void, though in a ruinous state, of every idea of picturesque beauty; and I should suppose was still more so in its perfect one. We walked round it, examined it on every side, and endeavoured to take a perspective view of it, but in vain; the stones are so uncouthly placed, that we found it was impossible to form them, from any stand, into a pleasing shape.

Besides these stones, there are others of immense size in different parts of the island; though none, I believe, so large. Near Borough-bridge two or three of the largest are found, which are known by the name of the *Devil's Arrows*.

Volney, in his Travels through Syria, mentions three stones of white granite, among the  
G
ruins

ruins of Balbeck, each of which was twelve feet thick; and which together extended above fifty-eight yards. And in an adjacent quarry, he found a stone lying, half chiseled, which was sixty-nine feet long, and in breadth and thickness about thirteen. It was probably too large to be carried from the spot\*.

About two miles from Dol in Bretagne, in the middle of an orchard, Mr. Wraxall tells us, there is a single stone fixed in the earth, of a conic form, which is about forty-five feet high, and nearly as many broad. It had long puzzled the antiquarians of the country, and gave rise to various conjectures. Some of them however endeavoured to get at its foundation. There they found it was really a natural production, being fixed to a stratum of solid rock several feet below the surface†.

The plain, on which Stonehenge stands, is in the same style of greatness as the temple that adorns it. It extends many miles in all directions, in some not less than fifty. An eye unversed in these objects is filled with astonish-

\* Vol. ii. p. 241.

† Tour through France, p. 36.

ment in viewing waste after waste rising out of each new horizon.

———— Such appears the spacious plain  
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,  
Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,  
Ruin of ages, nods. ———

The ground is spread, indeed; as the poet observes, *like the ocean*; but it is like the ocean after a storm, it is continually heaving in large swells. Through all this vast district, scarce a cottage or even a bush appears. If you approach within two or three miles of the edge of the plain, you see, like the mariner within soundings, land at a distance, houses, trees, and villages; but all around is waste.

Regions, like this, which have come down to us rude and untouched, from the beginning of time, fill the mind with grand conceptions, far beyond the efforts of art and cultivation. Impressed by such views of nature, our ancestors worshiped the God of nature, in these boundless scenes, which gave them the highest conceptions of eternity. Such were the grand ideas of the patriarch, as he ranged the wide regions of the east, and set up his monumental pile, not adorned with vases or statues, but a mound of earth, a rude pillar, which he called

*God's House*, or some vast heap of stones, of a fabric, firm as the ground on which it stood, like this before us, which has seen in succession the ruins of innumerable works of art, and will probably remain undiminished till the end of time.

All the plain, at least that part of it near Stonehenge, is one vast cemetery. Every where, as we passed, we saw tumuli or *barrows*, as they are called, rising on each hand. These little mounds of earth are more curiously and elegantly shaped than any of the kind I remember elsewhere to have seen. They commonly rise in the form of bells, and each of them hath a neat trench fashioned round its base; though in their forms, and in the ornamental circles at their bases, some appear to be of more distinguished workmanship. They are of various sizes, sometimes of thirty, sometimes of forty or fifty yards in diameter. From many places we counted above an hundred of them at once; sometimes as if huddled together without any design; in other places rising in a kind of order. By the rays of a setting sun the distant barrows are most conspicuously seen. Every little summit being tipped with a splendid light, while the plain is in shadow

is at that time easily distinguished. Most of them are placed on the more elevated parts of the plain; and generally in sight of the great temple. That they are mansions of the dead is undoubted; many of them having been opened, and found to cover the bones both of men and beasts; the latter of which were probably sacrificed at the funeral. We suppose also that some of them contained the promiscuous ashes of a multitude, as Virgil describes them.

— Confusæ ingentem cædis acervum,

“ Nec numero, nec honore cremant. Tunc undique vasti

“ Certatim crebris collucent ignibus agri.

“ Tertia lux gelidam cælo dimoverat umbram;

“ Mœrentes altum cinerem, et confusa ruebant

“ Ossâ focus; tepidoque onerabant aggere terræ,”

Indeed this mode of burial; as the most honourable, seems to have been dictated by the voice of nature. We meet with it in Homer; we meet with it in Herodotus. The vestiges of it are found on the vast plains of Tartary; and even among the savages of Guinea.

That we do not ascribe more antiquity to these temples and cemetaries, than rightly belongs to them, the antiquarian hath shewn by many learned arguments. I shall subjoin an-

other of classic origin ; from which it will appear probable, that the furniture of these vast plains was exactly the same in Cæsar's days, as it is now.

That chief, in the first book of his Commentaries, describing the place, which was agreed on to be the scene of conference between him and Ariovistus, tells us, it was an extensive plain, in which was a large artificial mount. *Planities erat magna, et in ea tumulus terreus satis grandis.* I translate *terreus* by the word *artificial*, because it certainly implies something factitious. No correct writer, speaking of a *natural hill*, would use such an epithet. It would be a mere redundancy ; and just as improper as if he had said, *Planities erat magna terrea.* But in describing an *artificial mount*, it is certainly proper ; because such a mount might have been constructed of other materials besides *earth*.

That Cæsar's *tumulus* was intended also as a memorial for the dead, is probable from the common use of the word *tumulus* ; especially when accompanied with the epithet *terreus* ; for we know no other use for which these *tumuli terreii*, or *artificial mounts*, were constructed, but that of being memorials of the dead ;



dead; and for this use we know they certainly were constructed. We find Æneas likewise haranguing his troops from a tomb of this kind :

——— “ Socios in cætum littore ab omni  
“ Advocat Æneas, tumulique ex aggere fatur.”

Having thus settled Cæsar's *tumulus terreus* to have been a *barrow*; and knowing also from him, that the Druids frequented Gaul, we are led to believe, that his *planities magna*, and *Salisbury Plain*, were places of the same kind; both of them most probably Druid scenes. Cæsar indeed mentions but one tumulus on his plain: but as he was describing only a particular spot, not the general scene, we may easily suppose there might be many other barrows, and perhaps a Stonehenge also in the neighbourhood of it.

It is probable also, (as Cæsar tells us the Druid discipline was carried originally into Gaul, from Britain, which was the great source of Druid-learning\*,) that Salisbury Plain might

\* “ Disciplina hæc in Britannia reperta; atque inde in Galliam  
“ translata esse, existimatur; et nunc, qui diligentius eam rem cog-  
“ noscere volunt, plerumque illò, discendi causâ, proficiscuntur.”  
Lib. iv.

have been a scene of great antiquity many years before the time of Cæsar.

Though Salisbury Plain in Druid times was probably a very busy scene, we now find it wholly uninhabited. Here and there we meet a flock of sheep scattered over the side of some rising ground; and a shepherd with his dog, attending them; or perhaps we may descry some solitary waggon winding round a distant hill. But the only resident inhabitant of this vast waste is the bustard. This bird, which is the largest fowl we have in England, is fond of all extensive plains, and is found on several; but these are supposed to be his principal haunt. Here he breeds, and here he spends his summer-day, feeding with his mate on juicy berries, and the large dew-worms of the heath. As winter approaches, he forms into society. Fifty or sixty have been sometimes seen together.

As the bustard leads his life in these unfrequented wilds, and studiously avoids the haunts of men, the appearance of any thing in motion, though at a considerable distance, alarms him. I know not that he is protected, like the partridge and pheasant, by any law; but his own vigilance is a better security to him than  
an

an act of parliament. As he is so noble a prize, his flesh so delicate, and the quantity of it so large, he is of course frequently the object of the fowler's stratagems. But his caution is generally a protection against them all. The scene he frequents, affords neither tree to shelter, nor hedge to screen, an enemy; and he is so tall, that when he raises his neck to take a prespective view, his eye circumscribes a very wide horizon. All open attempts therefore against him are fruitless. The fowler's most promising stratagem is to conceal himself in a waggon. The west country waggons, periodically travelling these regions, are objects to which the bustard is most accustomed; and though he retires at their approach, he retires with less evident signs of alarm, than from any thing else. It is possible therefore, if the fowler lie close in such a concealment, and with a long barrelled gun can direct a good aim, he may make a lucky shot. Sometimes also he slips from the tail of a waggon a couple of swift greyhounds. They soon come up with the bustard, though he runs well; and if they can contrive to reach him, just as he is on the point of taking wing, (an operation which he performs with less expedition

dition than is requisite in such critical circumstances,) they may perhaps seize him.

Some encroachments have been made by the plough, within these few years, upon Salisbury Plain. But these inroads, though considerable in themselves, bear little proportion to the vastness of these downy grounds. The plough is a heavy invader ; and its perseverance only can produce a visible effect in so vast a scene.

Another reason also may operate powerfully in preserving these wide domains in a state of nature. The soil is, in most places, very shallow, not above five or six inches above a rock of chalk ; and as the tillage of two or three years exhausts it, without more expence than the land will answer, it hath been thought but ill husbandry to destroy a good sheep-walk, for a bad piece of arable land.

But though Salisbury Plain is a remarkable scene in England, it is nothing in comparison of many scenes of this kind on the face of the globe, in which the eye is carried, if I may so phrase it, *out of sight* ; where an extent of land, flat, like the ocean, melts gradually into the horizon. Such are many parts of Poland and Tartary. The plains of Yedefan, on the borders of Bessarabia, are among the most extraordinary,

ordinary. Baron de Tott describes them on his journey to the Cham of Tartary, as so immense, that he tells us, (somewhat I think hyperbolically,) the piercing eyes of the Tartars, who rode before him, could distinguish the heads of the horsemen in the horizon, when *the convexity of the earth hid the rest of their bodies*. His description is more natural afterwards, when he says, he saw the sun rise and set on these plains, as navigators do at sea. Their singularity consists both in their vastness and in certain regular vallies which bisect them. These vallies are distant from each other about ten or twelve leagues, and run in parallel lines across the plain. They are totally void of the usual ornaments of our vallies, variety of ground, a foaming rivulet, and woody banks: they are mere trenches, cut out by Nature, about twenty yards deep, and sometimes a quarter of a mile broad; so that as you traverse the plain, the eye passes over them like sunk fences, and all appears one boundless waste. Through the middle of each of these vallies is a muddy rivulet, and as there is no elevation of ground, it is almost stagnant. The course of these rivulets, such as it is, leads from north to south; and at the end of the plain they form  
small

small lakes, which communicate with the Black Sea. In these vallies the Tartars of Yedefan fix their tents, while their numerous herds of horses, oxen, dromedaries, and sheep graze the plains. These herds are continually wandering from home in summer, especially the larger kinds; and the chief employment of the Tartar is, to gallop about in quest of them. He takes a quantity of roasted millet in a bag, mounts his horse, and rides till sun-set. Then if he find not what he sought, he clogs his horse, and leaves it to graze; and as he is always at home, he sups, wraps himself in his cloak, and sleeps till morning, when he begins his search again. Having given this general account of the plains of Yedefan, Baron Tott speaks of his first day's journey over them. The conclusion of it was the nearest valley, at about ten leagues distance. The sun was now setting; and after a long journey, "I still saw nothing before me," says he, "but a vast melancholy plain, when I suddenly felt my carriage descend, and looking out, I saw a range of tents, extending to the right and left. We crossed a rivulet over a bad bridge, and found three tents on the other side out of the line, one of which was intended for me."

"It

“ It was a kind of large hen-coop, constructed  
 “ in a circular form, with a sort of dome open-  
 “ ing at the top, and was covered with a felt  
 “ of camel's hair. The paling was connected  
 “ by slips of raw hides, and finished with  
 “ great strength and delicacy\*.”

But of all the plains of which we meet with any account, those of the deserts of Arabia are the most forbidding. Perhaps no part of the globe, of equal circumference, is so totally destitute of Nature's bounty, and of every kind of vegetable furniture :

———— The whole

A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky.

The Tartarean plains, just described, are bisected with streams and vallies, such as they are, covered with herbage. But the barrenness of the Arabian plain in no part intermits. The tents, horses, and camels of the caravan, to which the traveller is attached, are the only objects he sees. If he should fix one end of an immense cord at these tents, the other might be carried round, along the rim of a boundless horizon, without sweeping over any inequality. All this vast circle is covered

\* See Memoirs of Baron de Tott, vol. i. p. 46.

with

with grey sand, like the ashes of a furnace. Over all hangs the canopy of heaven undiversified by a single cloud to break the rays of a scorching sun; while a breeze, if it can be called such, glowing with heat, often fills the air with clouds of overwhelming dust; or totally destroys its vital spring.

— Breathed hot

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,  
A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,  
Son of the desert, even the camel feels,  
Shot through his withered heart, the fiery blast.

In the mean time a universal silence reigns over the whole vast scene. None of the chearful sounds of nature are heard; neither of beast, nor of bird, nor even of humming insect. All is still as night. With such a country as this, Moses threatens the people of Israel on their disobedience. *The heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron. The Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust. From heaven shall it come down upon thee, till thou be destroyed\*.*  
— There is, however, an appearance in these

\* Deut. xxviii. 23, 24.

deserts,



deserts, taken notice of by Sir John Chardin, which is rather picturesque. A splendor or vapour is sometimes formed by the repercussion of the rays of the sun from the sand, which seems at a distance a vast lake. But as the thirsty traveller approaches in hopes of finding water, it retires before him, or totally disappears\*. Q. Curtius takes notice of the same effect in one of the marches of Alexander.

Thus we see how *differently* Nature works up the *same modes* of scenery; and there is great amusement in bringing these several scenes together, and in following her steps through all her similar, but varied operations.

\* Sir J. Chardin's MSS. as quoted by Harmer.

## S E C T. VIII.

**H**AVING satisfied our curiosity on Salisbury Plain, and performed the due rites at Stonehenge by pacing its dimensions, and counting the stones, we proceeded to Wilton. The point of Salisbury spire, just emerging from the horizon, guided us across the open country; and as we got into the more cultivated part, we turned out of the Salisbury road, and fell down into Wilton, which lies in a vale on the edge of the plain. We cannot expect a very beautiful scene in the neighbourhood of such a waste. Nature's transitions are generally gradual. The true picturesque vale is rarely found in any country, but a mountainous one. Great plenty of wood and water however give an agreeable air to the vale of Wilton.

Wilton was once the capital of all this country, to which it gave its name. But Salisbury drawing Old Sarum within its vortex, drew Wilton also. At present this village is chiefly remarkable for the splendid palace of the Earls of Pembroke.

Wilton-

Wilton-house was formerly an Abbey; and felt the full weight of the inquisition set on foot in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The ladies of Wilton-abbey were accused of too great an intimacy with the monks of a neighbouring house. Stories of this kind were listened to at the time of the dissolution with great attention; though often perhaps void of any foundation. Both houses however fell together; and the demesnes of Wilton were given to the Pembroke family, in whose hands they still continue. The earl of that day began immediately to turn the abbey into a mansion: but the plan was not completed in its present state till late in the reign of Charles I. The garden-front by Inigo Jones is admired by all judges of architecture. The portico boasts the hand of Hans Holbein. There are some things however yet wanting to give the house an air of magnificence. The entrance is particularly awkward and incumbered\*.

As the morning threatened rain, we thought it better to take a view of the garden, before we entered the house: it occupies the centre

\* Since this was written, it has been altered.

of a wide valley, adorned with a river. This river was fashioned, by the conductors of taste in the last age, into an immense canal. It is now changed again into an irregular piece of water. But though its banks are decorated with rich garden-scenes, it still retains enough of formality to suggest the old idea. It forms, however, the grandest view in the garden. Salisbury church comes in very happily as an object at the bottom of it; and is of sufficient magnitude to shew that it was not constructed for the purpose.

Garden-scenes are never *picturesque*. They want the bold roughness of nature. A principal beauty in our *gardens*, as Mr. Walpole justly observes, is the smoothness of the turf: but in a *picture*, this becomes a dead and uniform spot; incapable of light and shade, and must be broken insipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures; — that is, I suppose Mr. Walpole means, by such figures as commonly frequent garden-scenes, which are of all others the most unpicturesque. And yet I have been informed that Mr. Wilson made a good landscape even of this scene. He took it, however, from that end which is nearest to Salisbury, where he got *a rougher foreground*

foreground than he could find in the garden. In a distance, he might more easily distinguish the garden-scene.

Opposite to the house, the river Wilford flows through the canal. It is a river only of small dimensions, but over it is thrown a magnificent Indian bridge.

I have sometimes thought the bridge may be considered as a masterpiece in architecture. It is like a pompous parade in a trifling stream, a plank rail is sufficient; and in a pastoral scene you require. In such a scene a simple plank would be out of place, and a composition in heroic. But a certain simplicity is required even here; and a literary composition turgid expressions why should they not offend in every composition? Here we allow a bridge is necessary. But why more bridge? What have pillars—walls—and roofs to do with a bridge? A bridge itself is one of the most beautiful objects: but dressed in this bombast offends: it offends at least the simplest picturesque eye. If you want a

building to receive the refreshment of a summer breeze, as it passes over the lake, erect one in some proper place, and if it be well disposed, nobody can take offence. But let it stand for what it is. Do not leave people in doubt whether it is a house or a bridge, by *uniting* modes of architecture, which are in themselves *distinct*; and giving one the ornaments that belong to another. From these criticisms we except such bridges as are situated, like the Rialto at Venice, which, connecting the parts of a large city, may be allowed to assume a correspondent air of grandeur; and may with propriety even be covered with a roof. But here no such accommodation is necessary; and what is unnecessary is always affected.

From the Palladian bridge and banks of the river, the ground rises beautifully, consisting of a hanging lawn, encompassed with wood, which is broken into pleasing parts. But here, though in sight of the Palladian bridge, we have another ornament full as much out of *place* as the other was out of *form*.

On the summit of the hill is erected a triumphal arch, with Marcus Aurelius mounted on horseback on the top of it.

Now

Now if we only recollect the triumphal arch, we shall see how such a fabric is erected here.

When a Roman general tri- the custom to raise these arches the procession passed to the were sometimes constructed a very magnificent manner, and rials of the great event on wh first erected. All this was n ably adapted to the intende we have here a triumphal arch of a hill, totally unconnecte near it. A triumphal arch is too pompous a structure to f *approach* to the house; yet i might have been *suffered*; it some analogy at least to its f it now stands, however goo itself, it is certainly an abl ornament.

The rain coming on obliged rest of the garden unseen, and the house. It prevented also stables, which are very grand still regretted more, a row of non, which are esteemed the fir

We saw them afterwards from the windows of the house, but probably to some disadvantage, as they did not answer the expectations we had formed of them.

The grand collection of statues in Wilton-house entitle it very deservedly to the attention of every traveller. When we enter the great hall, we are struck with the profusion of them.

At the first view of such a collection, it becomes matter of wonder how Italy can be so inexhaustible a fund of ancient statues. Besides their peopling all the palaces of that country, there is not a cabinet in Europe which is not more or less inhabited by them. All come from Italy. Italy has been supplying the curious with antiques for many centuries; and they who have money may buy antiques in Italy still.

The wonder will, in some degree, subside, when we consider the rage for sculpture which possessed the ancient Romans. Statues were the chief ornaments of old Rome, and had for ages been collected there by all ranks of people.

The conquest of Greece brought them first into repute. As they became more admired; prætors and proconsuls made them every where  
the



the objects of rapine. In the Ægean isles, Asia, and Statues, bas-reliefs, busts that could be severed from which they belonged, to Rome. Temples, baths, public places, where first conquered provinces could not. Artists were called from where labour was imported; and of the Gods, and heroes once erected before to those of

——— Italusque, paterque  
Vitisator, curvam fervans sub  
Saturnusque senex; Janique b  
Vestibulo adstabant; alii que a  
Martia qui ob patriam pugnar

The rage for these began to be seized *private persons*. The consular, or a prætorian him erected in brass or marble became as common in the streets taken by a statuary; and have one taken by a poor sculptor. no doubt, there were, of course, adapted to every rank. before, as well as the senate

adorned with himself, his wife, and his family, all sculptured to the life in stone. Many of these ignoble statues might, in length of time, deposit their plebeian forms, and visit foreign countries, as Scipios, Cæsars, and Octavias. It is not every connoisseur who can detect them by their garb.

From what has been observed, we may easily judge what an inexhaustible fund of antiques Rome, and its colonies, (for the rage spread over all the neighbouring parts of Italy,) might produce. Quantities, no doubt, of these works are still laid up in those magazines of ruin and rubbish which Goths and other barbarous invaders have heaped upon them.

The statues, busts, and bas-reliefs, which we now survey, were chiefly collected by the cardinals Mazarin and Richlieu; and the Earl of Arundel, in Charles the First's time. Additions have been made since. Some, I have been told, were presented by one of the Dukes of Tuscany, to whom an Earl of Pembroke had shewn particular civilities, during his stay in England. The collection, no doubt, is very magnificent, (one of the first, perhaps, in Europe, if we except royal and classic ground,) and many of its contents are excellent pieces of art.

art. In general, however, they as Martial classes his epigrams, and indifferent. It is impossible to form a collection the whole of which is good. In many of those, however, we find, some of the parts may be useful studies.

Among the busts which strike the transient view we were allured by were those of Miltiades—Hannibal—Adrian—Cleopatra, the sister of Mark—Lepidus—Sophocles—Pompey—Labienus Parthicus—Sempronius the younger—Metellus imperator—Caracalla—Alcibiades—Cicero—Julius—and Galba. Pyrrhus is particularly fine. The air of this is noble and is impressed with the weight of the hero. A collossean bust of the Great is striking; but the face is rather too long. Probably it might be better though I do not recollect to have seen it with a Grecian helmet. If the face and visor, connected without any gap, thrown back, would make the bust more by the addition of the length

Among the alto-relievos, we admired two Cupids—Curtius—Saturn—some Boys eating grapes—Ulysses in the cave of Calypso—Saturn crowning the Arts—Cupid sucking Venus—The story of Clelia—Silenus on his ass—Galatea—Cupids and Boys—A Boy on a sea-horse—A Victory, the composition of which is very good—A Priestess sacrificing, in which the animals are particularly fine—A Nuptial Vase, both the form and sculpture of which are elegant.

Among the statues, we thought the best were — A small Meleager — An Amazonian Queen, less than the life, the attitude and expression of which are both excellent—A dying Hercules : part of this group is good, particularly the expression of Pean ; but the principal figure, though in miniature, is monstrous, and the character is unpleasing—A Colossæan Hercules—Saturn holding a Child—The Father of Julius Cæsar ; the attitude of this figure is very noble — Mark Anthony ; the attitude of this too is admirable—Venus holding a Vase ; this figure, if looked at on the side opposite the vase, is pleasing, but on the other side it is awkward—A Naiad, the upper part of which is beautiful—

tiful—Apollo in the Stor  
better than the hands—Cle  
are esteemed ; we did not  
them. There is at least  
in Cleopatra. The pillar  
court may here be mentio  
which has an elegant appear  
is beautiful.

It is not easy to avoid r  
antiques might possibly hav  
a more judicious manner.  
a noble house should not se  
to obtrude *foremost* upon the  
ment should preserve its *own*  
the *ornamental* part should  
every work of art, and indeed  
a breach of the most express  
if the *parts* engage the eye m  
The hall, therefore, the sta  
and other apartments, migh  
a few busts and statues ; l  
whole collection, perhaps a l  
have been *professedly* built.  
have been arranged in *profuse*

In constructing such a g  
ment would be required.

would be the objects, not the *room*. To *them* therefore the *whole* should be subordinate : they would constitute the *whole*.

Two things in such a gallery should chiefly be considered ; the colour of the walls, and the distribution of the light. If the walls were stained with a darkish olive-tint, they would perhaps shew the statues to the best advantage ; and yet a lighter tinge might probably give them more softness. The experiment might easily be tried.

With regard to the *light*, it should be high, but not vertical. If the antiques were ranged on one side of the room, the light might be introduced from high windows on the other. Such a light would not certainly be the most picturesque, as each figure, at least when studied, would require a side light, appropriated to itself. But this in a degree might be obtained by the means of curtains.

Much of the beauty of such a room would depend on the mode of arranging the antiques. The bass-reliefs might be put in plain square frames, and affixed to the wall ; the busts might stand on brackets between them, or in recesses ; and the statues might occupy the front,

front. Or perhaps, on examining collection together, some more arrangement might be formed.

As nobody in England but the broke could fit up such a gallery, perhaps be made entirely a private would be generous and noble to artists, when well recommended to them study in it, under proper would bring Italy, as much as England.

But statues are not the only Wilton : it contains many very tures.

Those we admired most were,

A Cattle-piece, by Rosa of masters are better acquainted with colouring, and the distribution of picture, though not a capital one of his skill in all these respects.

A whole-length of the first second Earl Philip, and a half Countess of Castlehaven : both Vandyck, and both are excellent.

Mrs. Kelligrew and Mrs. M dyck : the latter we admired very

Mr. James Herbert, by Lely.

A Carpet and Boar's-head, by Maltese. The composition is a strange one, but the picture is well painted.

An old Woman with Fish, by Snyders. The fish are masterly, but the composition is disagreeable.

An old Woman reading, by Rembrant.

Christ taken from the Cross, by Albert Durer. They who admire the works of the old masters, will find a very good one here.

A large Fruit-piece, with Figures, by M. Angelo delle Battaglio. It is a tradition in the family, that M. Angelo kept this picture in his possession as a favourite piece; and that Sir Robert Gere bought it of his widow for three hundred pistoles.

Democritus, by Spagnolet. The style of painting in this picture is admirable; but the character of Democritus is bad.

Four Children, by Rubens. For composition and colouring we seldom see a more pleasing picture, either by this master, or any other.

The Virgin with Christ, by Cantarini. The manner is indistinct, but the boy is a beautiful figure.

The



The division of Christ's Garter  
Carracci. This picture is well painted  
light is ill-managed.

The Princess Sophia, habited like  
herself, by **Huntorst**.

A good **Virgin**, by **Carlo Dolce**.

An admirable portrait of **Titian**

The **Woman taken in Adultery**;  
The story is not well told; but it  
beautifully grouped.

A good **Schalken**.

An old **Man selling Plumbs**  
by **Francis Hals**. This is a happy  
show pleasure and disappointment  
faces; and the painter has been an  
expression of them.

In one of the rooms I remember  
with a picture of **Pietro Testa**, who  
mon. There is great spirit in it.

But the capital picture at **Wilton**  
family-piece by **Vandyck**. Of  
of this picture we are told many things  
is **Vandyck's** master-piece; that it  
through **Europe**; and that it was  
covered with gold, as a price to obtain  
latter is a compliment which I have  
paid in great houses to favourite

as the king of France is supposed to be the richest man in Europe, he is generally introduced, on these occasions, as the bidder. For myself, I own I am not entirely of the King of France's opinion. I have examined this picture with great attention; and reluctantly own I cannot bring myself to admire it, either in the *whole*, or in its *parts*. Vandyck's portrait of King Charles I. over a chimney a Hampton Court\*, which consists only of a single figure, I freely own I should prefer to this, though it consists of thirteen.

Vandyck seldom appears to advantage when he has several figures to manage. His master Rubens early saw this, and desired him to relinquish history, and apply to portrait did; but here he is again engaged in history; that is, he has a number of figures of full length to manage in one large piece, which extends to twenty feet by twelve. The composition of such a work required more skill than he possessed.

In the first place, there is no attempt at design. Some little family-scene should have been introduced, which might have drawn the figures into one action. Thus Titian represents

\* I believe it is now removed

the

the Cornaro family joining in an act of devotion\*. Without something of this kind, the figures had better have been painted in *separate pictures*.

*Composition* too is wanting as well as *design*. The figures are ill-grouped, and produce *no whole*.

The *colouring* too is glaring. Yellow, red, and blue are the sources, when *properly blended*, of every harmonious tint; but here they stare in raw colours. Every gaudy figure stands foremost to catch the eye; except the principal figures, which are attired in black. The young people are all so richly dressed, that it seems as if their father and mother had ordered them to put on their best clothes, and come down to be painted: and that the painter had drawn them so attired, just as he saw them, without any distinction or choice of drapery. To destroy the harmony still more, a large escutcheon of the Pembroke arms hangs in one corner of the picture, filled with such a profusion of red and yellow, that it catches the eye at once, and may properly be called one of the principal figures.

If from a *general* view of the picture, we proceed to *particulars*, I fear our criticisms must

\* This picture belongs to the Duke of Northumberland.

be equally severe. Never painter, it must be owned, had that happy art which Vandyck possessed, of turning earths and minerals into flesh and blood. Never painter had that happy art of composing a single figure with the chaste simplicity of nature, and without affectation or artifice of any kind ; and some of the figures in this picture are, no doubt, composed in this style, particularly the Earls of Pembroke and Carnarvon. But the figures in general, when considered apart, are far from capital. Some of the attitudes are forced : you look in vain for Vandyck's wonted simplicity. But what disgusts us most, is a want of harmony. In all pictures, whether the faces are old or young, the *same coloured light*, if I may so express myself, should be spread over all—the mellow or the bluish tinge, arising from the state of the atmosphere, whatever it is, through which the light is thrown upon them : but here this rule is so far from being observed, that even allowing the variation of different complexions, the faces of all, though of one country, belong to different climates. A yellow-faced boy particularly, among the front figures, has a complexion, which nothing but a jaundice or an Indian sun could have given him. For the rest,

rest, some of the carnations are very beautiful, particularly the hands of the Countess of broke.

All this censure, however, must not be to the charge of Vandyck. His pen never have been guilty of such a violent Nature. I have been assured, that, twelve years ago, this picture was retouched by a painter, I think, of the name of some of my friends, it was much for the worse. This may be accounted most of the faults that may be found in carnations.

It would have been a happy thought to present the dead children by little cherubs hovering in the air; if the picture had had an emblematical cast. In serious portrait, the thought seems rather out of place.

At Wilton-house the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney (whose beloved sister was married to the Earl of Pembroke) wrote his Arcadia, a work of such fancy, that although not accommodated to the refinement of this age, it was greatly admired in the last, and went rapidly through eight editions.

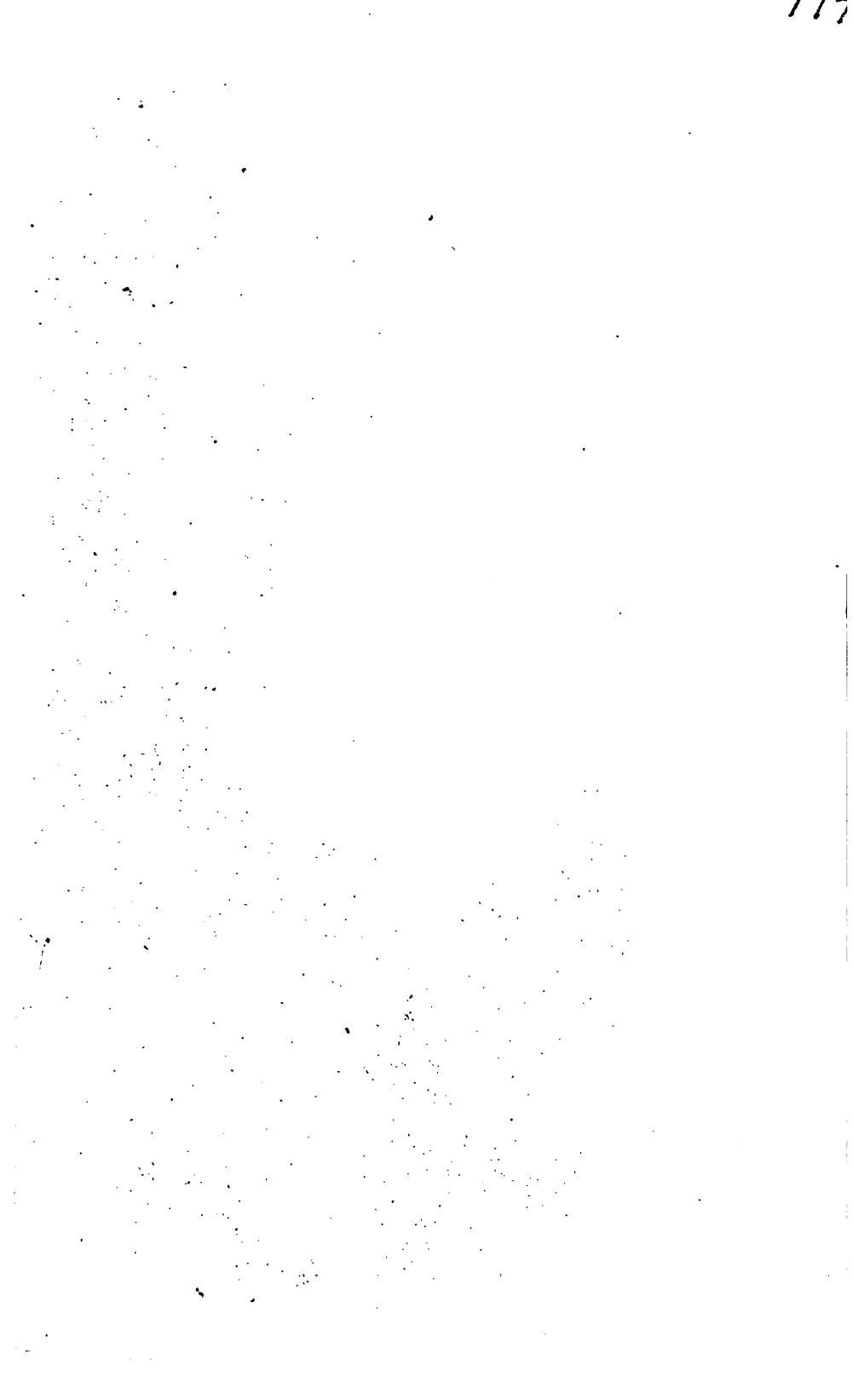
\* By the late Lord Orford.

## S E C T. IX.

FROM Wilton we returned to Salisbury; and from thence proceeded to Fonthill, the seat of Mr. Beckford. The road conveyed us through lanes, along the edge of the plain. About Denton the ground lay beautifully; the hills descending gently on each side.

Fonthill is a noble house, situated in a park, which contains great variety of ground. It takes its name from a woody hill and fountain hard by it, from which rises a stream that assists in forming an artificial river, decorated by a very sumptuous bridge. If the bridge had been more simple, the scene about it would have been more pleasing. The ground, though *artificially formed, slopes well* to the river on each side, and beyond the bridge opens into a sweet retiring valley.

Mr. Beckford seems also to have been assiduous in making a collection of pictures; and in point of numbers, he has succeeded. A Socrates, by Salvator, is most esteemed. But though a capital picture, it seems ill-coloured, being a mere yellowish clair obscure; nor has Socrates any character. I must add, however, that







that I have, oftener than once, on the first sight of Salvator's picture have pleased me more on a second however, is certainly a fault. Was a good picture, as from a good man, able impresson at sight.

But if there be few good pictures there is abundance of splendor ; no little dash of vanity and ostentation wanting in taste, is made up in fine house was so bedecked with all the holstery. The very plate-glass in cost fifteen hundred pounds\*.

From Ponthill we proceeded through to Stourhead, the seat of Mr. H. downs overlooking an extensive down the left. We soon came in sight of and plantations, adorned with towers in a line along the horizon. Towers, which seemed to stand on a peared, in this distant view, very regular.

\* Since this was written, I have been informed that it hath been much improved ; particularly that a church hath been built of the full dimensions of a genuine one. As Mr. Wyatt was the architect, it must be a noble edifice. Properly stationed, it must be a grand decoration,

gave us but an unfavourable idea of the place. The mystery, however, of this apparently unpleasing situation, was unravelled when we came upon the spot.

Mr. Hoare purchased Stourhead about forty years ago, of Lord Stourton, who takes his title from a village of that name in the neighbourhood. The improved grounds consist of three parallel vallies; all of them closed at one end by an immense terrace, running several miles in length, with little deviation either to the right or left. This was the horizontal stretch of unpleasing ground, which we saw at a distance. The vallies run from it nearly at right angles; and were entirely skreened from the eye, as we approached.

But though Mr. Hoare has taken all the three vallies, consisting of several miles in circumference, within his improvements, he has *adorned* that only which lies nearest his house. The other two are planted and cut into rides; but the wood is yet young.

The house is built on an elegant design by Colin Campbell, the architect of Wanstead-house in Essex. It consists of a basement; one grand floor, and an attic. We enter a handsome hall, and pass into the saloon, which

is a noble room, sixty feet in length. On each side of these rooms range the apartments.

Several good pictures adorn them. Those we admired most, were

Some Market peasants, by Gainsborough. Both the figures and the effect of this picture are pleasing.

The Conference between Jacob and Esau, by Rosa of Tivoli. This is a capital picture, and abounds with amusement, though it is neither painted in the master's best manner, nor are the figures well-grouped.

A small landscape, by Lucatelli.

A Holy Family, by Caracci.

A landscape, by Rembrandt. The background and sky are dark; and the figures sitting on the fore-ground, and seen by fire-light, have a good effect.

A Baptist's Head in a Charger, by Carlo Dolci.

A good copy of Reuben's Boys at Wilton.

Elisha restoring the Widow's Son, by Rembrandt. This is esteemed the most capital picture of the collection; but it wants a *whole*, and the prophet a *character*.

From the house we went to view the improvements around it. That valley near which

the house stands, and which I have mentioned as the most adorned, contains a very noble scene. It is called the vally of *Six-wells*, from six heads of the river Stour, which arise here, and which the Stourton family take for their arms. The produce of these springs is collected into a grand piece of water ; in which, and the improvements on its banks, consist the beauties of the scene.

In the common round, we are carried first to the lower parts, along the margin of the lake, which we cross in a narrow part, by a superb wooden bridge, and still continuing along the water, are amused with a grotto, which has more propriety in it, than these places commonly have. Here arises one of the heads of the Stour, which a well-cut river God (*Deus ipse loci*) pours from his urn.

There is another grotto also near this, in which the springs are collected into a marble bath. It is adorned with the statue of a sleeping nymph, under whom you read these lines ;

Nymph of the grot, these sacred streams I keep,  
And to the murmur of these waters sleep.  
Ah ! spare my slumbers ; gently tread the cave ;  
And drink in silence ; or in silence leave.

Leaving





Leaving these grottos, we ascend the high grounds, and so proceed from one ornamental building to another, every where entertaining with different views of the lake, and banks.

One of these buildings is very beautiful. It is called the Pantheon, as it is built on something like the model of the Pantheon at Rome. Though it is only the ornament of a garden, is a *splendid edifice*. The rotunda, which is grand part of it, is lighted from the top, and thirty-six feet in diameter. To this is added portico, and an apartment on each side. Inside of the rotunda is adorned with statues and bas-relievs; and in the centre stands excellent Hercules, by Rysbrach.

This statue was the work of emulation. Rysbrach had long enjoyed the public favour without a rival. Schemaker first arose as competitor; and afterwards Rubiliac, both artists of great merit; the latter of uncommon abilities. Rysbrach, piqued at seeing the applause of the public divided, executed this statue as a proof of his skill. He composed from the selected limbs of six or seven of heroes of Broughton's amphitheatre; a scene

of diversion, at that time, in high repute. The brawny arms were taken from that chief himself; the chest from the *coachman*, a champion well known in his day by that appellation; and the legs from Ellis the painter, who took more delight in Broughton's amphitheatre, than in his own painting-room.

Having finished our circuit round the garden, we were on the whole much pleased. There is a greatness in the *design*, though sometimes a littleness in the *execution*. The buildings, in general, are good; but they are too numerous and too sumptuous. The gilt-crofs is a very disgusting object. Indeed, simplicity is every where too much wanting. Many of the openings also are forced; and the banks of the lake in some places formal; the paths are mere zig-zags; the going off the water, and all the management about the head of the lake, which is always a business difficult to manage, is awkward and perplexed; and as to the grounds near the house, they are still in the old style of avenues and vistas. We saw many things at the same time which pleased us, particularly the *line of the lake*, in general, along its shores; the woody skreens that environed it; and the  
effect



effect of some of the buildings in the landscape, *when seen single*, especially that of the Pantheon. On the whole, we spent an agreeable summer evening at Stourhead, and found more amusement than we generally find in places so highly adorned.

The next morning we visited the more distant parts of Mr. Hoare's improvements, the other two vallies and the terrace. The vallies will be more beautiful, as the woods improve; at present they are but unfurnished; and yet in their naked state we saw more clearly the peculiarity of the ground. Three vallies, thus closed by an immense terrace, is a singular production of nature. Some parts of the terrace command a most extensive distance. At the point of it, where it falls into the lower ground, a triangular tower is erected for the sake of the view. Over the door is the figure of King Alfred, with this inscription;

In

In Memory of Alfred the Great,  
Who, on this summit,  
Erected his Standard  
Against Danish Invaders,  
He instituted Juries;  
Established a Militia;  
Created and exerted  
A Naval Force :  
A Philosopher and a Christian ;  
The Father of his People ;  
The Founder  
Of the English Monarchy,  
And of Liberty.

From the tower of Alfred, we returned to Stourhead, after a ride of at least eight miles through the different parts of Mr. Hoare's plantations,

## S E C T. X.

FROM Stourhead to Froom, we passed through an inclosed country, which is barren of amusement. On our right, we left Maiden-Bradley, an old house belonging to the Duke of Somerset; and went a few miles out of our road to see Longleat, the mansion of Lord Weymouth.

Longleat is a noble old fabric, the workmanship of John Padua, about the year 1567. This architect was much esteemed by the Protector Somerset, whose house in the Strand he built. Sir John Thyn, who employed him here, was one of the Protector's principal officers. The style, however, of Longleat has more a cast of the Gothic, than that of Somerset-House, which makes a nearer approach to Grecian architecture\*. Neither possesses enough of its respective style, to be beautiful in its kind. The Gothic style perhaps at best is but ill adapted to private buildings. We

\* Somerset-House in the Strand is now pulled down, and an expensive edifice for various offices erected in its room.

chiefly

chiefly admire it, when its clustered pillars adorn the walls of some cathedral; when its pointed ribs spread along the roof of an aisle; or when the tracery of a window occupies the whole end of a choir. Gothic ornaments in this style of magnificence lose their littleness. They are not considered as *parts*, but are lost in one *vast whole*; and contribute only to impress a *general idea* of richness.

We sometimes indeed see the *smaller appendages* of cathedrals decorated very beautifully in the Gothic style; as the chapter-house at Salisbury, and that most elegant building at Ely, called the *Parish-church*. But in these buildings the *proportions* chiefly fill the eye: for which such ornaments are contrived, as have a good effect. Ornaments of this kind I have never seen used in any *private house* of Gothic construction. Nor indeed are they proper. As they are only found in sacred buildings, it might perhaps have been esteemed a mode of profaneness, to adopt them in private structures. This idea, indeed, the Gothic architects themselves seem to have had, by never using them but in churches.

On the whole, the Grecian architecture seems much better adapted to a private dwelling-

ing-house, than the Gothic. It has a better *assortment*, if I may so speak, of proper ornaments, and proportions for all its purposes. The Gothic ornaments might dress up a hall or a saloon; but they could do little more: we should find it difficult to decorate the flat roof of an apartment with them, or a passage, or a stair-case.

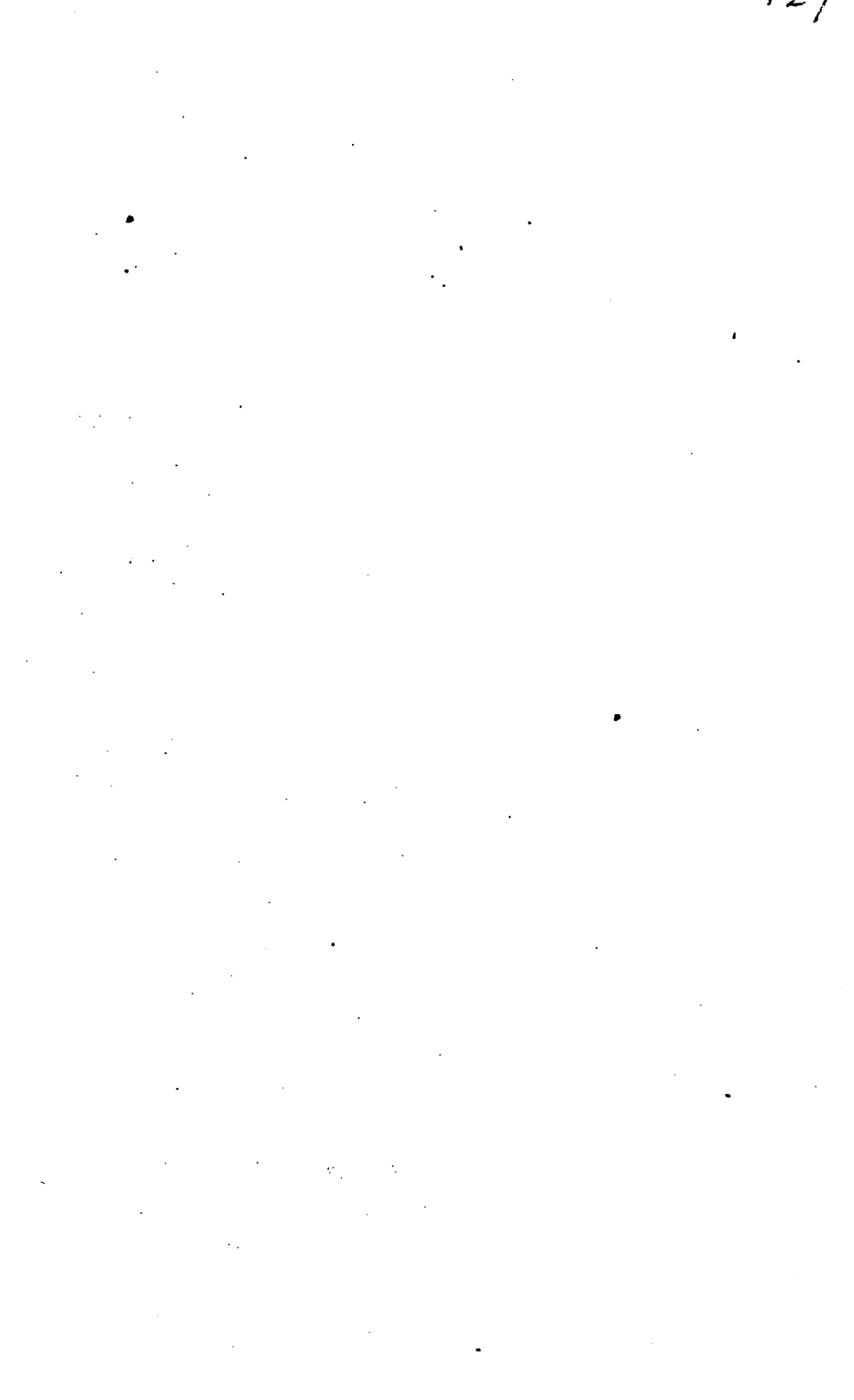
Nor are the *conveniencies*, which the Grecian architecture bestows on *private buildings*, less considerable, than the beauty of its *decorations*. The Gothic palace is an *incumbered* pile. We are amused with looking into these mansions of antiquity, as objects of curiosity; but should never think of comparing them in point of convenience with the great houses of modern taste, in which the hall and the saloon fill the eye on our entrance; are noble reservoirs for air; and grand antichambers to the several rooms of state that divide on each hand from them.

Longleat has nothing of the Grecian grandeur to recommend it. It is a large square building, with a court in the middle; which is intended to enlighten the inner chambers. The whole is certainly a grand pile; but it has little beauty, and I should suppose less convenience.

nience. It is at present however exceedingly in dishabille, and the furniture seems to be the relics of the last century. The family of the Thynnes cover the walls in great profusion. We rarely see so numerous a collection of portraits without one that is able to fix the eye.

Be the inside of the house and its contents however what they may, when we view it seated, as it is, in the centre of a noble park, which slopes down to it in all directions, itself a grand object, evidently the capital of these wide domains, it has certainly a very princely appearance.

Somewhere among the woods of this mansion, was first naturalized the Weymouth-pine. This species of pine is among the most formal of its brotherhood; and yet the planter must consider it, in point of variety, as an acquisition. The patriarch-pine, Mr. Walpole tells us, still exists, but we did not see it.







## S E C T. XI.

FROM Longleat we pursued our road through From to Wells. The first part of our journey presented nothing very interesting. As we approached Mendip-hills, the road divides; one branch leading over the high grounds, the other under them. We chose the latter, which afforded us, on the right those hills for a back-ground; and on the left an extensive distance, in which Glastonbury tor, as it is called, is the most conspicuous feature.

Our approach to Wells, from the natural and incidental beauties of the scene, was uncommonly picturesque. It was a hazy evening; and the sun, declining low, was hid behind a deep purple cloud, which covered half the hemisphere, but did not reach the western horizon. Its lower skirts were gilt with dazzling splendor, which spread downwards, not in diverging rays, but in one uniform ruddy glow; and uniting at the bottom with

mistiness of the air, formed a rich, yet modest tint, with which Durcote-hill, projecting boldly on the left, the towers of Wells beyond it, and all the objects of the distance, were tinged; while the foreground, seen against so bright a piece of scenery, was overspread with the darkest shades of evening. The whole together invited the pencil, without soliciting the imagination. But it was a transitory scene. As we stood gazing at it, the sun sunk below the cloud, and being stripped of all its splendor by the haziness of the atmosphere, fell, like a ball of fire, into the horizon; and the whole radiant vision faded away.

Wells is a pleasant town, and agreeably situated. The cathedral is a beautiful pile, notwithstanding it is of Saxon architecture. The front is exceedingly rich, and yet the parts are large. In the towers, the upper stories are plain, and make a good contrast with the richness of the lower. But this circumstance appears to most advantage when the towers are seen in profile; in front there is too much ornament. In the inside the Saxon heaviness prevails more. The choir-part is in better taste; and the retiring pillars of the chapel t

yond the communion-table, produce an unusual and very pleasing effect, like that at Salisbury. The chapter-house is an elegant octagon, supported by a single pillar. One of the parish churches also at Wells is adorned with a very handsome Gothic tower, and is itself a beautiful pile.

Near Wells is a famous cavern, called Okey-hole. It lies under Mendip-hills, which in this place form a beautiful recess, adorned with rock and wood. A recess of this kind appears of little value to those who are acquainted with mountainous countries; but in the south of England it is a novel scene. As to the cavern itself, it runs about three hundred yards under ground, dividing into three large apartments. But no cavern that I know, except that at Castleton in Derbyshire\*, is worth visiting in a picturesque light. Caverns, in general, are mere holes, and have no connection with the ground about them. That at Castleton has a grand entrance, and the rocky scenery, with which it is hung, forms a most magnificent approach. But in the cavern here, there is no

\* See an account of it in Mr. G.'s Northern Tour, vol. ii. p. 210.

grandeur of this kind; so that it contributes little to the beauty of the recess in which it lies.

From Okey-hole we returned to Wells; and from thence proceeded to Glastonbury; the ruins of which had highly raised our expectation.

## S E C T. XII:

THE ground on which the abbey stands, is higher than the surrounding district, which is a perfect meadow, that tradition says, it was covered with the sea. If that was the ground which the abbey occupies, it was an island, was at least a peninsula. To the north bears the name of *the Isle of Avelon* meadows around it seem plainly to have been washed and relinquished by the sea.

The abbey of Glastonbury, therefore, does not enjoy that choice situation which is the prerogative of religious houses possessors of *foundations*, like this, were generally the result of accidental causes. An escape from a shipwreck; a battle; a murder; the scene of some great death; with a variety of other circumstances have commonly determined their site; and even if they enjoy a good situation, it seems to be accidental. Those religious houses whose situation we particularly admire, I should conjecture, have been chiefly colonies, or offshoots

from the great religious houses. In *these* might be a *choice of situation*.

The event which settled the situation of abbey, is firmly attested, on the pro-Romish legends. When Joseph of Arthea came to preach the Gospel in Br as it is asserted he did, he landed on Isle of Avelon; and fixing his staff in ground, (a dry thorn-saplin, which had his companion through all the countries he passed,) fell asleep. When he awoke, he found to his great surprise, that his staff had rooted, and was covered with white blossoms. From this miracle, however, he drew a natural conclusion, that as the use of his staff was thus taken from him, it was ordained he should fix his abode in this place. Therefore, he built a chapel, which, by the course of succeeding times, increased into this magnificent foundation.

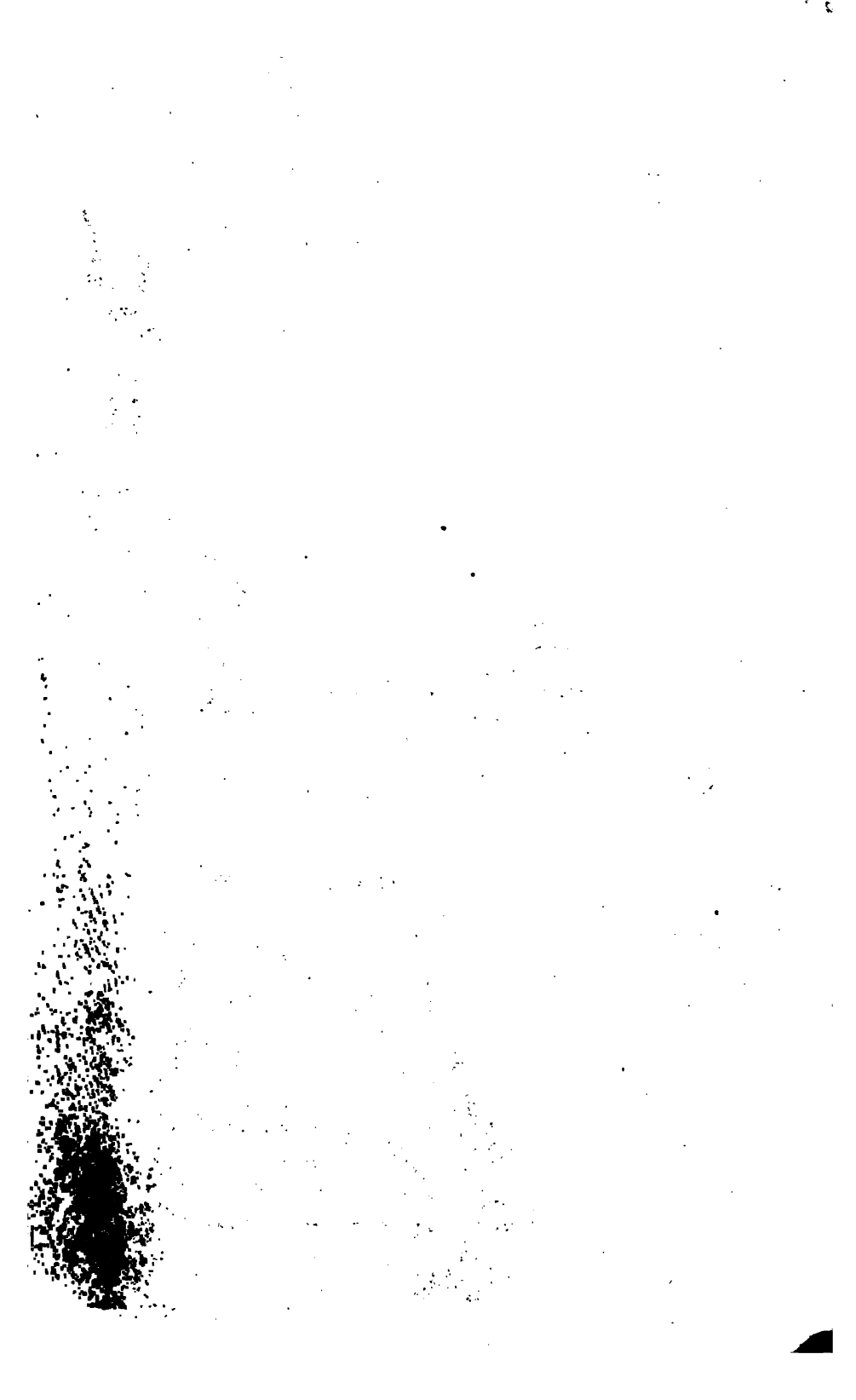
Of this immense fabric nothing now remains but a part of the great church, St. Michael's chapel, an old gate-way, part of the lodge, and the kitchen.

Of the great church, the south side is entire; some part of the east end remains; a little of the cross isle; and a remnant of the











all of the purest and most elegant Gothic. The north side was lately taken down, and materials were applied to build a meeting-house. From this defalcation, however, the ruin, as a picturesque object, seems to have suffered little. In correspondent parts, if only be taken away, or considerably fractured, it may possibly be an advantage. But we greatly regret the loss of the west end, which was taken down to build a town-hall. Still more we regret the loss of the tower; as the eye wants some elevated part to give an air to the whole. Besides, in that part of the tower which remains, there is rather an irregularity. Two similar points, which have the shoulders of a Gothic arch, arise in equal dimensions, and do not easily fall into a picturesque form.

*St. Joseph's chapel*, which stands near the west end of the great church, is almost entire. The roof indeed is gone; but the walls suffered little dilapidation. This chapel is probably more ancient than the church, and has evidently a mixture in it of Saxon architecture; but the style is very pure in its details, and the whole is rich and beautiful. It is a little addition to its beauty, that ivy is

about over the walls, in such just proportion, as to adorn without defacing them.

On the south-west of St. Joseph's chapel, stands the *Gate of Strangers*, which seems to have been a heavy building, void of elegance and beauty. Not far from the Gate of strangers, and connected with it in design, are shewn the foundations of the Linguist's lodge: but no part of it, unless it be a postern, is now left. This was a very necessary part of an endowment, which was visited by strangers from all parts of the world.

The *Abbot's lodge* has been a large building. It ranges parallel with the south side of the church; and was nearly entire within the memory of man. It was a suit of seven apartments on a floor; but very little of it is now left. In the year 1714 it was taken down to answer some purpose of economy, though it seems never to have been a structure of any beauty,

Hard by the Abbot's lodge stands the *Kitchen*, which is to this day very entire, and is both a curious remnant of antiquity, and a noble monument of monkish hospitality. It is a square building, calculated to last for ages. Its walls are four feet thick, and yet strengthened with  
massy

massy buttresses. They have, indeed, an immense roof to support, which is still in excellent repair. It is constructed of stone, and seems to be a work of very curious masonry, running up in the form of an octagonal pyramid, and finished at the top in a double cupola. The under part of this cupola received the smoke in channels along the inside of the roof; the upper part contained a bell, which called the society to dinner, and afterwards neighbouring poor to alms. The inside of Kitchen is an octagon; four chimnies taking off the corners of the square. It has two doors and measures twenty-two feet from one to other, and a hundred and seventy from the bottom to the top. In this Kitchen, it is recorded, that twelve oxen were dressed generally every week, besides a proportional quantity of other victuals.

These are all the visible remains of this great house. Foundations are traced far and wide, where, it is conjectured, the cloisters ran; monks cells; the schools; the dormitories; halls; and other offices. The whole together been an amazing combination of various buildings. It had the appearance indeed of a considerable town, containing perhaps the largest society



ciety under one government, and  
 tenfive foundation that ever appea  
 land in any form. Its fraternity is  
 consisted of five hundred establish  
 besides nearly as many retainers on  
 Above four hundred children were  
 educated in it, but entirely maintain  
 gers from all parts of Europe were  
 ceived ; classed according to their  
 tion ; and might consider the hosp  
 under which they lodged, as their  
 hundred travellers, with their horse  
 they generally, I should suppose, tr  
 foot,) have been lodged at once within  
 While the poor from every side of th  
 waited the ringing of the alms-bell ;  
 flocked in crowds, young and old, t  
 of the monastery, where they receiv  
 morning, a plentiful provision for them  
 their families : all this appears great a

On the other hand, when we con  
 hundred persons, bred up in indole  
 lost to the commonwealth ; when we  
 that these houses were the great nur  
 superstition, bigotry, and ignorance ;  
 of sloth, stupidity, and perhaps intem  
 when we consider, that the education

in them had not the least tincture of useful learning, good manners, or true religion, but tended rather to vilify and disgrace the human mind; when we consider that the pilgrims and strangers who resorted thither, were idle vagabonds, who got nothing abroad that was equivalent to the occupations they left at home; and when we consider, lastly, that indiscriminate alms-giving is not real charity, but avocation from labour and industry, checking every idea of exertion, and filling the mind with abject notions, we are led to acquiesce in the fate of these great foundations, and view their ruins, not only with a picturesque eye but with moral and religious satisfaction.

This great house possessed the amplest revenues of any religious house in England. Its ancient domains are supposed now to yield not less than an annual income of two hundred thousand pounds. I have heard them calculated at much more.

Within a mile of the abbey stands the Tor, which is by much the highest land in the island of Avelon, and had been our land-mark through an approach of many leagues. The summit of this hill is decorated with a ruin, which has its effect, though in itself it possesses no



no beauty. It is a structure of attention. One tradition supposes been a sea-mark, for which it is w Another makes it an oratory. T it certainly belonged.

Here the holy man, when Sata aside, might sometimes ascend, and round him, might see all the country houses and villages filled with his vassals covered with innumerable troops to support the strength of his rivers and woods abounding with game to furnish its delicacies; fields with corn to fill his granaries and houses and, among other sources of luxury than seven ample parks, well stocked with nison. Here was a glorious view indeed, if he were not well upon his guard, he might easily have mistaken an earthly reverend joy and religious gratitude.

Near the bottom of this hill are found quantities of that species of petrefaction resembles a coiled serpent; or, as it is called, an *Ammon's horn*.

The ruins of Glastonbury-abbey piece of ground, about a mile in



rence, which has no peculiar beauty, but might be improved into a very grand scene, if it were judiciously planted, and laid out with just so much art, as to discover the ruins to the best advantage. But such schemes of improvement are calculated only for posterity. A young plantation would ill accord with such antique accompaniments. The oak would require at least a century's growth, before its moss-grown limbs could be congenial with the ruins it adorned.

I should ill deserve the favours I met with from the learned antiquarian, who has the care of these ruins, though he occupies only the humble craft of a shoemaker, if I did not attempt to do some justice to his zeal and piety. No picturesque eye could more admire these venerable remains for their beauty, than he did for their sanctity. Every stone was the object of his devotion. But above all the appendages of Glastonbury, he revered most the famous thorn which sprang from St. Joseph's staff, and blossoms at Christmas. On this occasion he gave us the following relation.

It was at that time, he said, when the King resolved to alter the common course of the year, that he first felt distress for the honour of  
the

the house of Glastonbury. If the Christmas were changed, who the credit of this miraculous perfected? In short, with the fortitude, he ventured to expostulate upon the subject; and informed in a letter, of the disgrace that ensue, if he persisted in his design of the natural course of the year. But though conscience urged him upon this bold act, he could not but own the flesh trembled. I not the least doubt, he said, but the King immediately send down an order to have changed. He pointed to the spot where the last abbot of Glastonbury was executed for surrendering his abbey; and he gave to understand, there were men now alive who could suffer death, in a good cause, with fortitude. His zeal, however, was not proof against this severe trial. The King was more merciful than he expected; for though his Majesty did not follow his advice, it never appeared that he took the least offence at the freedom of his letter.

The death of the last abbot of Glastonbury is indeed a mournful tale, as it is represented by the writers of those times, and was cul-

culated to make a lasting impresson on the country.

This abbot is said to have been a pious and good man ; careful of his charge, kind to the poor, and exemplary in his conduct. He is particularly mentioned as a man of great temperance ; which, in a cloister, was not, perhaps, at that day, the reigning virtue. What was still as uncommon, he was a lover of learning ; and not only took great care of the education of those young men, who were brought up in his house, but was at the expence of maintaining several of them at the universities. He was now very old, and very infirm ; and having passed all his life in his monastery, knew little more of the world than he had seen within its walls.

It was the misfortune of this good abbot to live in the tyrannical days of Henry VIII., and at that period when the suppression of monasteries was his favourite object. Henry had applied to many of the abbots, and by threats and promises had engaged several of them to surrender their trusts. But the abbot of Glastonbury, attached to his house, and connected with his fraternity, refused to surrender. He was conscious of his own innocence ; and thought guilt  
only

only had to fear from the inquisition that was abroad. But Henry, whose haughty and imperious spirit, unused to control, soared above the trifling distinctions between innocence and guilt, was highly incensed ; and determined to make an example of the abbot of Glastonbury to terrify others. An order first came down for him to appear forthwith before the council. The difficulties of taking so long a journey, appeared great to an old man, who had seldom travelled beyond the limits of his monastery. But as there was no redress, he got into an easy horse-litter, and set out. In his mode of travelling, we see the state and dignity, which certainly required some correction, of the great ecclesiastics of that age. His retinue, it is said, consisted of not fewer than an hundred and fifty horsemen.

The King's sending for him, however, was a mere pretext. The real purpose was to prevent his secreting his effects ; as it was never intended that he should return. Proper persons, therefore, were commissioned to search his apartments in his absence, and secure the wealth of the monastery. His steward, in the meantime, who was a gentleman of the degree of a Knight, was corrupted to make what discoveries he could.

could. It was an easy matter in those days to procure evidence, where it was already determined to convict. In one of the abbot's cabinets some strictures upon the divorce were either found, or pretended to be found. Nothing else could be obtained against him.

During this interval, the abbot, who knew nothing of these proceedings, waited on the council. He was treated respectfully; and informed, that the King would not *force* any man to do what he wished him to *do freely*. However, as his Majesty intended to receive his final determination on the spot, he was at liberty to return.

Being thus dismissed, the abbot thought all was now over, and that he might be permitted to end his days peaceably in his beloved monastery.

He was now nearly at the end of his journey, having arrived at Wells, which is within five miles of Glastonbury, when he was informed, that a county-court (of what kind is not specified) was convened there on that day, to which he, as abbot of Glastonbury, was summoned. He went into the court-room accordingly; and as his station required, was going to take his place at the upper end of it, among

the principal gentry of the country; when the crier called him to the bar, where he was accused of high treason.

The old man, who had not the least conception of the affair, was utterly astonished; and turning to his steward, who stood near him, asked, if he knew what could be the meaning of all this? That traitor, whispering in his ear, wished him not to be cast down, for he knew the meaning of it was only to terrify him into a compliance. Though the court, therefore, on the evidence of the paper taken out of his cabinet, found him guilty of high treason, he had still no idea of what was intended. From the court he was conveyed to his litter, and conducted to Glastonbury; still in suspense how all this would end.

When he arrived under the walls of his abbey, the litter was ordered to stop; and an officer riding up to him, bad him prepare for instant death. A priest, at the same time, presented himself to take his confession.

The poor old abbot, utterly confounded at the suddenness of the thing, was quite unmanned. He begged with tears, and for God's sake, they would allow him some little time for recollection. But his tears were vain.

Might

Might he not then just enter his monastery; take leave of his friends; and recommend himself to their prayers? All was to no purpose. He was dragged out of his litter, and laid upon a hurdle, to which a horse being yoked, he was drawn along the ground to the Torr; and there, to make the triumph complete, was hung up, in his monk's habit, and in sight of his monastery. It was a triumph, however, that was attended with the tears and lamentations of the whole country, which had long considered this pious man, as a friend, benefactor, and father.

How far this shocking story, in all its circumstances of strange precipitancy, and wanton cruelty, may be depended on, considering the hands through which it is conveyed, may be matter of doubt: thus much, however, is certain, that if the picture here given of the royal savage of those days be not an exact portrait, it bears evidently a striking resemblance.

## S E C T. XIII.

**H**AVING given a last look at the picturesque ruins of Glastonbury, we left them with regret. That pure style of Gothic, in which this grand house was composed, it is probable, gave the key-stone in architecture to all the churches in this neighbourhood; for it is certain a better taste prevails among them, as far as we observed, than in any other part of England through which we had travelled.

From Glastonbury we took the road to Bridgewater, and passed through a very fine country.

About three miles beyond Piper's Inn, we mounted a grand natural terrace, called the heights of Pontic.

On the right we had the whole range of Mendip hills, which, though inconsiderable in themselves, made some figure in this view, with pleasant savannahs stretching among them. Beyond the hills appeared the sea, and the island of Steep-holms. The nearer grounds, between this distance and the eye, were filled  
with



with ample woods, which ranged, not in patches here and there dispersed, but in one extended surface of tufted foilage; for we saw little more from the heights on which we stood, than the varied tops of the woods beneath us. The whole country, I believe, is a scene of cultivation; and the woods little more, in fact, than hedge-rows. But one row succeeding another, the intermediate spaces are concealed, together with all the regularity of that mode of planting; and the whole appears, in the distance, as one vast bed of foliage.

On the left we had the same kind of country; only the hills on this side of Pontic are much superior to those of Mendip on the other. Among the savannahs on this side, shoot the extensive plains of Sedgmore, which stretch far and wide before the eye. Here the unfortunate Monmouth tried his cause with his uncle James; and all the country was afterwards the scene of those acts of brutality, which Kirk and Jefferies committed, and which are still remembered with horror and detestation.

This vast distance, which we surveyed from the heights of Pontic, not only filled the eye with its grandeur as a whole, but was every where interspersed with amusing objects, which

adorned its several divisions. In Lord Chatham's obelisk pointed out the remains of Pynsent. In another part told, the rich scenes before us were of Sir Charles Tint. The tall fane arose on the right belonged to the church at Bridgewater; and the fresh spots of water, glittering under the sun, were reaches of the river Parret,

Inlaying, as with molton-glass, the vale,  
That spread beyond the sight.—

At the distance at which we stood not well unite all these bright spots into a winding course; but the eye easily traced the union.

The distances, indeed, from the Pontic, are both grand and picturesque, when thus reduced into painting in their immensity greatly too expensive. The whole scene was as if a passage in Virgil, bringing before

—Mare velivolum, terrasque jacentes,  
Littoraque, et latos populos.—

We have the same view elsewhere :

—From the mountain's ridge,  
O'er tufted tops of intervening woods,  
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.

I cannot forbear contrasting this grand view with a few bold strokes of distance, which Moses gives us, when he tells us, " he went " up from the plains of Moab to the top of " Pisgah; from whence the Lord shewed him " all the land of Gilead unto Dan, and all " Naphtali, and the land of Ephraim and Manasseh, and all the land of Judah, unto the " utmost sea; and on the south the plain of " the valley of Jerico unto Zoar."

On Mr. Hoare's terrace we had seen the spot where Alfred the Great mustered his scattered troops to oppose the Danes. The country near Bridgewater affords a scene, where, on another occasion, he appeared in a different character.

Where the Thone and the Parret join their waters, they form between them a piece of ground, containing about two acres, which is called the Isle of Athelney. In Saxon times it was not only surrounded with water, but with woods and marshes to a great extent, and was in every part of very difficult access. Here the gallant Alfred retired in his distresses, when he fled before the Danes, after the battle of Wilton. At first he considered it only as a place of refuge, and sustained himself by shoot-

ing the wild deer with his arrows. degrees getting together a few of his fortified the island, and particularly the avenue that led to it. From hence he made successful inroads upon the parts; and retreating among the mountains in pursuit. From hence too, in the minstrel, he made that celebrated of their camp, in which, under the amusement of his songs and ballads, he took an exact survey of their situation; then laid his measures so judiciously upon them with so much well-directed art, that he entirely broke their power. In the remainder of his reign. In after-times, success had crowned his enterprizes, a monastery in the island, in men's protection it had once afforded him refuge, which had nothing to recommend this personal circumstance, was so inconvenient, that it never existed till the times of confusion.

ing the wild deer with his arrows. But by degrees getting together a few of his friends, he fortified the island, and particularly the only avenue that led to it. From hence he often made successful inroads upon the Danish quarters; and retreating among the marshes, eluded pursuit. From hence too, in the habit of a minstrel, he made that celebrated excursion to their camp, in which, under the pretence of amusing them with his songs and buffooneries, he took an exact survey of their situation. He then laid his measures so judiciously, and fell upon them with so much well-directed fury, that he entirely broke their power during the remainder of his reign. In after-times, when success had crowned his enterprizes, he founded a monastery in the island, in memory of the protection it had once afforded him. But its site, which had nothing to recommend it, except this personal circumstance, was in all respects so inconvenient, that it never flourished, though it existed till the times of the dissolution.

## S E C T. XIV.

**T**HERE is very little in Bridgewater, which was our next stage, worth a traveller's attention. Its great boast is the celebrated Blake, one of Cromwell's admirals, who was born in this town, and represented it in several parliaments.

The name of Blake can hardly occur to an Englishman without suggesting respect. If ever any man was a *lover of his country*, without being actuated by *party*, or *any other sinister motive*, it was Blake. Whether in a divided commonwealth, one side or the other should be *cordially chosen* by every citizen, is a nice question. Some of the ancient moralists have held the affirmative, But a man may see such errors on both sides, as may render a choice difficult. This seems to have been Blake's case. The *glory of his country* therefore was the only part he espoused. He fought, indeed, under Cromwell; but it was merely, he would say, to *aggrandize Old England*. He often disliked the protector's politics. With the death  
of

of Charles he was particularly displeased; and was heard to mutter, that to have saved the King's life, he would freely have ventured his own. But still he fought on; took an immense treasure from the Portuguese; beat the Dutch in two or three desperate engagements; burnt the Dey of Tunis's fleet; awed the piratical States; and, above all, destroyed the Spanish plate-fleet in the harbour of Santa Cruz, which was thought a piece of the most gallant seamanship that *ever* was performed. Some things in the mean time happened at home which he did not like, particularly Cromwell's treatment of the Parliament: but he still fought on; and would say to his captains, *It is not for us to mind state matters, but to keep foreigners from fooling us.* What is singular in this commander is, that all his knowledge in maritime affairs was acquired after he was fifty years of age. He had the theory of his profession, as it were, by intuition; and crowded as many gallant actions into nine or ten years, as might have immortalized as many commanders. One personal singularity is recorded, which gives us a sort of portrait of him. When his choler was raised, and he was bent on some desperate undertaking, it was his custom to twirl his whif-  
kers

kers with his fore-finger. Whenever that sign appeared, those about him well knew something dreadful was in agitation.

Such a *peculiarity*, however, could not easily be made intelligible in a picture; and therefore it is more proper for *history* than *representation*. And yet I can conceive a portrait of Blake, in this attitude, if well managed, to have a good effect. His fleet might lie in the offing ready to sail. At a distance might stand a castle, which he meant to attack, firing at his fleet, and involved in smoke. Blake, with a few of his officers around him, might stand on the fore-ground, occupying the principal part of the picture; and ready to embark in a boat, which was waiting for him on the strand. Blake himself might be represented in the attitude above described, throwing a dreadful look at the castle; but this dreadful look must be in the hands of a master, or it will infallibly become grotesque and caricature. After all, though this disposition might make a good picture, I know not that it would be intelligible enough to make a good portrait.

All this coast, between Bridgewater and Bristol, is low, and subject, in many parts, to overflowing tides. In the memorable storm  
of



of November 1703, it was a melancholy  
 The sea broke 'over it with great our  
 did surprizing damage. In many  
 you travel through it, you see marks  
 the country people, to show how far  
 poured in at that time. But, indeed  
 part of the Bristol channel is subject  
 high tides at all times. In Bridgewater  
 it often rises in an uncommon manner  
 comes forward in such rapid swells, that  
 been known sometimes to overset the  
 affects the river at Bristol also, and all  
 on the coast; and, if I am not mistaken  
 the opposite coast likewise.

## S E C T. XV.

AS we left Bridgewater, we drew nearer the sea. In our way we passed Sir Charles Tynte's plantation, which we had before seen as parts of a distance. They appeared now stretching to a great extent along the side of a hill, and beautifully interspersed with lawns. They were adorned with too many buildings, which would, however, have had a better effect, if they had not been painted white. A seat or small building, painted white, may be an advantage in a view: but when these white spots are multiplied, the distinction of their colour detaches them from the other objects of the scene, with which they ought to combine: they distract the eye, and become separate spots, instead of parts of a whole.

In the neighbourhood of Sir Charles Tynte's lies Enmore-castle, the seat of Lord Egmont. It is a new building, in the form of an old castle. A dry ditch surrounds it, which you pass

pass by a draw-bridge. This carries a square court, the four sides of which are occupied by the apartments. It is capricious; and, no doubt, there is something whimsical in the idea of a man's inclosure in the reign of George the Second, in which that would have suited the times of the phenomenon. But if we can divest ourselves of the idea, Enmore-castle seems to be a comfortable dwelling, in which there is no contrivance for convenience. The situation of the castle seems the most whimsical. You enter through a subterraneous passage, on the north side of the great gate. There was no way to carry the idea so far as to lock up the castle within the castle. If the stables were placed at some convenient distance, a person who should even examine the castle in the antique idea, would observe the improvement while the inconvenience, as they are at present, is evident to every one of them.

But if the house be well contrived, it is certainly no picturesque object. The towers, which occupy the corners in the middle of the curtains, are all of the same height, which gives the whole an un-

appearance. If the tower at the entrance had been more elevated, with a watch-house at the top, in the manner of some old castles, the regularity might still have been observed; and the perspective in every point, except exactly in the front, would have given the whole a more pleasing form.

But even with this addition, Enmore-castle would be, in a picturesque light, only a very indifferent copy of its original. The old baronial castle, in its ancient state, even before it had received from time the beauties of ruin, was certainly a more pleasing object than we have in this imitation of it. The *form* of Enmore is sacrificed to *convenience*. To make the apartments regular within, the walls are regular without. Whereas our ancestors had no idea of uniformity. If one tower was square and low, the other, perhaps, would be round and lofty. The curtain too was irregular, following the declivity or projection of the hill on which it stood. It was adorned also with watch-towers, here and there, at unequal distances. Nor were the windows more regular, either in form or situation, than the internal parts of the castle, which they enlightened. Some jutting corner of a detached  
hill

hill was also probably fortified with  
 ing tower. A large **butteress** or tower  
 propped the wall, in **some** part, where  
 attack of an enemy had **made** it weak  
*keep*, rising above the **castle**, forming  
 a grand apex to the **whole**. Amidst  
 mass of irregularity, the lines would  
 the light often **beautifully** received  
 ous points of view **presented**, some  
 would be **exceedingly** picturesque.  
 Enmore-castle, seen in every point of  
 sents a face of *unvaried sameness*.  
 in perspective, it **affords** no variety,  
 three similar towers, with two similar  
 between them, on **one** side; and two  
 towers, with two **similar** curtain  
 them, on the other. On the whole  
 as it obtains no *particular convenience*  
 castle-form, and **evidently** no *parti*  
 it might, perhaps, have been as  
 noble founder had **built**, like other  
 a modern plan.

## S E C T. XVI.

FROM Enmore-castle we ascended Quantock-hills. Our views from the heights of Pontic were chiefly *inland*, but from the high grounds here, as we now approached the sea, we were entertained with beautiful coast-views, which make a very agreeable species of landscape.

The first scene of this kind was composed of Bridgewater-bay, and the land around it. We saw indeed the two islands of Flat-holms and Steep-holms, and the Welsh coast beyond them; but they were wrapped in the ambiguity of a hazy atmosphere, which was of no advantage to the view. Hazeiness has often a good effect in a picturesque scene. The variety of objects, shapes, and hues which compose an extensive landscape, though inharmonious in themselves, may be harmoniously united by one general tinge spread over them. But here the land bore so small a proportion to the water, that as we could not have a *picture*, and expected only *amusement*, we wished for more distinctness.

tinctness. We had it soon; for  
 left our station, a light breeze arising  
 swept away the vapours: the  
 coast became distinct, and many  
 sail appeared in different parts of  
 which had been lost before in obscu-  
 . The *going off* of mists and fogs is  
 most beautiful circumstances belonging  
 . While the obscurity is only *partial*  
 away, it often occasions a pleasing  
 tween the *formed* and *unformed* part  
 scape; and like cleaning a dirty picture  
 the eye with seeing one part af-  
 emerge into brightness. It has its  
 when it goes off more suddenly.

The exhibition we just had of the  
 ing the Welsh coast, was a pleasing  
 where there is a coincidence of  
 objects under *such* circumstances, the  
 often sublime. One of the grandest  
 to have met with was presented  
 siege of Gibraltar\*.

It was near day-break on the 1  
 1781, when a message was brought

\* See Drinkwater's Journal.

before we  
 g from the  
 the distant  
 a little white  
 the channel,  
 curity.  
 is among the  
 ing to them  
 rtially clearing  
 ing contrast be  
 parts of a land-  
 y picture, please  
 rt after another  
 as its effect also,  
 nly.

of the fog's leav-  
 pleasing one; but  
 e of grand ob-  
 the exhibition is  
 ndest I remember  
 nted at the late

the 12th of April  
 brought from the  
 Journal. signal-

signal-house at the summit of the rock, that the long expected fleet, under Admiral Darby, was in sight. Innumerable masts were just discerned from that lofty situation; but could not be seen from the lower parts of the castle, being obscured by a thick fog, which had set in from the west, and totally overspread the opening of the straits. In this uncertainty the garrison remained some time; while the fleet, invested in obscurity, moved slowly towards the castle. In the mean time, the sun becoming powerful, the fog rose like the curtain of a vast theatre, and discovered *at once* the whole fleet, full and distinct before the eye. The convoy, consisting of near a hundred vessels, were in a compact body, led on by twenty-eight sail of the line, and a number of tenders and other smaller vessels. A gentle wind just filled their sails, and brought them forward with a slow and solemn motion. Had all this grand exhibition been presented *gradually*, the sublimity of it would have been injured by the acquaintance the eye would have made with it, during its approach; but the appearance of it in all its greatness *at once*, before the eye had examined the detail, had a wonderful effect.

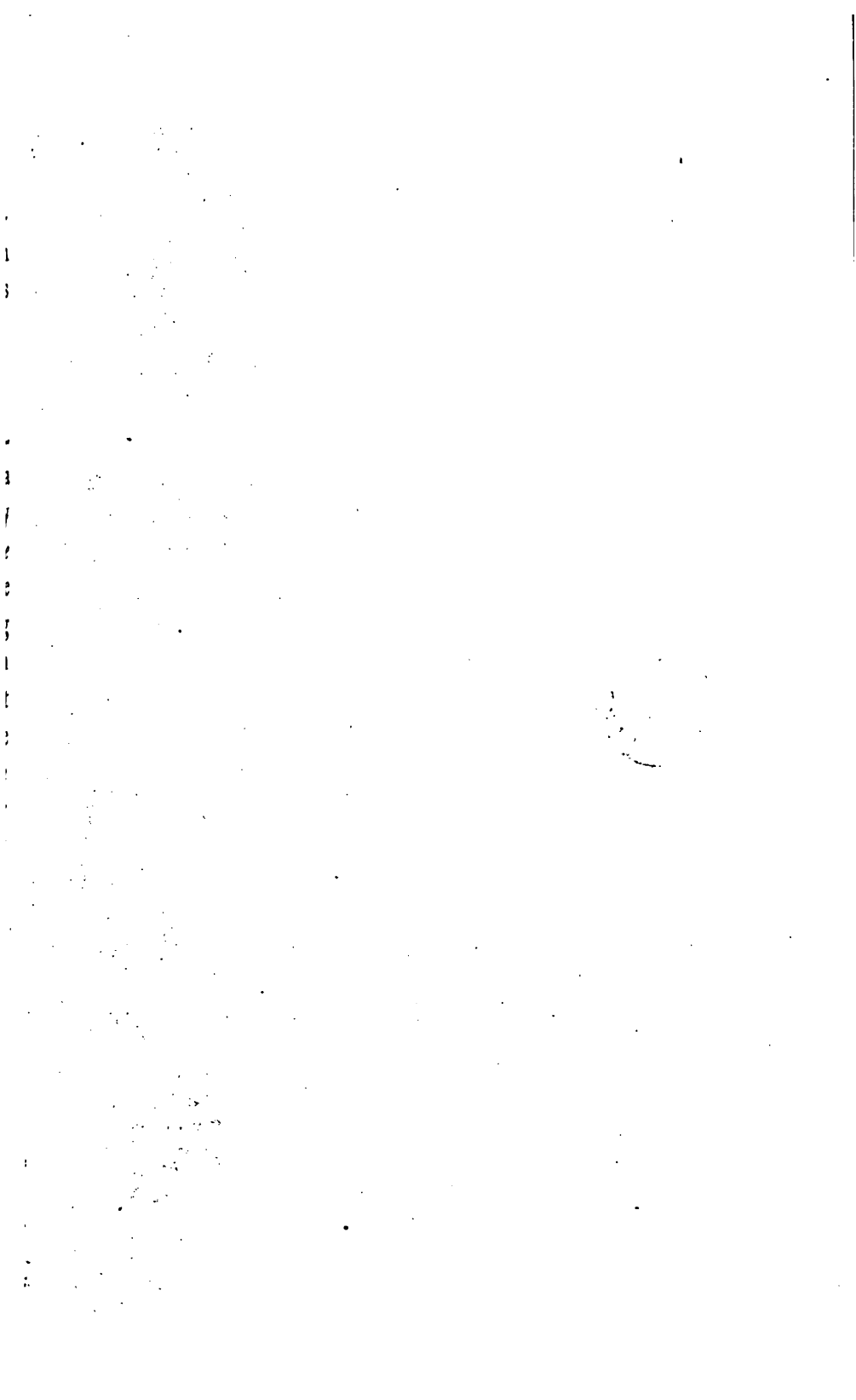


To this account of a grand effect from the clearing away of a fog, I shall subjoin another, which, though of the horrid kind, is grand and sublime in the highest degree. It is taken from Captain Meares's voyage from China to the northern latitudes of America. That navigator, having gained the inhospitable coast he was in pursuit of, was sailing among unknown bays and gulphs, when he was suddenly immersed in so thick a fog, that the seamen could not even discern an object from one end of the ship to the other. Night too came on, which rendered every thing still more dismal. While the unhappy crew were ruminating on the variety of distresses that surrounded them, about midnight they were alarmed with the sound of waves bursting and dashing among rocks, within a little distance of the head of the ship. Instantly turning the helm, they tacked about. But they had sailed only a short way in this new direction, when they were terrified with the same dreadful notes a second time. They altered their course again : but the same tremendous sound again recurred. At length day came on ; but the fog continuing as intense as before, they could see nothing. All they knew was, that they were surrounded by rocks on every

every side ; but how to escape they had no idea. Once, during a momentary interruption of the fog, they got a glimpse of the summit of an immense cliff, covered with snow, towering over the mast. But the fog instantly shut it in. A more dreadful situation cannot easily be conceived. They had steered in every direction, but always found they were landlocked ; and though they were continually close to the shore, on founding they could find no bottom. Their anchors therefore were of no use. Four days they continued in this dreadful suspense, tacking from side to side : on the 5th the fog cleared away, and they had a view at once of the terrors that surrounded them. They had, by some strange accident, found their way into a bay, environed on all sides with precipices of immense height, covered with snow, and falling down to the water, in lofty rocks, which were every where perpendicular, except in some parts where the constant beating of the surge had hollowed them into caverns. The sound they heard was from the waters swelling and rushing into these caverns, which absorbing them, drove them out again with great fury against the rocks at their mouths, dashing them into foam with a tre-

mendous sound. Captain Meares  
ceived the passage, through which I  
driven into this scene of horrors, an  
escape.

On reading such accounts as the  
turesque light, one can hardly avoid  
few remarks on the grand effects  
often be produced by, what may be  
*scenery of vapour*. Nothing offers  
a field to the fancy in *invented scenes*  
subjects even the *compositions of nature*  
to the control and improvement  
admits the painter to a participation  
poet in the use of the machinery of  
*forms*; to which both are indebted  
*sublimest images*. A *sublime image* is  
incorrect phrase. The regions of  
not peopled by *forms*, but *hints*; th  
enlightened by *sunshine*; but by *g*  
*flashes*. The transient view of the  
cliff towering over the mast, filled  
ing seaman with more terror than  
seen the whole rocky bay. It set  
nation at work. The ideas of *grace*  
are as much raised by leaving the i





immerfed in obfcurity, as the ideas of  
Definition, which throws a light on ph  
truth, deftroys at once the airy fhap  
tion. Virgil has given more beauty  
words,

— Lumenque juvenæ  
Purpureum —

than he could have done in the moft  
defcription; as Grey likewife has in  
following lines, though fome cold c  
probably ask for an explanation :

O'er her warm cheek, and rifing bosom m  
The bloom of young defire, and purple l

It is by fnatches only that you ca  
of fuch beauties. Would you  
the vifion diffolves in the proce  
pears, like life purfued to its laft  
anatomift. You ruin the image  
its form, and identifying its tir

As we proceeded farther al  
of Quantoc, we had views of  
of Minehead, which forms  
coaft than Bridgewater-bay :  
and more varied. Here we l  
view of the Bristol channel



Wales. The sea, as is not uncommon, opened to be beautifully variegated. It had a reddish hue with a tinge of rainbow green, which being mixed together, formed different gradations of kindred colours; and some going off in purple, gave the surface of the ocean a great resplendency.

Minehead seems by its situation to confirm what we were told, that its harbour was the best and safest in this part of the coast. In the great storm of 1703 ravaged all these harbours with peculiar fury, Minehead was the only harbour which could defend its shipping. It is chiefly useful in the Irish trade, as it lies the midway between Ireland and Bristol.

In so ordinary a town as Watchet, we were surprised to find so handsome a pier. In many of the ports along this coast, which are inconsiderable in appearance, we see a great deal of business. This little Mediterranean is crowded with skiffs passing and repassing. It has a brisk trade within itself in corn, lime-stone, and other commodities. The neighbourhood about Watchet is very rocky; and the surface of the rocks are curiously veined with :

which makes a part of the traffic of the place. But the stone from which the greatest advantage is derived, is a kind of pebble, found on the shore, when the tide leaves it. These pebbles burn into lime of so peculiar a texture, that when placed under water, it assumes its original hardness. Even when pulverized, and laid upon land, it is turned into a kind of hard grit by the first shower of rain. In the foundation of bridges, therefore, and all stone-work, which lies under water, the lime of Watchet is exceedingly valued. A species of this kind of lime, Mr. Bryant informs us, was in use among the Romans: the foundation-stones particularly of the great mole at Puteoli were united by this cement \*.

From Watchet we pursued our route along the coast. The promontory of Minehead still continued the principal feature of the view. As we approached it, a woody hill, which in the distance adhered to the promontory, began more and more to detach itself from it: and as we came still nearer we discovered a light airy building on its summit, which by degrees ap-

\* See Bryant's *Dissert. on the Wind Euroclydon*, p. 17.



peared to be an unfinished edifice with folding about it. In this condition it probably a more picturesque effect than have, when it has completely taken the form which seems to be intended. At a distance it had the appearance of the Sibyl's temple at Tivoli : the tower is round, and the scaffolding annexed the idea of a range of ruined walls supporting the roof,

As we turned a little from the sea, the castle, the seat of Mr. Lutterell, opened upon us at about the distance of half a mile, and made a striking appearance. It is, in the whole, one of the grandest artifices we had met with on our journey. Its towers and battlements, which are picturesque, arise near the foot of a woody hill, which seems connected with another hill, much higher, though it is detached from it. This apparent union in the composition more agreeable, and a great advantage to the view. It tallies with that idea of art which an insulated castle would be apt to raise. The consequence of this grand object is greatly increased by the *flat* between it and the eye, *Broken*

ts scaf-  
as pro-  
it will  
e form  
tance it  
mple at  
ffolding  
d pillars

Dunster-  
ned before  
mile, and  
indeed, on  
cial object  
Its towers  
e summit of  
ed with an  
s in fact de  
union make  
and is of  
t takes away  
nsulated hill  
onsequence of  
eased by a deal  
roken ground in  
itself



itself is more beautiful ; but a *flat* often catches the eye more directly to a capital object, which also it often very agreeably contrasts with, however, undecidedly, because sometimes it is otherwise. But in the present we thought the approach by a flat had a special effect.

From the terrace of the castle we had a variety of amusing landscapes ; though none very interesting. We obtained a good view, however, of the form of the country. We found that Dunster-castle, which stands isolated, is surrounded, though at a considerable distance, by grounds that are much higher than this amusing circle round the walls of the castle. We had three distinct species of landscape ; a tract of *mountainous country* ; a *sea-coast*.

In the time of the civil wars, Dunster-castle had a respectable name ; and was considered as one of the strongest of the King's garrisons in the west. When his affairs were in decay after the battle of Naishby, it was chosen as the best place of refuge for the Prince of Wales ; but the plague immediately broke out in the town of Dunster, some other place of security was sought for.

At Dunster, we were told, there is a very elegant Gothic church, built in the time of Henry VII. when it is commonly supposed Gothic architecture was in its purest state; though I think it was rather, as all arts end in refinement, at that period, on the decline. Whether this church, however, were of elegant architecture, or not, the late intelligence we received did not suffer us to examine. We had already left the place; and when there, had conceived the castle to be the only thing worth visiting.

From Dunster, in our route to Dulverton, we had a pleasant ride for half a dozen miles, through a winding valley, and along the sides of hills on the left, which came sloping down with their woody skirts to the road. But we soon exchanged these vallies for a naked open country; and the woody hills for dreary slopes, cut into portions, by naked hedges, unadorned by a single tree.

As we left Dulverton, in our way to Tiverton, we entered another pleasing valley, wooded thick

thick with oaks, which climbed a steep on the right, and formed a hanging grove. On the left ran the Ex, a rapid rocky-channelled stream, shaded likewise with trees. Beyond the Ex, the ground rose in a beautiful park-scene; in the midst of which stands the house of Sir Thomas Acland.

From hence to Tiverton the country affords nothing that is striking. We had hills; but they were tame and uniform, following each other in such quick succession, that we rarely found either a foreground or a distance. As we mounted one, we had another immediately in view. At Tiverton are the remains of a castle, which was formerly the mansion of the earls of Devonshire.

## S E C T. XVII.

FROM hence we travelled through the same kind of hilly country towards Barnstaple. In our way we turned aside to see Lord Fortescue's at Castlehill, where we did not think we were sufficiently repaid for going so far out of our way. Lord Fortescue has improved a large tract of ground ; but with no great taste or contrivance\*. Into one error he has particularly fallen, that of over-building his improvements. From one stand we counted eight or nine buildings. This is the common error of improvers. It is a much easier matter to erect a temple, or a Palladian bridge, than to improve a piece of ground with simplicity and beauty, and give it the air of nature. One of his buildings, an old castle upon a hill, from which his place, I suppose, takes its name, stands beautifully. Little more, I should think, in the way of building, would have been ne-

\* The reader will recollect this was written several years ago ; and that many alterations may since have been made.

cessary.

cessary. This lofty castle might be object of interest from almost every part of his dominions.

As we approached Barnstaple, the view of some of the high grounds is very grand, composed on one side of Barnstaple-bay, and on the other of an extensive vale; the vale of Taunton carrying the eye far and wide into a rich and ample bosom. It is one of those views which is too great a subject for painting. Art, confined by the rules of picturesque composition, must keep within the compass of a foot, and a yard. But such slender conceptions cannot rouse the imagination like these extensive scenes of nature. The painter, jealous of his art, will sometimes deny this. If the picture, he tells us, be well painted, it is nothing. His canvas (however diminutive) has the effect of nature, and deceives the eye. You are affected, says he, by a landscape seen through the pane of a window. Why may it not be equally affected by a landscape painted within the same dimensions?

It is true, the eye is frequently imposed upon. It is often purposely misled by tricks of deception.



But it is not under the idea of deception, that the real artist paints. He does not mean to impose upon us, by making us believe that a picture of a foot long is an extended landscape. All he wishes is, to give such *characteristic touches* to his picture, as may be able to rouse the imagination of the beholder. The picture is not so much the *ultimate end*, as it is the *medium*, through which the ravishing scenes of nature are excited in the imagination. — We do indeed examine a picture likewise by the rules of picturesque composition: but *this mode of examination* we are not now considering. The rules of composition serve only to make the picture answer more effectually its *ultimate end*. We are now considering only the effect which the picture produces on the mind of the spectator, by carrying him forcibly, and yet willingly, with his eyes open, into those scenes which it describes.

It is just the same in every species of painting. The portrait-painter must raise the idea of wit, or humour, or integrity, or good sense, or piety, or dignity, in the character of the person whose portrait he represents, or he does nothing. In history too, unless the picture rouse the imagination to something more than you

you see on the canvas, it leaves *half* undone. You coolly criticise it *indeed* *turefque* rules. But that is not *all*. It or raise in you those ideas and sentiments paint cannot express ; that is, it should produce something *in you*, which the painter could produce on *his canvas*.

On the whole, then, the *true enjoyment* *picture* depends chiefly on the *imagination* *spectator* ; and as the utmost the *landsc* painter can do, is to *excite the ideas* of those lightful scenes which he represents, it follows that *those scenes themselves* must have a much greater effect on the imagination, than any *presentation* of them which he can give ; that is, the idea must be much more strongly cited by the *original*, than by a *representation*. The fact is, art is a mere trifler compared with Nature. The efforts of both, it is true, may be called the works of God : but the difference lies here. In the efforts of *art*, God works with those little instruments called *men* ; he works in miniature. But when he works in the grand style of *nature*, the elements are his instruments \*.

\* See the subject of these last pages treated in another view in vol. ii. of *For. Scen.* p. 232.

## S E C T. XVIII.

**T**HE approach to Barnstable from the lower grounds, is as beautiful as from the higher. The river, the bridge, the hills beyond it, and the estuary in the distance, make all together a good landscape. The town itself also, situated about nine or ten miles from the sea, stands in a pleasant vale, shut in by hills, forming a semilunar cove around it. When the tides are high, it is almost insulated. The flat grounds which lie immediately about it make an agreeable contrast with the hills. Once these grounds were little better than marshes; but by proper draining, they are now become beautiful meadows. In a word, Barnstable is the pleasantest town we met with in the west of England.

From hence to Torrington the country is uninteresting; but between Torrington and Oakhampton it assumed a better appearance. In some parts of it we had grand distances; in other parts hanging woods; particularly a  
very

very noble one belonging to Mr. Harris, travelled with us a considerable way left, and afforded us a view sometimes it, and sometimes through it, but at all pleasing.

From Oakhampton we visited the Lidford, which compose the most ce piece of scenery in this country.

Lidford was formerly a town of consequence in England. In William I. the conqueror's time it was taxed pretty near the equality with London. As tin was at the staple commodity of the country, might draw its consequence from b afterwards a stannary-court was kept castle, in which it was held, is still in l is a large square tower, rather out than in ruin. Near it stands the parish and at a distance we had a view c church, loftily seated, called Brentor. falls of Lidford are a mile and hal castle.

In our way, we were to pass a bridge we were informed, was thrown over

sides of two frightful precipices of the river Lid, each eighty feet high. The idea was terrific; and we expected a very grand scene. But we were disappointed, from the omission of a single circumstance in the intelligence, which was, that the separation between these two tremendous precipices is little more than the crevice of a rock; and, in fact, we had passed it before we knew we had been upon it. It is only seen by looking over the battlements of the bridge. If the day be clear, you just discover the river foaming among rocks many fathoms below. If not, you must be content with listening to its roar. The music, however, is grand; for if the river be full, the notes swell nobly from the bottom, varied, as they are, by ascending so narrow and broken a funnel.

We were told a story of a London rider, who travelled this road in a stormy night; and being desirous to escape the rain, as quickly as he could, pushed his horse with what exertion his whip and spurs could excite. The next morning he heard that Lidford bridge had been carried away in the night when he recollected that his horse had made a singular bound in the middle of its course. In fact, he had seen bet-  
ter

181 )  
ter in the dark than  
both his own life and his master, and  
over the chasm. his rider's by

In the back settlements of Virginia  
bottom of the Allegheny mountains, ne  
called Stanton, there is a specimen of  
of scenery in a very grand style.  
winds several leagues in length, as  
scarce any where more than a hu  
wide; though in many places it is  
dred and fifty deep. It is adorned  
parts with rock; and secured by l  
tains, covered with wood. This valle  
much of its course, is little more tha  
nel of a considerable river. But i  
the rocks approximate so nearly as  
complete natural arch, not only ov  
but over the valley itself. When  
mics (if I may so speak) the wo  
for bridges are not a natural  
you see the comparative magnific  
operations not only in their vast  
the careless simplicity with wh  
wrought. When the hand of m  
arch over a river or a chasm, I  
number of little stones or bricks  
with cement carefully and painfi

another, in a certain regular shape. All is nicety, exactness, and precision. If one stone be fixed awry, the whole structure is endangered. But when Nature throws an arch, her first operation perhaps is, to bury deep in the soil one end of some vast diagonal or horizontal stratum of rock, flinging the other end athwart over the chasm; or, if that be not sufficient, she unites it perhaps to the fragment of a rock, formed in the same manner on the other side of a valley. Sometimes she works in a still grander style, and forms her arch of one single mass of perforated stone, which in *her* way she hews into a vast irregular surface. In both operations it is evident a variety of forms must result. Sometimes the arch is pointed; sometimes it is flat and horizontal; and often varied into some nameless form. When the grand mass of the edifice is thus reared, Nature proceeds to ornament. She leaves the cornice and the balustrade to human artists. Her ornaments are of a different kind. She first spreads the whole over with soil. In the American arch here specified, the thickness of the soil, including the substratum of rock, is at least forty feet. This is a depth of soil sufficient for trees of considerable size; many of which

which adorn the arch. Amon  
 has planted various shrubs and  
 which are often highly coloured  
 ing down, wave in the wind in g  
 Then perhaps with one of her b  
 she dashes the sides of the rock  
 and beautiful stains from mosses,  
 crufted vegetation of various  
 finish and complete the operation.

Thus Nature works, as if to mock at Art,  
 And in defiance of her rival Powers.  
 By these fortuitous and random strokes  
 Performing such inimitable feats,  
 As she with all her rules can never reach.

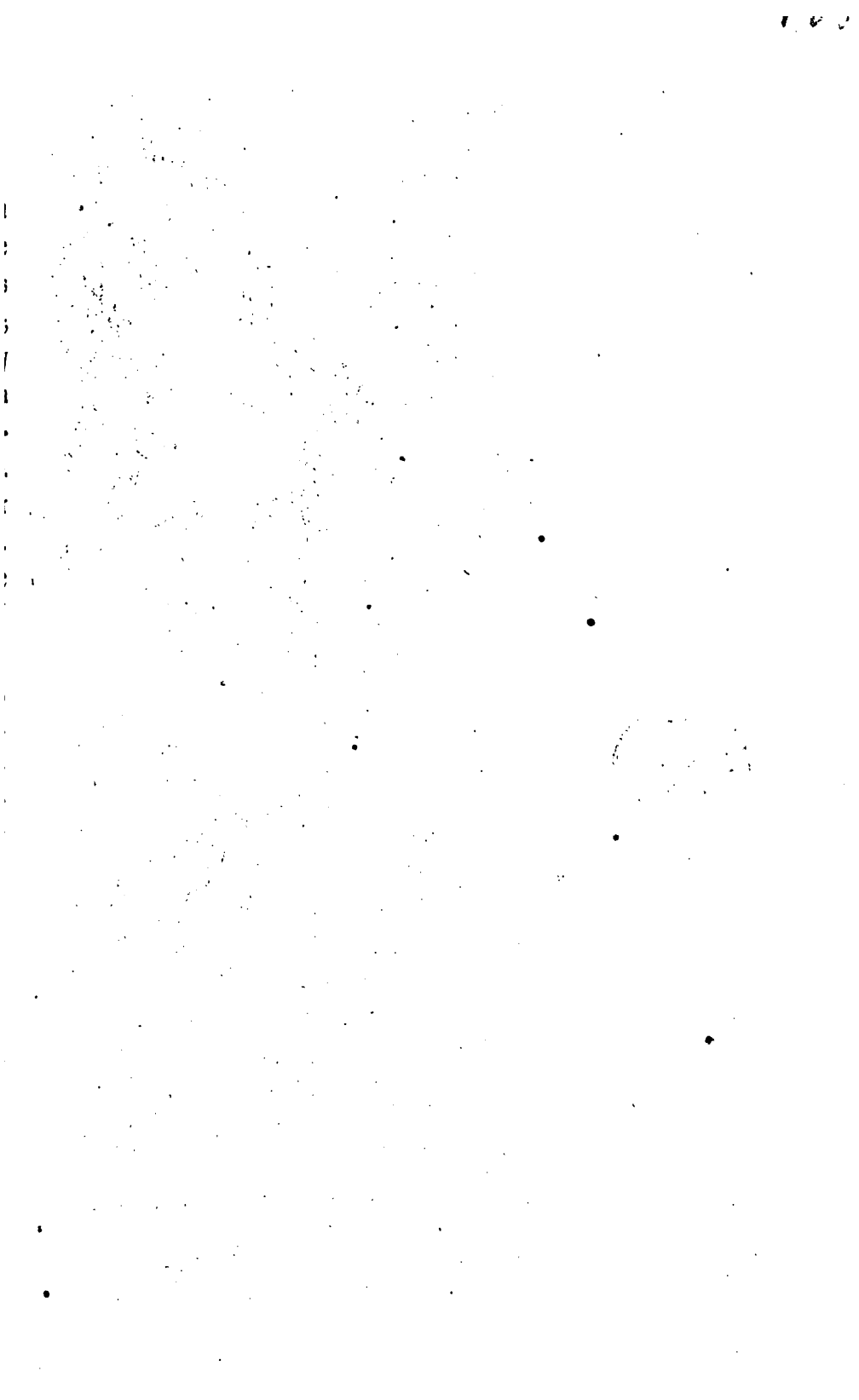
Such an arch is the American  
 now surveying; which, on the auth  
 eye-witness, I have heard described  
 magnificent structure of the kind. S  
 I understand, when the water is low  
 veller may walk under it, survey  
 abutments, and looking up admire its  
 dous roof, raised at the vast height of  
 two hundred feet above his head, and  
 over with various knobs and rocky  
 rances, which have stood for ages, thou  
 continually threaten ruin. When he  
 tified his curiosity below, he may find



which leads him to the top. There he meets a commodious road which is the only passage the inhabitants have over the valley. He finds also, in different parts, a rude rocky parapet; and if his curiosity carry him farther, he may cling to some well-rooted plant, and have a perpendicular view to the river below, as terrific as the view he had just had over his head. He will probably see also on one side, the river as it approaches, and on the other as it retires. Many beauties, I doubt not, might likewise be pointed out from this station. But what I have heard chiefly noticed, are the rocky hills which environ the valley, and shoot into it, here and there, in vast promontories, covered with stately pines and oaks, which perhaps flourished, as they now do, in the days of Columbus\*. Let us now return to humbler scenes.

\* Since this book was printed, Mr. Weld's Travels through N. America, have been published by Stockdale. Somewhere about the 130th page, he speaks of this bridge, which he visited. His account of it is pretty nearly the account, which I had received. Some circumstances he adds. The height of the bridge, on being measured with a line, is 213 feet. The breadth of it at the top, is not less than 80 feet. The arch, I understand, is wider at the-top, than at the bottom. Above, the span of the arch is 90 feet: below only 50.

The





The channel of the Lid, though contracted at the bridge, soon widens, both below it and above, and would afford many beautiful scenes to those who had leisure to explore them. This river rises about three or four miles above Lidford, on the edge of Dartmore, and flowing through a barren plain, finds a small rocky barrier, through which it has, in a course of ages, worn a whimsical passage. As it issues from the check it meets with here, it falls about thirty feet into a small dell, which was not represented to us as a scene of much beauty. But a little farther the banks rise on each side; vegetation riots, the stream descends by a winding and rapid course; and the skreens, though small, are often beautifully adorned with wood and rock. By this time the river approaches the bridge, where it is lost in the narrowness of the channel, and, as I have just observed, becomes almost subterranean.

From the bridge we proceeded directly to what are emphatically called *the falls of Lidford*, which are about three miles below. We alighted at a farm-house, and were conducted on foot to the brow of a steep woody hill, from which we had a grand view of Lidford-castle, which appeared now, at a distance, more proudly

proudly seated than it seemed to be when we rode past it. Of the river we saw nothing, but could easily make out its channel, under the abutments of grand promontories, which marked its course.

Having viewed this noble landscape, we descended the hill by a difficult winding path, and at the bottom found the Lid. The appearance which the river and its appendages made here from the lower grounds were equally pleasing, though not so grand as from the higher. Indeed no part of this magnificent scenery would be a disgrace to the wildest and most picturesque country.

The *fall of the river*, which brought us hither, and which is the least considerable part of the scenery, (for we had heard nothing of these *noble views*,) is a mere garden-scene. The steep woody hill, whose shaggy sides we had descended, forms at the bottom, in one of its envelopes, a sort of little woody theatre; rather indeed too lofty when compared with its breadth, if Nature had been as exact as Art would have been, in observing proportion. Down the central part of it, which is lined with smooth rock, the river falls. This rocky cheek is narrow at the top, but it widens as it descends,

descends, taking  
 stream, when it is  
 it was rather a spout  
 it slides down a hundred  
 does not meet one obstructi  
 course, except a little check  
 When the springs are low, and  
 not quantity enough to push  
 one current, I have been told, it  
 in various little streams against  
 ties of the rock, and is dashed  
 vapoury rain, which has a good  
 This cascade, it seems, is not  
 waters of the Lid, as we had sup  
 name; but by a little stream, w  
 that river, rising in the higher gr  
 distance of about two miles from

## S E C T. XIX.

FROM Lidford we found a cheerful country to Tavistock. In our way we passed Brentor, which we had seen at a distance when we first saw the castle of Lidford. It is seated on the top of a mountain, and was enveloped, when we rode past it, in all the majesty of darkness. In fact, it was so much immersed in clouds, that we could not even distinguish its form; and if we had not seen it before at a distance, we should have been at a loss to have known what it was, though we should certainly have thought rather a castle than a church. How very low its situation is, may be supposed from its being a good sea-mark in opening Plymouth harbour, though it stands at the distance of twenty miles from the sea.

At Tavistock, from the appearance which the river Tavey makes at the bridge, it is probable there may be some beautiful scenes along its banks, but we had not time to explore them.

As

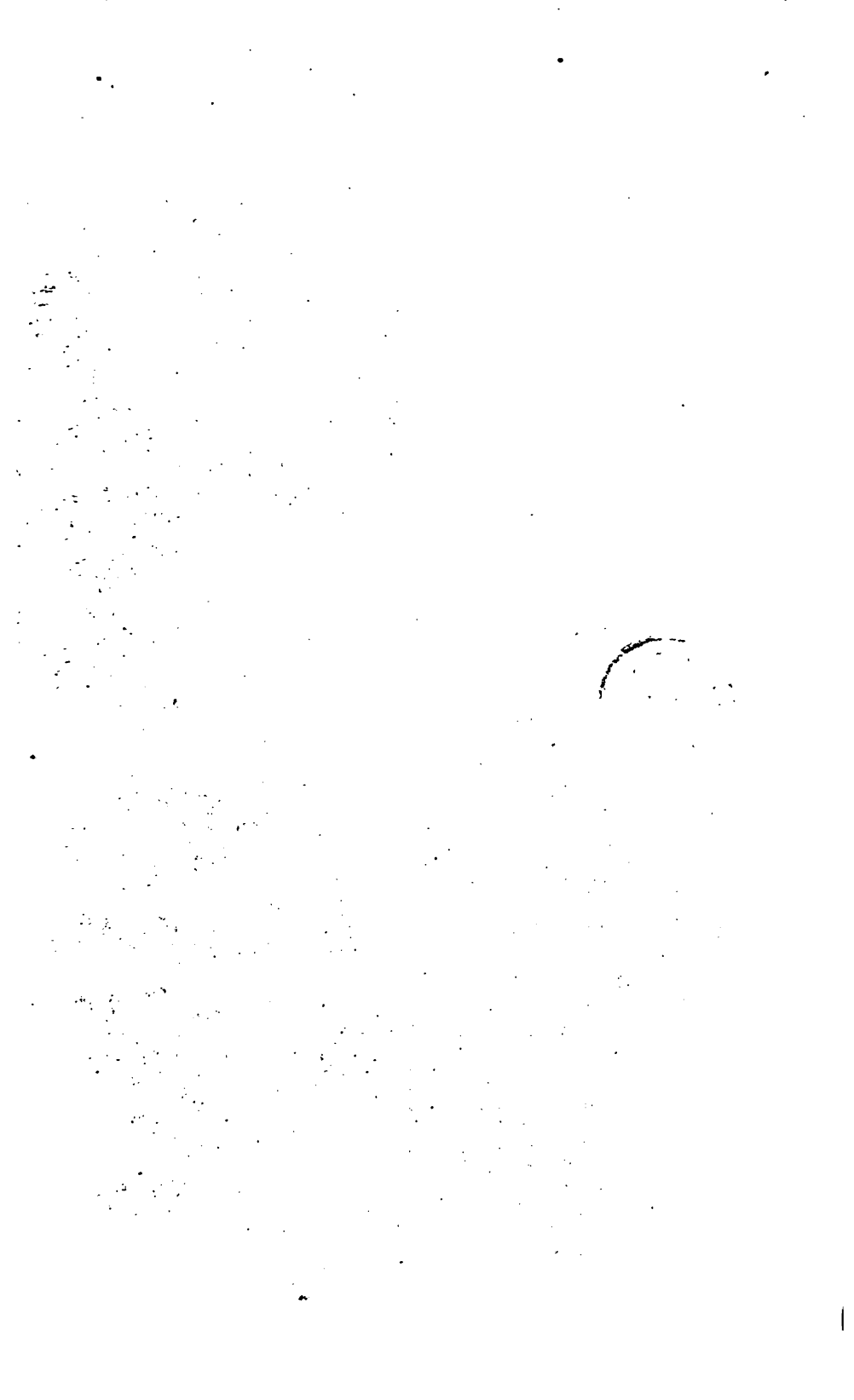
As to the abbey, though it was once of great dignity, and though a considerable portion of it still remains, we did not observe a single passage that was worth our notice. What is left is worked up into barns, mills, and dwelling-houses. It may give the antiquarian pleasure to reverse all this metamorphosis ; to trace back the stable to the Abbott's lodge ; the room to the refectory ; and the malt-house to the chapel ; but the picturesque eye is so far from looking at these deeds of economy under the idea of pleasure, that it passes by them with disdain, as heterogeneous absurdities.

From Tavistock our next stage was to Launceston, through what seemed an unpleasant country. But the whole road was involved in so thick a fog, that we saw but little of it. Where we could have wished the fog to clear up, it fortunately did, at a place called Atherstone. Here we descended a steep winding woody hill, through the trees of which we had beautiful views of tufted groves, and other objects on the opposite side. At the bottom we found the Tamar, a fine stream, adorned with a picturesque bridge.

T



The road soon brought us to Launceston, the capital of Cornwall, which is a handsome town. The castle was formerly esteemed one of the strongest fortresses of the west, as you may suppose at least from its bearing the name of *Castle-terrible*. During the civil wars of Charles I. it continued among the last supports of the royal cause in those parts: though it suffered great dilapidations since that time, the remains are still respectable; and, what is more to the purpose at present, they are picturesque. The great gate and road up to it, and the towers that adorn it, make a good picture. The stately citadel makes a still better. It is raised on a lofty eminence, and consists of a round tower, encompassed by the ruins of a circular wall; in which, through a wide breach, you discover the internal structure to more advantage. The construction of this whole fortress is thought to have been very curious; they who wish to have a full account of it may be gratified in Borlase's History of Cornwall.





A little to the north of Launceston lies Werrington, an estate belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. The park contains many beautiful scenes, consisting of hanging lawns and woods, with a considerable stream, the Aire, running through it. In some parts, where the ground is high, the views are extensive. Many antiquarians suppose this to have been the seat of Orgar, Earl of Devonshire, whose beautiful daughter, Elfrida, is the subject of one of the most affecting stories in the English history, and one of the purest dramatic compositions in the English language.

Somewhere in this neighbourhood lived Thomazine Percival; at what time, I find not; but the story of this extraordinary woman is still current in the country. She was originally a poor girl, and being beautiful, had the fortune to marry a rich clothier, who dying early, left her a well-jointured widow. A second advantageous match, and a second widowhood, increased her jointure. Being yet in the bloom of youth and beauty, her third husband was Sir John Percival, a wealthy merchant of London, of which he was Lord Mayor. He also left

left her a widow with a large accession of fortune. Possessed of this accumulated property she retired to her native country, where she spent her time and fortune altogether in works of generosity and charity. She repaired roads, built bridges, pensioned poor people, and portioned poor girls, setting an example, which should never be forgotten among the extraordinary things of this country.

From Launceston we travelled as far into Cornwall as Bodmin, through a coarse naked country, and in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived. Of wood, in every shape, it was utterly destitute.

Having heard that the country beyond Bodmin was exactly like what we had already passed we resolved to travel no farther in Cornwall and instead of visiting the Land's-end, as we had intended, we took the road to Lescar proposing to visit Plymouth in our return.

An antiquarian, it is probable, might find more amusement in Cornwall than in any county in England. Even along the

we saw stones, and other objects, which seemed to bear marks both of curiosity and antiquity. Some of the stones appear plainly to be monumental: the famous *Hurlers* we did not see.

The naturalist also, the botanist, and the fossilist, especially the last, might equally find Cornwall a country full of interesting objects. Here his search would be rewarded by a great variety of metals, fossils, stones, pebbles, and earths.

Here too the historian might trace the various scenes of Druid rites, and of Roman and Danish power. Here also he might investigate some of the capital actions of the civil wars of the last century; and follow the footsteps of Fairfax, Sir Beville Grenville, Lord Hopton, and other great commanders in the west. The battle of Stratton, in which the last of those generals commanded, was an action masterly enough to have added laurels to Cæsar, or the King of Prussia. Indeed we could have wished to have gone a few miles farther to the north of this country, to have investigated the scene of this action. Lord Clarendon has described it so accurately, that it can hardly be mistaken. It was a hill, steep on all sides, bordering, if I understand him rightly,

on a sandy common. On the top were camped a body of 5400 of the parliament forces, with thirteen pieces of cannon, under the Earl of Stamford. At five o'clock in the morning, on the 16th of May 1642, the royalists attacked them with very inferior forces in four divisions, who mounted *four different parts* of the hill at once. After a well-fought battle they all met about three in the afternoon at the top, and congratulated each other on having cleared the hill of the enemy, and taken their camp, baggage, ammunition, and cannon. The scene of so notable an exploit may be still perhaps pointed out by the inhabitants of the country. From Lord Clarendon's description however, it may certainly be found.

It is probable also that, in a picture light, many of the castles of this country might have deserved attention; many of the castles might have amused us with elegant sweet lines, and many of the bays might have nobly hung with rocky scenery. We should have wished also to have heard the winds howling among the bleak promontories of the Lizard end; to have seen, through a clear evening, the light fall indistinctly on the distant isle of Scilly; and to have viewed the waves beating

round the rocks of that singular situation, Mount St. Michael. The loss of this last scene we regretted more than any thing else. But to travel over deserts of dreariness in quest of two or three objects seemed to be buying them at too high a price ; especially as it is possible they might have disappointed us in the end. Many a time has the credulous traveller gone in quest of scenes on the information of others, and has found (such is the difference of opinions) that what gave his informant pleasure, has given him disgust.



## S E C T. XX.

IN returning from Bodmin, we passed over that part of Bradoc-downs, where Lord Hopton's prowess was again shewn in giving a considerable check to the parliament's forces in those parts. This wild heath, and much of the neighbouring country, is in the same style of dreary landscape, with that ~~we~~ we had found between Launceston and Bodmin. So very undisciplined the country still is, that the wild stags of nature, in many parts, claim it as their own. We did not see any of ~~th~~em; but we were told, they sometimes shew themselves on the high moors about Bodmin and Lescard.

And yet these are the lands, wild as they are, that are the richest of the country. They bear little corn, it is true; but it ~~is~~ is very *immaterial* what the surface produces: the harvest lies beneath. In this neighbourhood some of the richest of the Cornish mines are found; and Lescard, where we now were, is one of the Coinage-towns, as they are called. Of these towns there are five, which are scattered about

about the different parts of Cornwall, where mines are most frequent. After the tin is pounded, and washed from the impurities of the mine, it is melted, separated from its dross, and run into large square blocks, containing each about three hundred pounds weight. In this form it is conveyed to the Coinage-town, where it is assayed and stamped. This stamp makes it a saleable commodity.

We had not, however, the curiosity to enter any of these mines. Our business was only on the surface. Great part of this country, it is true, is in a state of nature, which in general is a state of picturesque beauty; but here it was otherwise. Our views not only wanted the most necessary appendages of landscape, wood, and water, but even *form*. We might, perhaps, have seen this part of Cornwall in an unfavourable light; as the sweeping lines of a country depend much for their beauty on the light under which they are seen; but to us they appeared heavy, unbroken, and unaccommodating. In the wild parts of Scotland, where this dreariness of landscape often occurred, we had still a distance to make amends for the fore-grounds. It was rarely that we had not a flowing line of blue mountains,

which gave a grandeur and dignity even to the impoverished scene. But in these wild parts of Cornwall we sometimes saw a face of country, (which is rather uncommon in the wild scenes of nature,) without a single beauty to commend it.

This dreariness, however, had begun to prove before we arrived at Lescard. Plantations, though meagre only, arose in various parts; and the country assumed somewhat of a more pleasing air; particularly on the ridge towards Leftwithiel. The high grounds formed interfections; something like a castle appeared on one of them, and the woody decoration of the landscape in some degree took place.

As we left Lescard, the country still improved. Extensive sides of hills, covered with wood, arose among the fore-grounds, and rising in noble sweeps, retired into distance. These bursts of sylvan scenery appeared with particular beauty at a place called Brown woods. Here too we were entertained with an *incidental beauty*. The whole sky in fact was hung with dark clouds to the very foot of the horizon. Behind us shone the bright

ray of an evening sun, not yet indeed setting, but very splendid: and all this splendor was received by the tops of trees, which rose directly in front, and being opposed to the gloomy tint behind them, made a most brilliant appearance. This is among the most beautiful effects of an evening-sun. These effects are indeed as various as the forms of landscape which receive them; but nothing is more *richly* enlightened than the tufted foliage of a wood.

We now approached the sea, at least the river Tamer, which is near its estuary; and as this coast is perhaps one of the most broken and irregular of the whole island, we had several views of little creaks and bays, which being surrounded with wood, are often beautiful. But they are beautiful at full-sea only: at the ebb of the tide, each lake becomes an oozy channel.

The picturesque beauty of a scene of this kind once cost a poor traveller dear. He had long been in quest of a situation for a house, and found one at length offered to sale, exactly suited to his taste. It was a lake scene;

in which a little peninsula, sloping gently down to the water, presented from its eminence a fine view of the whole. Charmed with the prospect he had seen, he ruminated in his walk on the various improvements it might admit of, and fearing a disappointment, entered, without further scrutiny, into an agreement with the owner, for a considerable sum. But with his astonishment, when, on taking possession, his lake was gone, and in its room, a filthy ooze! How did he accuse his friends, and blame his precipitate folly! In vain he wished to retract his bargain. In vain he pleaded, that he had been deceived; that he had bought a lake; and that, in fact, the subject of his purchase was gone. "You have examined it better," cried the gentlemen of the law: "What have you to do with your ideas of picturesque? We sold you an estate, and if you are disappointed, upon yourself, you have no blame."

From the road, as we passed, we had a view of Trematon-castle, where a stannery could still be kept, which had formerly very extensive







privileges. *Trematon-law* is almost to this day an object of reverence among the common people of Cornwall.

Soon after, Saltaſh-bay opened on the left, and on the right, Hamoaz harbour, with many a gallant ſhip of war at anchor upon its ample boſom. Beyond the Hamoaz roſe the hanging lawns and woods of Mount Edgcomb, forming a noble back-ground to the ſcene.

At Saltaſh we had good views of the river Tamer, both above and below the town. A ſweeping bay is formed on each ſide, in many places at leaſt a mile in breadth. In both directions the banks are high, and the water retires beautifully behind jutting promontories.

Having croſſed the Tamer at Saltaſh, we had four miles farther to Plymouth. Through the whole way we had various views of the ſound, Mount Edgcomb, Plymouth harbour, Hamoaz, Plymouth town, and Plymouth dock. From all theſe views together we were able to collect a clear geographical idea of this celebrated harbour.

Two



Two rivers, the Tamer and the Plym, (the first of which is considerable,) meeting the sea at the distance of about three miles asunder form at their separate mouths too indented bays. These two bays open into a third, which is the receptacle of both, and larger than either. The bay formed by the Tamer, is called the *Hamoaz*; that formed by the Plym is called *Plymouth Harbour*; and the large bay into which they both open, is called the *Sound*. At the bottom of the Sound, where the two bays communicate with it, lies St. Nicolas, a large island, fortified with a castle and strong works; which are intended to defend the entrance into both these inlets. The entrance into *Hamoaz* is very intricate; for the island can be passed only at that end next *Plymouth* which makes the passage narrow and winding. The entrance at the other end is wide and direct; but is defended by a dangerous shelf of hidden rocks; the situation of which appears plainly at low-water from the *ripling* of the tide above them. The Cornish side of *Hamoaz* is formed by Mount Edgcomb,

## S E C T. XXI.

**P**lymouth-dock, or Dock-town, as it is often called, lies at the entrance of Hamoaz, and is about two miles distant from the town of Plymouth. It is chiefly worth visiting, as it is the station of the docks, storehouses, gun-wharfs, and other appendages of this noble arsenal; which is a wonderful sight to those who have seen nothing of the kind. The citadel too, and the victualling-office, which is close to it; the bake-house also, and the slaughter-house, (whatever unpleasant ideas may accompany the latter,) are all grand objects of their kind.

Among the things which attracted our attention at Plymouth-dock were the marble quarries. We saw several of the blocks polished; and thought them more beautiful than any foreign marble. The ground is dark brown, the veining red and blue. The colours are soft in themselves, and intermix agreeably; whereas

areas in the Sienna, and other  
 bles, there is often, amidst all the  
 their colours, a glare and harshness  
 tures, disagreeable to the picture  
 which always wishes to unite harm  
 ouring. In the verde antique the  
 efficiently soft; but they are so much  
 d broken into such minute parts,  
 ve no effect, when exhibited in  
 after all, however, different kinds  
 re suited to different purposes. But  
 here are two rules which should  
 choice of all marbles. In columns, and other  
 large surfaces, the parts should be large; that is,  
 the veins of the marble should be conspicuous.  
 I think also that no marble, in any situation, can  
 be beautiful, unless there be a degree of soft-  
 ness and harmony in it: if it be veined, for in-  
 stance, the veins should, in some parts, strike  
 out boldly, and in other parts sink and retire,  
 as it were, into the ground or the marble,  
 leaving only slight traces of their colours here  
 and there behind them. In both these respects  
 I have thought the columns in the hall at Kid-  
 delston in Derbyshire models of beauty. It  
 will, however, be understood, that when form

or

or *inscription* is required, veined marble of any kind is improper. In some works, as in most kinds of ornaments, the marble itself is the principal object : in others, as in statuary and inscription, the marble is only the vehicle.

With the Plymouth marble, in its rough state, most of the buildings of the dock are constructed. The refuse burns into excellent lime. Between Launceston and Kellington, I have heard there is a species of marble found almost purely white ; but as I never heard of its being applied to any use, I suppose it is only of a spurious kind. It is perhaps only alabaster.

There is also another species of beautiful stone much in use at Plymouth, which is of Cornish extraction, and is found chiefly on the moors, from whence it is called the *Moor-stone*. The best kind of it is a perfect granite, and will bear a polish ; though the spars sometimes fly off in the operation, and leave an unequal surface. The more friable kind of this stone spangles the road with an excellent binding gravel.

Among the sights of a dock-yard, the careening of a ship is not the least picturesque. We happened to see an operation of this kind  
in

in great perfection. The ship itself, lying on one side, is a good object. Its great lines, which in an upright state are too regular, take now more pleasing forms; and while the rolling volumes of smoke harmonize the whole, the fire glimmering, sparkling, or blazing, is sometimes enveloped in these black voluminous eddies, and sometimes brightening up, breaks through them in transient spiry blazes.

But as *light* is best supported by *shade*, a conflagration by *night*, from whatever cause produced, has the grandest effect. By day the effect depends chiefly on the smoke, aided perhaps by some accidental object; as it was here by the pitchy side of a vessel. But at night, the darkness of the hemisphere makes the grandest opposition. The light is concentrated to one spot, only variously broken, as it may happen to fall on different objects. At the same time it receives the full beauty of gradation. The ruddy glow which spreads far and wide into the regions of night, graduates, as it recedes from its centre, and becoming fainter and fainter, is at last totally lost in the shades of darkness. A conflagration, therefore, by night presents us with the justest ideas

ideas of the great principles of light and shade. It gives a *body of light variously broken*; and at length dying *gradually away*.

A common bonfire, surrounded by a few figures scattered about it in groups, forms often a beautiful scene. That passage, in which Shakespeare describes the camp-fires of the French and English, gives us a different picture. In that description the fires are *distant*; and the *paly flames* just *umber* the faces that watch round them. Touched with the pencil, they should be marked only as ruddy specks; all distinction of feature is lost. But round a *bonfire* on the *spot* you see action and passion distinctly represented; the hat waved, the agitated body, and the lips of the bawling mouth, all marked with the strongest effects of light; while some of the figures, which stand between the eye and the fire, are as picturesquely distinguished by being totally in shade.

Grand indeed, though dreadful, is the conflagration of houses; especially if those houses have any dignity of form. The bursts of fire from windows and doors, the illumination of the internal parts of a structure, and the varied force of the fire on the different materials it meets with, which may be more or less combustible,

bustible, are all circumstances highly picturesque. It may be added also, that wind makes a great difference in the appearance of a conflagration; and yet I know not whether its most splendid effects are not seen best in a calm.

But the operations of war produces still grander effects of this kind. The burning of ships is productive of greater ideas, and more picturesque circumstances, than the burning of houses. The very reflections from the water add great beauty. But these representations are among the difficult attempts of the pencil. Vanderveld, who did every thing well, and burnt many a ship in a truly picturesque manner, failed most in his grandest work, the burning of the Armada. *Some parts* of his pictures on this subject at Hampton Court are masterly; but in *general* they are but an indifferent collection of Vanderveld's works. Probably the subject was *imposed* on him; and when that is the case, the painter seldom arrives at the excellence which *his own subjects* produce. It cannot well indeed be otherwise; for the *choice of a subject* is, in other words, *that just arrangement* of it, which he conceives in his own mind; both in regard to composition

fiction and light. So that when a subject is *imposed*, the arrangement is to *seek*; and it is probable; he may not easily find one that suits his subject. Besides, he sets to it without that enthusiasm which should animate his pencil. When the Empress of Russia, therefore, employed Sir Joshua Reynolds, she did well in leaving him to choose his own subject. One thing, indeed, which injures Vanderveld in burning the Armada picturesquely, is the number of fires he is obliged to introduce, which can never have so good an effect as one.

But among all the grand exhibitions of this kind, the siege of Gibraltar furnishes two of the noblest. They had every circumstance to recommend them. They were grand in their own nature; they were connected with great and prosperous events, which is a recommendation of any subject; and they were actions performed in the night. The first relates to the burning of the enemy's batteries by a sally from the garrison; the second, to the destruction of the battering ships. I shall give them both in the words of a published Journal of that siege, in which the effects are well described\*.

\* See Drinkwater's Account of the Siege of Gibraltar, p. 201.



“ Nov. 27, 1781. The batteries were soon  
 “ in a state for the fire-faggots to operate, and  
 “ the flames spread with astonishing rapidity  
 “ into every part. The column of fire and  
 “ smoke, which rolled from the works, beauti-  
 “ fully illumined the troops, and neighbour-  
 “ ing objects; forming all together a *coup*  
 “ *d’œil* not possible to be described.”

“ Sept. 13, 1782. About an hour after mid-  
 “ night one of the battering-ships was com-  
 “ pletely in flames; and by two o’clock she  
 “ appeared one continued blaze from stem to  
 “ stern. Between three and four o’clock, six  
 “ other ships were on fire. The light thrown  
 “ out on all sides by the flames, illumined the  
 “ rock, and all the neighbouring objects;  
 “ forming, with the constant flashes of our  
 “ cannon, a mingled scene of sublimity and  
 “ terror\*.” The former of these scenes would  
 have made a good picture: the latter, if repre-  
 sented, should be taken, when one ship only  
 was completely in flames, with small appear-  
 ances of fire in some of the others.

At the end of the 8th book of Homer we  
 have the effects of an illumination very pictu-

\* See Drinkwater’s Account of the Siege, p. 287.

resolutely detailed. Hector having driven the Greeks to their intrenchments, was prevented by the night from completing his victory. Resolving therefore to push it the next morning, instead of retreating to Troy, he encamped under its walls in the field of battle, where

Unnumbered flames before proud Ilion blaze,  
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays.  
The long reflections of the distant fires  
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires.  
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,  
And shoot a shadowy lustre o'er the field.  
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,  
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send.

Homer, however, has nothing to do with most of these picturesque images. They are only to be found in Pope's translation. Though it may be fashionable to depreciate this work, as a translation, it must at least be owned, that Pope, who was a painter, has enriched his original with many of the ideas of his art.

But still, in all these operations, however grand, the fire ravages only the *works of man*. To see a conflagration in perfection, we must see the *elements engaged*. Nothing is *eminently grand*, but the exertion of an *element*. The effect of the *air* is grand, when excited by a storm. Piles of *earth* or *mountains* are superbly grand.

grand. The *ocean* in a storm is still grander and the effect of *fire*, when let loose in its fury, carries the idea of grandeur to a still greater height.

One of the most astonishing effects of this kind, which is any where to be met with, may be found in the 70th volume of the *Philosophical Transactions*, in a letter from Sir William Hamilton. It contains the account of an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the autumn of the year 1779. The whole relation is full of grand ideas; but the parts of it, to which I particularly allude, were the concluding efforts of the eruption; from which I shall select a few circumstances.

The relater, who was an eye-witness, tells us, that on Saturday the 7th of August, as he was watching the agitations of the mountain from the mole of Naples, which gave him a distinct view of it, a violent storm came on just as the volcano was throwing out some of its fiercest fires. The clouds of black smoke sometimes covered great part of the fire; at other times disparting, presented it in full view. This awful conjunction of light and shadow, was farther assisted by various tints which were produced by lights reverberated from

from the clouds, and by pale flashes of lightning, which were continually issuing from them.

But the appearance of the volcano, the next day, was still more sublime. About nine o'clock in the morning, a loud report issued from the mountain, which shook the houses of Portici to such a degree, as to alarm the inhabitants for their safety, and to drive them into the streets. Immediately volumes of liquid fire, or rather, as the relater describes it, fountains of red-hot lava, shot upwards to such an amazing height, that they seemed three times as high as the mountain itself, which is computed to rise three thousand feet from the level of the sea. Together with these volumes of liquid fire, vast clouds of the blackest smoke succeeded each other in bursts, intercepting this splendid brightness here and there by masses of the darkest hue,

The wind was south-west; and though gentle, was sufficient to put the smoke into motion, removing it by degrees so as to form behind the fire a vast curtain, stretching over great part of the hemisphere. To add to the solemnity, this black curtain was continually disparted by pale, momentary, electric fires.

In the mean time, the other parts of the sky were clear, and the stars shone brightly. The contrast was glorious beyond imagination. The splendor, which was sufficiently visible through the shadowy curtain behind it, illuminated the sea, which was perfectly calm, far and near, and added much to the sublimity of the scene.

Some of the fiery lava being thrown from the mount Summa, in the neighbourhood of which I was, its woods were frequently in a blaze. This introduced a secondary light, very different in its tint, either from the fiery red of the volcano, or the silvery blue of the electric fire.

This grand and awful vision, in which as it were *lime an effect of light and shade* was presented to the eye as Nature perhaps ever exhibited before, lasted about half an hour.

I make no apology for introducing all these grand effects of fire, as I never think myself out of sight of my subject, when I can lay hold of any picturesque idea.

## S E C T. XXII.

OUR curiosity having been gratified among the dock-yards at Plymouth, led us next to visit Mount Edgcomb.

The promontory of Mount Edgcomb running a considerable way into the sea, forms, as was just observed, one of the cheeks of the entrance of Hamoaz-harbour, which is here half a mile across. The whole promontory is four or five miles long, and three broad. In shape it is a perfect *dorsum*, high in the middle, and sloping gradually on both sides towards the sea; in some places it is rocky and abrupt.

Lord Edgcomb's house stands half way up the ascent, on the Plymouth side, in the midst of a park, containing an intermixture of wood and lawn. It makes a handsome appearance with a tower at each corner; but pretends only to be a comfortable dwelling.

The great object of Mount Edgcomb is the grandeur of the views. As we advanced towards the summit of the promontory, we saw, in various exhibitions, on one side, all the

intricacies and creeks, which form the harbour of Plymouth; with an extensive country spreading beyond it into very remote distance; and scattered with a variety of objects; among which we distinguished the well-known features of Brentor.

The other side of the promontory overlooks the Sound, which is the great rendezvous of the fleets fitted out at Plymouth; though seamen speak very indifferently of its anchorage. One of the boundaries of this extensive bay is a reach of land running out into pointed rocks; the other is a lofty smooth promontory, called the Ram's-head. The top of this promontory is adorned with a tower, from which notice is given at Plymouth, by a variety of signals, of the number of ships, and their quality, that appear in the offing.

Between the Ram's-head and Mount Edgcomb is formed a smaller inlet, called Causand-bay, at the head of which lies Kingston. Before this little town rode a large fleet of what appeared to be fishing boats; but we were informed that most of them were smuggling vessels.

The simplicity of the few objects which form the Sound on one side, made a pleasing contrast

contrast with the intricacies of the Plymouth-coast on the other.

At the distance of about three leagues from the Ram's-head, stands the Edystone light-house. We could just discern it, as it caught a gleam of light, like a distant sail.

Having viewed from the higher grounds of Mount Edgcomb this immense landscape, which is, on both sides, a mere map of the country, and has little *picturesque beauty*, especially on the Plymouth side, we descended the promontory, and were carried on a lower stage round its utmost limits.

The grounds here are profusely planted. On that side which overlooks Causand-bay, the plantations are only young; but on the other, which consists of at least half the promontory, they are well-grown, and form the most pleasing scenes about Mount Edgcomb. That immense map, as it lay before the eye *in one view* from the higher grounds, and appeared variously broken and scattered, was now divided into portions, and set off by good foregrounds. Some of these views are pleasing; but in general they are not picturesque. A large piece of water full of moving objects, makes a part  
of



of them all; and this will always present at least an amusing scene.

The trees, both evergreens and deciduous, are wonderfully fine, considering their situation. But chiefly the pine-race seems to thrive, and among these the pinaster, which, should imagine, from its hardy appearance, be indigenous to the soil. The woodman would dislike that great abundance of hoar-moss, which bedecks both it and most of the other plants of this marine scenery, but to the picturesque eye, the vegetation seems perfect, and the moss a beauty. It is moss of a peculiar form, at least of an unusual growth. Its hue is generally cerulean, with a strong touch here and there of Naples-yellow, mixed with other pleasing tints, which being scattered profusely about the whole plantation, give it an uncommon richness. In these woods the *abietus* grows in great perfection, and many other shrubs, which are generally found only in sheltered situations.

Besides a luxuriance of wood, a variety of rocky scenery embellished our walk, especially about the vertical point of the promontory. It is a well-coloured brown rock; which appears

in all forms. Nor is it bald and naked, but every where garnished with twisting boles and hanging shrubs.

Upon the whole, though there are many formalities about Mount Edgcomb, terraces particularly, and vistas near the house, a few puerilities also\*, and too little advantage taken every where of the circumstances which nature has pointed out; yet it is certainly a noble situation, and very well worth the attention of a traveller.

\* The reader will recollect when this was written.

## S E C T. XXIII.

**A**MONG the curiosities of this coast, the Edystone light-house is not one of the least. About three leagues beyond Plymouth sound, in a line nearly between Start-point and the Lizard, lie a number of low rocks, exceedingly dangerous at all times, but especially when the tides are high, which render them invisible. On these rocks it had long been thought necessary to place some monitory signal. But the difficulty of constructing a light-house was great. One of the rocks indeed, which compose this reef, is considerably larger than the rest: yet its dimensions are still narrow; it is often covered with water, and frequently, even in the calmest weather, surrounded by a swelling sea, which makes it difficult to land upon it; and much more so to carry on any work of time and labour. The uncommon tumour of the sea in this place is occasioned by a peculiarity in the rocks. As they all slope to the north-east, they spread their inclined sides of course, to the swelling tides and storms

the Atlantic. And as they continue in this shelving direction many fathoms below the surface of the sea, they occasion that violent working of the water, which the seamen call a *ground swell*. So that after a storm, when the surface of the sea around is perfectly smooth, the swells and agitation about these rocks are dangerous. From these continual eddies the Edystone derives its name.

The first light-house of any consequence, erected on this rock, was undertaken by a person of the name of Winstanley, in the reign of King William. Mr. Winstanley does not appear to have been a man of solidity and judgment sufficient to erect an edifice of this kind. He had never been noted for any capital work; but much celebrated for a variety of trifling and ridiculous contrivances. If you set your foot on a certain board in one of his rooms, a ghost would start up; or if you sat down in an elbow-chair, its arms would clasp around you. His light-house, which was built of wood, partook of his whimsical genius. It was finished with galleries, and other ornaments, which encumbered it, without being of use. It was, however, on the whole, much admired as a very ingenious edifice, and Winstanley certainly

tainly deserved the credit of being the first projector of a very difficult work. He had fixed it to the rock by twelve massy bars of iron which were let down deep into the body of the stone. It was generally indeed thought well founded; and the architect himself was so convinced of its stability, that he would often say he wished for nothing more than to be shut up in it during a violent storm. He at length had his wish; for he happened to be in it, the time of that memorable storm on the 2<sup>d</sup> of November 1703, which hath been already mentioned\*. As the violence, however, of the tempest came on, the terrified architect began to doubt the firmness of his work: it trembled in the blast, and shook in every joint. In vain he made what signals of distress he could, to bring a boat from the shore. The horrors of the storm were such, that the vessel durst not face it. How long he continued in this melancholy distress is uncertain, but in the morning no appearance of the house was left. It and all its contents that terrible night, were swept into the sea. This catastrophe furnished Mr. Ga

\* See pages 156 and 168.

following simile in his Trivia, which was written a few years after the event :

So when fam'd Edyfton's far-shooting ray,  
That led the sailor through the stormy way,  
Was from its rocky roots by billows torn,  
And the high turret in the whirlwind born,  
Fleets bulged their sides against the craggy land,  
And pitchy ruins blacken'd all the strand.

A light-house was again constructed on this rock before the conclusion of Queen Anne's reign. It was undertaken by one Rudyard, who built it also of wood, but having seen his predecessor's errors avoided them. He followed Winstanley's idea in the mode of fixing his structure to the rock ; but he chose a plain circular form, without any gallery, or useless projecting parts for the storm to fasten on. To give stability also to his work, he judiciously introduced, as ballast at the bottom, 270 tons of stone. In short, every precaution was taken to secure it against the fury of the two elements of wind and water, which had destroyed the last. But it fell by a third. Late one night, in the year 1755, it was observed from the shore to be on fire. Its upper works having been constructed of light timber, probably could not bear the heat. It happened fortunately that Admiral West rode with a

fleet



fleet at that time in the Sound; near the spot, he immediately made three swift boats. Other boats the shore; but though it was impossible to land. In the fire having descended to the lower building, had driven the people upon the skirts of the rock; where sitting disconsolate, when assisted. They had the mortification, however, that the boats, through fear of being pieces, were obliged to keep aloof. It was contrived to throw coils of rope the rock, which the men tied to and were dragged on board the sea. The case of one of these men who was above 90 years of age, As he had been endeavouring to extinguish fire in the cupola, where it first raged, looking up, the melted lead from the trickling down upon his face and At Plymouth he was put into hands; and, though much hurt, to be in no danger. He constantly affirmed, that some of the melted lead down his throat. This was not believed was thought he could not have sur-

circumstance. In twelve days he died ; and Mr. Smeaton says, he saw the lead, after it had been taken out of his stomach ; and that it weighed seven ounces \*.

The next light-house, which is the present one, was built by Mr. Smeaton, and is constructed on a plan, which it is hoped will secure it against every danger. It is built entirely of stone, in a circular form. Its foundations are let into a socket in the rock, on which it stands, and of which it almost makes a part ; for the stones are all united with the rock, and with each other, by massy dove-tails. The cement used in this curious masonry, is the lime of Watchet †, from whence Mr. Smeaton contrived to bring it barrelled up in cyder-casks ; for the proprietors will not suffer it to be exported in its crude state. The door of this ingenious piece of architecture is only the size of a ship's gun-port ; and the windows are mere loop-holes, denying light to exclude wind. When the tide swells above the foundation of the building, the light-house makes the odd appearance of a structure emerging from the waves. But sometimes a wave rises above the

\* See Mr. Smeaton's Account of the Edystone.

† See page 169.



very top of it, and circling round, looks like a column of water, till it foam, and subsides.

The care of this important beach is committed to four men; two of whom are in charge of it by turns, and are relieved every six weeks. But as it often happens in stormy weather, the boats cannot approach the Edystone for many months, a quantity of salt provision is always laid up on ship victualled for a long voyage to withstand winds such a briny atmosphere full of gloomy solitude from the dashing of the waves that a man exposed to it could not breathe. At these dreadful intervals the forlorn inhabitants keep close quarters, obliged to live in darkness and suffering from the howling storm, excluded from the least hope of relief, and without any earthly comfort administered from their confined strength of the building in which they are confined. Once, on relieving this man, one of the men was found dead, his body putrifying rather to shut himself out from the sea, than, by throwing himself into the sea, to incur the suspicion of murder.

fine weather, these wretched beings just scramble a little about the edge of the rock, when the tide ebbs, and amuse themselves with fishing; which is the only employment they have, except that of trimming their nightly fires.

Such total inaction and entire seclusion from all the joys and aids of society, can only be endured by great religious philosophy, which we cannot imagine they feel; or by great stupidity, which in pity we must suppose they possess.

Yet though this wretched community is so small, we were assured it is generally a scene of misanthropy. Instead of suffering the recollection of those distresses and dangers in which each is deserted by all but one, to endear that one to him, we were informed the humours of each were so soured, that they preyed both on themselves, and on each other. If one sat above, the other was commonly found below. Their meals too were solitary, each, like a brute, growling over his food alone.

We are sorry to acknowledge a picture like this to be a likeness of human nature. In some gentle minds we see the kind affections *rejoice* in being beckoned even from scenes of innocence,

cence, mirth, and gaiety, to mingle the sympathetic tear with affliction and distress. But experience shews us, that the heart of man is equally susceptible of the malevolent affections; and religion joins in confirming the melancholy truth. The *picturesque eye*, in the meantime, surveys natural and moral evil, under characters entirely different. Darken the storm; let loose the winds; let the waves overwhelm all that is fair and good; the storm will be sublime, and the catastrophe pathetic; while the moral tempest is dreary, without grandeur, and the catastrophe afflicting, without one picturesque idea.

The emolument of this arduous post is twenty pounds a year, and provisions while on duty. The house to live in may be fairly thrown into the bargain. The whole together is, perhaps, one of the least eligible pieces of preferment in Britain: and yet from a story, which Mr. Smeaton relates, it appears there are stations still more ineligible. A fellow, who got a good livelihood by making leathern-pipes for engines, grew tired of sitting constantly at work, and solicited a light-house man's place, which, as competitors are not numerous, he obtained.

obtained. As the Edystone-boat was carrying him to take possession of his new habitation, one of the boatmen asked him, what could tempt him to give up a profitable business to be shut up, for months together, in a pillar? "Why," said the man, "because I did not like confinement."

## S E C T. XXIV.

**A**T Plymouth we heard much of the  
 upon the Tamer, of which we ha  
 little specimen at Axworthy\*. We  
 therefore to navigate that river as far  
 Weir, which is about twenty-two mil  
 Plymouth, and as far as we could have  
 vantage of the tide. Procuring therefor  
 boat, and four stout hands from the Oc  
 of war, then lying in the Hamoaz, w  
 with a flowing tide.

The river Tamer rises from the m  
 of Hartland, near Barnstaple-bay, in t  
 of Devonshire, and, taking its cour  
 due south, divides that county from C  
 No river can be a more complete b  
 As it approaches Plymouth, it becom  
 estuary. The Hamoaz is esteemed, aft  
 mouth, the best station for ships of  
 the British coast. This grand bay, w  
 the first scene we investigated on the

\* See page 189.

f the scene  
e had had  
We resolve  
s far as the  
miles above  
have the air  
efore a good  
e Ocean man  
, we set

e mountain  
in the north  
ourse almost  
m Cornwall  
e boundary  
omes a noble  
after Port  
f war upon  
which was  
e Tamer, s

about





about a mile in breadth, and seven miles in length; though the larger ships we observed seldom to anchor above a league from the sea. Its banks on each side, though rather low, are by no means flat. They are generally cultivated; and the shore is finished by a narrow edging of rock.

The next view we had of any consequence, was the opening towards St. German's on the left. This is a creek about three leagues in length. The woods of Anthony occupy one side of the opening; and a house which appeared at a distance in the centre, is Ince, a seat of the Killigrews.

Soon after, we came in sight of Saltash, which stands high, but affords no very picturesque appearance. When we crossed the ferry the day before, the views of the creek from the hill presented a beautiful scene, both above and below the town\*; but when the eye is stationed *upon* the water, the retiring reaches of the river are lost, and the landscape is much impaired.

Our next scene was the opening of the Tavy into the Tamer. Sir Harry Trelaw-

\* See page 201.



ney's house was one of the principal objects of this view. The distance was composed of the Dartmore hills. The banks of the Tamer were still low, and cultivated, bore no proportion to the extent of the river, which did not begin to contract itself, till the banks to swell, till we had proceeded ten miles up the river.

The first scene, which in our view engaged our attention, was composed of the woods of Pentilly, on the Cornish bank; the house too is a good object, and a fine prospect from the bottom of the bank has a peculiar appearance; though its dignity was not fully perceived when we learned it was only a lime-works, which is the chief commodity of trade on the river, employing many large boats in its service; and the lime-kilns, which were placed on its banks, which were so numerous, that they were often mistaken for castles, at a little distance, without any ground for the greatest ornaments of the river. They are a fine scenery of Pentilly, and the bank adorned with a tower, to view the river.

Mr. Tilly, once the owner of Pentilly-house, was a celebrated atheist of the last age. He was a man of wit, and had by rote all the ribaldry and common-place jests against religion and scripture; which are well suited to display pertness and folly, and to unsettle a giddy mind, but are offensive to men of sense, whatever their opinions may be, and are neither intended nor adapted to investigate truth. The brilliancy of Mr. Tilly's wit, however, carried him a degree farther than we often meet with in the annals of prophaneness. In general the witty atheist is satisfied with entertaining his *contemporaries*; but Mr. Tilly wished to have his sprightliness known to *posterity*. With this view, in ridicule of the resurrection, he obliged his executors to place his dead body, in his usual garb, and in his elbow-chair, upon the top of a hill, and to arrange, on a table before him, bottles, glasses, pipes, and tobacco. In this situation he ordered himself to be immured in a tower of such dimensions, as he prescribed; where he proposed, he said, patiently to wait the event. All this was done, and the tower, still inclosing its tenant, remains as a monument of his impiety and prophaneness.

ness. The country people shudder near it :

— Religio pavidos terrebat agrestes

Dira loci : — sylvam, saxumque tremebant.

As we sailed farther up the river in view of the rocks and wood which are still on the Cornish side some beautiful scenery. Here were sweeping hills, covered with the bottom of one of them stands a kiln-castle, which is relieved by ground.

Near the bottom of another Gothic ruin, situated, with much beauty, in a woody recess. It was a votive chapel, built by a chief family; though some say by one of the combs. Its founder had engaged in a successful side, during one of the dubious wars of York and Lancaster. Being beaten, he fled for refuge, he was a man of consequence pursued. The Tamer opposed him, made a short vow to the Virgin, threw himself into the river, and swam to the promontory, before which we

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bars. His upper garment, which he had thrown off, floated down the stream; and giving occasion to believe he had perished, checked the ardour of pursuit. In the mean time Coteil lurked in his own woods, till a happier moment; and in the day of security raised this chapel to the holy Virgin, his protectress, who had the full honour of his escape.

We have the story sometimes told otherwise, and given to the times of Charles I.; but a story of so late a date, one should imagine, might have been better ascertained, than this seems to be; and if the chapel have any connection with the story, it is much more credible, that a votive-chapel should have been erected in the 15th century, when we know they were common, than in the 17th, when such structures were never heard of.

At Coteil-house we landed, which is entirely surrounded with wood, and shut out from the river. If it were a little opened, it might both see and be seen to advantage. To the river particularly it would present a good object; as it stands on a bold knoll, and is built in the form of a castle. But it is a deserted mansion, and occupied only as a farm-house. Here we refreshed ourselves with tea, and larded our bread;  
after

after the fashion of the country, with clouted cream.

Round this old mansion grew some noble trees; and among them the Spanish chesnut, full grown, and spread out in huge maffy limbs. We thought these chesnuts scarce inferior in grandeur to the proudest oaks. The chesnut, on which Salvator Rosa has hung Edipus, is exactly one of them.

We had now sailed a considerable way up the Tamer, and, during the whole voyage, had been almost solely obliged to the Cornish shores for amusement. But the Devonshire coast, as if only collecting its strength, burst out upon us at Calstock, in a grander display of lofty banks, adorned with wood and rock, than any we had yet seen, and continued without interruption through the space of a league.

But it is impossible to describe scenes, which, though *strongly marked*, have no *peculiar* features. In Nature these lofty banks are infinitely varied. The face of each rock is different; it projects differently: it is naked, or it is adorned; or, if adorned, its ornaments are of different kinds. In short, Nature's variations are as infinite on the face of a rock, as in the face



face of a man. Each requires a distinct portrait to characterize it justly; while language can no more give you a full idea of one, than it can of the other.

With the views of Calstock we finished our voyage up the Tamer; and though the banks of the river were diversified both with rocks and woods, with open and contracted country; yet, considering the space through which we had sailed, and the high commendations we had heard of this river, it was, on the whole, less a scene of amusement, than we had expected to find it. We had a few grand views; but in general the navigators of the Tamer find only some of the common characteristics of a river:

—Longos superant flexus, variisque teguntur  
Arboribus; viridesque secant placido æquore sylvas.

All is beautiful, sylvan, and highly pleasing; but if you ask what we saw, we can only say *in general*, that we saw rocks, trees, groves, and woods. In short, the whole is amusing, but not picturesque; it is not sufficiently divided into portions adapted to the pencil.

The scenery itself, on the banks of the Tamer, is certainly good; but had it even been better, the form of the river could not have  
shewn



shewn it to much picturesque advantage. The reaches are commonly too long, and a little winding. We rarely trace the river by the perspective of one behind another; which in river-views is a beautiful circumstance: and yet, if the banks be lofty, broken into large masses falling away in good perspective, the view of the reach may possibly be an improvement. In some parts of the Tamer we wished to have a grand lengthened view; but in other parts we wished to have had its continued reach contracted.

These remarks, however, it must be observed, affect a river only in navigating it. The banks are thus on a level with its surface, and rarely more than a fore-ground; and have only a first distance. But when we stand on a higher stand, and view a remote part of the banks, they become then an incumbrance instead of discovering, they hide the course. When the distance becomes remote, the valley through which the river winds should be open, and the country produce the most pleasing effect.

In the immense rivers that traverse the country, these ideas are all lost. As

such a vast surface of water, as the Mississippi, for instance, the first striking observation is, that perspective views are entirely out of the question. If you wish to examine either of its shores, you must desert the main channel; and, knowing that you are in a river, make to one side or the other.

As you approach within half a league of one of the sides, you will perhaps see stretches of sand-banks, or islands covered with wood, extending along the shore, beyond the reach of the eye, which have been formed by depredations made on the coast by the river; for when the winds rage, this vast surface of water is agitated like a sea; and has the same power over its shores. As the trees of these regions are in as grand a style as the rivers themselves, you sometimes see vast excavations, where the water has undermined the banks, in which immense roots are laid bare, and, being washed clean from the soil, appear twisted into various forms, like the gates of a cathedral.

Though the banks of the Mississippi, we are told, are generally flat, you frequently see beautiful scenery upon them. Among the vast woods which adorn them, are many groves of cypresses; to which a creeping plant, called the

the Liane, is often attached. What flower it bears, I have not heard ; but it is too profuse, it must be very ornamenting from tree to tree, and connecting cypress-grove together with rich festoon.

These woods are interspersed also with prairie, where you see the wild deer of the country feeding in herds. As they espy the hunter, they all raise their heads and standing a moment with pricked ears and amazement, they turn suddenly round and darting across the plain, hide themselves in the woods.

From scenes of this kind, as you descend the river, you come perhaps to low grounds ; where swamps, overgrown with reeds and rushes, but of enormous growth, grow through endless tracts, which a day's journey cannot leave behind. In these marshes the alligator is often seen basking near the river, into which he instantly plunges at the least alarm ; or perhaps you discern his scaly form creeping along the sedges, hid, and sometimes discovered, as he moves through a closer, or more open path.

Contrasts, like these, between the prairie and the Mississippi, are amusing, and fe-

off to more advantage. The Tamer may be called a noble river; but what is it in point of grandeur, when compared with the Mississippi, which, at the distance of two thousand miles from the sea, is a wider stream than the Tamer, where it falls into it? On the other hand, though the Mississippi, no doubt, has its beauty; yet as a river, it loses as much in this respect, when compared with the Tamer, as it gained in point of grandeur. In the Mississippi you seek in vain for the rocky banks and winding shores which adorn the Tamer, and are the glory of river-scenery.

To these contrasts I shall just add one more. As Lord Macartney and his suit, in their way to Canton, sailed down one of the rivers of China, they passed under a rock of grey marble, which arose from the water to the amazing perpendicular height of six hundred feet. It was shagged with wood, and continued varying its form, but still preserving its immensity, through the space of at least two miles. In some parts its summit beetled frightfully over the river, and gave an involuntary shudder to the passenger, as he passed under its tremendous shade.

## S E C T. XXV.

AS we were leaving Plymouth, the greatly agitated with an account that morning of the battle of Lexington happened on the 19th of April. We chiefly in company with General F. marines; and as a large detachment corps was with the troops in America, the house was crowded with people after their relations and friends they who looked farther, conceived blood was now drawn, all hope of salvation was over.

We left Plymouth under the influence of these melancholy ideas, till a success objects dislodged them. By the road we took our route to Exeter.

About three miles from Plymouth, Salterham, the seat of Mr. Parker Edgcomb in miniature; being

small peninsula, and surrounded, not indeed by the sea, but by a considerable creek.

Mr. Parker commands a view of St. Nicholas's island, Mount Edgcomb, and the Ram's-head; but though the objects are great, they did not appear to us either picturesque in themselves, or agreeably combined. The ground, particularly beyond the creek, is ill shaped.

The soil of Salterham seems as unkindly to vegetation, as Mount Edgcomb is friendly to it; and the creek it stands on, is entirely forsaken by the tide at ebb, and becomes a mere channel of ooze. Perhaps in our remarks here we were too much under the impression of the gloomy ideas we had brought from Plymouth.

From Salterham, we pursued our route to Ivy-bridge; where, as far as we could judge from the appearance of the river, we should have met with some beautiful scenery, if we had had time to examine it.

From hence we proceeded to Ashburton, which lies among hills; and Chudleigh, where

are stone-quarries, which at a distance appearance of a grand range of nature. Here the bishops of Exeter formerly. The ruins of the episcopal palace may be traced.

We were but little amused, however, by any thing we saw in this country. The view of it from Plymouth is but an uninteresting scene. Its very appearance on a map, however, to some degree, its unpicturesque form. It is intersected with several rivers, which run in various directions between opposite hills. These hills were continually ascending or descending. When we had mounted one hill, we were presented with the side of another; so that all distance was shut out, and all variety of count intercepted. A pleasant glade here and there at the dip of a hill, we sometimes had; but this did not compensate for that tiresome sameness of ascent and descent which runs through the country.

At Chudleigh we left the great Exeter-road, to see Mamhead, and Powderham-castle. In our way

way we mounted a sort of grand natural *terrace*, about seven miles in length, and three in breadth ; though this indeed is a broader surface than we commonly distinguish by that appellation. The name of this eminence is Hal-down-hill.

From hence we had a grand, extensive, and in many parts, a picturesque distance ; consisting first of the whole course of the Ex, from Exeter to the sea, the city of Exeter, the town of Topsham, Sir Francis Drake's, and Powderham-castle. Beyond these objects, all of which seemed in the distance to adorn the banks of the river, the eye ranged over immense plains and woods, hills and vales. Of these the vale of Honiton, and other celebrated vales made a part. But they were mere specks, too inconsiderable for the eye to fix on. Distance had pressed all the hilly boundaries of these vales flat to the surface. At least it had so diminished them, that the proudest appeared only as a ripple on the ocean. The extreme parts of this vast landscape were bounded by the long range of Sedbury-hills ; which were tinged, when we saw them, with a light ether hue, scarce one shade removed from the colour



of the sky; the whole immense scene fore, without the least interruption from hills of the country, faded gradually into

A view of this kind gives us a just the surface of the globe we inhabit. W of its inequalities in a lofty stile. Its moun ascend the skies; its vallies sink down depths profound. Whereas, in fact, its qualities are nothing, when compared with magnitude. If a comprehensive eye, placed a distance from the surface of the earth, capable of viewing a whole hemisphere together, all its inequalities, great as we make them, Mount Caucasus, the Andes, Teneriffe and all the loftiest mountains of the globe would be compressed, like the view before us, and the whole would appear perfectly smooth. To us, a bowling green is a level plain; but a minute insect finds it full of inequalities.

In surveying the windings of the Ex, in its course to the sea, we are reminded of a sketch, by a great master, of the course of Aufente. It is slightly touched indeed, but with great spirit; and the distances are particularly well marked.

marked. We have it at the end of the seventh Æneid, where the picturesque poet, led by his subject to mention some of the countries of Italy, gives us this pleasing view :

— Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis  
Præfidet ; et viridi gaudens Feronia luco ;  
Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus ; gelidusque per imas  
Quærit iter valles, atque in mare conditur Ufens.

In this landscape we have first the fore-ground, composed of the Temple of Jupiter Anxur, proudly seated ; and overlooking the neighbouring country,

— Queis Jupiter Anxurus arvis  
Præfidet ———

The immediate distance consists of the Temple of Feronia, marked by a grove, which adorns it, and a lake lying at its foot :

— Viridi gaudens Feronia luco ;  
Qua Saturæ jacet atra palus ———

The lake to which the poet gives the epithet *atra*, had that deep black clear hue, which Claude and Pouffin well knew produced often the best effect. In the second distance all *colour* is gone ; and the fading landscape of course takes its aerial tinge. It is enough now, if a few principal objects are dimly seen. A wind-

ing river is the most distinguishable. It is discovered only by its meanders along the plain :

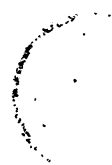
— Gelidusque per imas

Quærit iter valles ———

It has not its course shaped out between high banks, but *seeks out* its passage, here and there, as the small depressions of a flat country allow. Beyond all appears the sea; but the distance here is so remote, that it is not marked with any degree of strength: no epithet is applied: you can scarce distinguish it from the sky. Criticisms of this kind may seem refinement: but there is little doubt, I think, but the poet, in composing these lines, had some real landscape strongly formed in his imagination. Chance could not have marked all these distances so very exactly.

Having descended Haldown-hill, we saw Mamhead, the seat of Lord Lisburne, and Powderham-castle; though we had no time to examine either.

The former from a woody hill, which seems to be adorned with much beautiful scenery, commands a noble view over the mouth of the Ex. The latter stands on a knoll, overlooking  
a flat





a flat park, bounded by the same river  
 a less amusing view of it. The E  
 these views is a grand tide channel ;  
 former especially is very beautiful. B  
 nothing in the distance either from I  
 or Powderham-castle, which Haldow  
 not already shewn us, though not in a  
 perhaps to so much advantage.

( 250 )

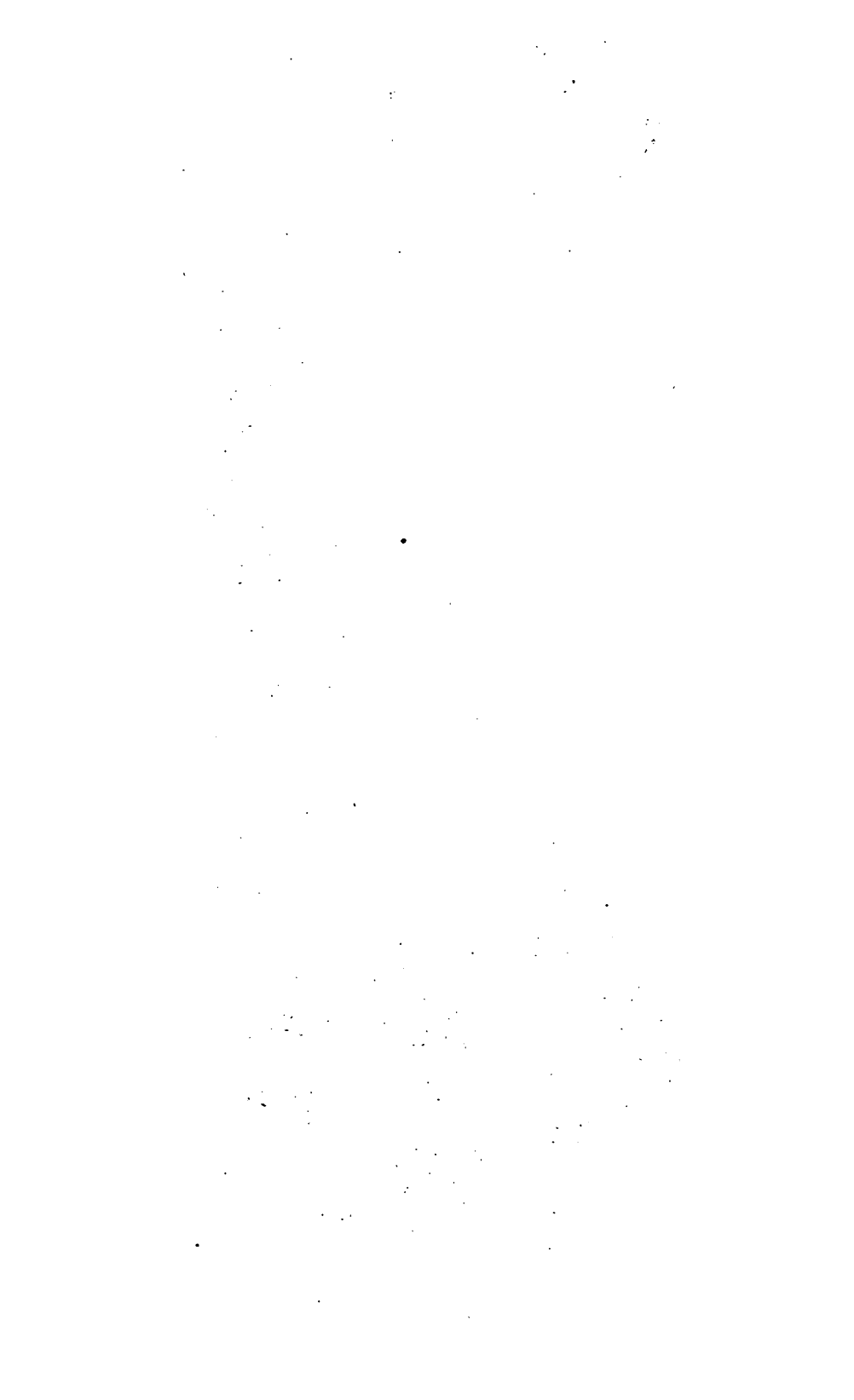
S E C T -

XXVI.

THE city of Exeter, *which we* is by far the most *considerable* west of England. It is seated rather on the eastern side of the Ex. From *the* derives its name; which is a corruption of cester, or the castle on the Ex; and gives it a title to Roman origin. *The* antiquarian, however, is not obliged merely to etymology for his proof of its antiquity. He points out *vestiges* of Roman masonry in the south gate; he finds variety of coins; and he measures the length and breadth of the walls, which form a parallelogram by Roman feet.

Exeter is said to be very regular built, having two large airy streets, running through the length and breadth of it, and uniting in the centre. It appeared to us, however, very incumbered. We were directed from *the* bridge to the great church through close and disagreeable alleys.

The best part of the town we could not see; as our time allowed us to examine only the most remarkable buildings.







On the north side, the highest ground is occupied by the ruins of Rugement-castle, formerly the residence of Saxon kings. From the terrace of this castle, and from the walls of the town, we had the same extensive view over the country, which we had before from Haldown-hill: but as we now saw them from a different station, and from a lower point, they were less grand, but more picturesque. Hills which were there compressed to the surface, began here to arise, and take their form in the landscape; breaking the continued lines of distance, and creating new lights, and new shades with their varied elevations. Towards the mouth of the river, we were told, a light mist often prevails, when the rest of the landscape towards the west is perfectly clear. We did not see any appearance of this kind; but I should suppose it might frequently produce a good effect, not only from the beauty of the mist itself, but from its clearing away\*, and leaving some objects distinctly seen, and others but obscurely traced.

The good Bishop Rundle, who was educated in this town, speaks with picturesque warmth

\* See page 162.

of the views from its public walks, and the great beauty of the landscape around it. The climate he affirms to be so fine, that in no part of England trees shoot with more luxuriance, or fruits ripen to a richer flavour. The fig and the grape, he says, scarce desire better skies\*.

Few places in England are more renowned in the annals of war, than Exeter. It was three times besieged by the Danes, once by William the Conqueror, again by King Stephen, a sixth time in the rebellion of Perkin Warbec in the time of Henry VII. again in a rebellion which broke out in the reign of Edward VI. and two or three times more in the civil wars of Charles I. On many of these occasions it was regularly garrisoned; and the citizens had nothing to do with its defence. But when it rested on *them*, they generally behaved with remarkable spirit. Many instances of their gallantry are preserved in history. Henry VII. was so much pleased with their behaviour, in his time, that he paid them a visit on purpose to thank them; and when he left the town, he took his sword from his side, and presenting it

\* See Letters of the late T. Rundle, LL. D.

the Mayor, desired it might be  
 before him; which it has been  
 the history of the great church  
 remarkable. It was four hundred  
 years, under the direction of several  
 architects, adding something to complete  
 the church by two additional arches—  
 withstanding this lapse of time, in  
 fashion of architecture underwent  
 change; and notwithstanding the  
 architects employed, whose genius and  
 have been very different, it is singular  
 each succeeding bishop hath so atten-  
 tively pursued the plan of his predecessor, that  
 together strikes the eye as a uniform  
 On examining the parts nicely, we  
 and there distinguish the opposition  
 and Gothic; but, in general, they accord  
 happily. The west front is uncommonly  
 and adorned with figures. The nave  
 church is fitted up for divine service  
 may be useful, but injures the effect.  
 The curious should not forget,  
 leave the church, to see the chalice  
 phire ring, which were dug out of a  
 grave, when a new pavement was laid  
 before and

twenty years ago. To what *bishop* the ring belonged is only guessed; but it *might* be tolerably ascertained by a knowledge of the progress of art which some antiquarians possess. Such a knowledge gives the form and workmanship of these curious remains of antiquity to their proper period. If the traveller have a mind also to please his conductor, who leads him through the aisles of the church, he may tell him, he has heard that the great bell, called Peter, weighs above a thousand pounds more than Great Tom at Lincoln; and that the pipes of the organ are wider than those of any organ in Europe. Both these accounts he will probably hear confirmed with great solemnity, though the latter of them is a mistake; and as to the former, both it and its rival at Lincoln are mere hand-bells compared with the great bell at Moscow, which weighs 432,000 pounds, and measures at its mouth above twenty-one yards.

## S E C T. XXVII.

FROM Exeter to Honiton we passed through a rich country, yet somewhat flatter than we had met with on the western side of Exeter. We found, however, here and there, an eminence, which gave us a view of the distance around. At Fair-mile-hill, particularly, an extensive view opened before us; but nothing can make it pleasing, as it is bounded by a bar edge. A distance should either melt into sky, or terminate in a soft and varied mountain line\*.

This high ground, which appeared at a distance as a hard edge, is on the spot a grand race, running eight or nine miles from Honiton to Sidmouth, presenting sometimes the heights and sometimes a variety of hills, vales, and distances, with which the country abounds. We had not time, however, to explore the beauties of the landscape it overlooks. Night came on before we reached Honiton, and drew a veil over all the objects of the horizon.

\* See page 29.



At Honiton we intended to have been otherwise ordered. This has been twice burnt down within the years, the inhabitants take a very good method to prevent the catastrophe by appointing all travellers to watchmen. About twelve o'clock begins his operations with a monotonous bell, and a hoarse voice, informing is safe. This serenade is repeated every hour, with great propriety. That portion of time, it may reasonably be supposed the traveller, who is ignorant of the institution, and not accustomed to such nocturnal din in a country-town, cannot well get his senses composed, especially as his ear will naturally lie in expectation of each periodical peal. In the mean time, the fly inhabitant, who is used to these noises of the night, enjoys a quiet repose. The institution may be good: we only wished it had been intimated to us before, that we might have had an option in the case.

We had now travelled between seventy and eighty miles from Plymouth, and found the whole of the country, (except the little deviation)

ation we made from Chudleigh, to examine the scenery about the Ex,) unvaried and uninteresting. Like an immense piece of high furrowed land, at least as far as Exeter, it is continually rising and falling; and though it has its beauties, yet they are chiefly seen near the coast, where its vallies break down, and open to the sea; and where its estuaries often form very pleasing scenes.

The road from Plymouth to Honiton, by the *sea-coast*, was the road we ought to have taken; but as it had not been pointed out to us as particularly picturesque, we took the upper road merely for want of better information. I shall, however, give the reader a sketch of the *coast*, from some hints which I have had on good picturesque authority. I have also myself seen a great variety of accurate drawings of this coast, which have given me a strong idea of its character.



## S E C T -

## XXVII

FROM Plymouth, according to you make the first stage to so far the country wears nearly which it did between Plymouth and Burton. You cross the same river same hills, and fall into the same This is a country, however, in former glories; though the painter treats it with neglect. Here the acre fills the business with abundant increase; and here the ox does credit to his pasture. But though the country abounds in corn and pasturage, cyder is its staple. The cyder of the South Hams, which is the name of a great part of this country, is every where famous.

At Totness you meet the Dart; down which river you may sail, about six or seven miles, to Dartmouth. This little navigation I have heard much extolled as a peculiar scene of beauty; but I have heard others on whose judgment I can more rely, speak of it with less emotion. And yet I can easily imagine the

that two people of equally picturesque taste, many conceive differently of the same scene. They may have different conceptions of beauty, though the conceptions of each may be very just; or they may examine the same scene under different circumstances. A favourable, or an unfavourable light makes a greater alteration in any scene, than a person unaccustomed to examine nature would easily imagine.

At Dartmouth you have a great variety of interesting views. The bay, which the river forms at its mouth, is one of the most beautiful scenes on the coast. Both the entrance of the Dart into it, and its exit to the sea, appear from many stations closed up by the folding of the banks; so that the bay has frequently the form of a lake, only furnished with shipping instead of boats. Its banks are its great beauty; which consist of lofty wooded hills, shelving down in all directions. You would not expect such scenery on a sea-coast: but the woods by being well sheltered grow luxuriantly.

And yet an eye versed in the various scenes of nature, would easily distinguish these bays from the pastoral simplicity of an inland-lake. The sea always impresses a peculiar character on its bays. The water has a different aspect;

its tints are more varied, and  
 ently disturbed. Its banks  
 weather-beaten and ragged ap  
 generally their verdure within  
 sea. The sea-rock also wants  
 tation of mosses and lichens, w  
 rock of the lake; and the wo  
 grow luxuriantly, as it does here  
 by its mode of growth, that it is  
 of a sea-girt clime. To this  
 that the appendages of the bay ar  
 ferent.

A quay perhaps for l  
 an anchor, a floating buoy, or  
 figures in seamen's jackets, are  
 of one scene, but unknown to

The bay, in the mean time, m  
 turesque as the lake. All I mea  
 is, that the *character* of each is  
 therefore in painting they shou  
 founded.

Its *particular value*  
 from the fancy of the spectator  
 observed, people may have di  
 tions of beauty, and yet the con  
 may be equally just. The pa  
 of the lake may please one  
 bustle of the bay please another. I  
 that representations of the tv

ceedingly well suited as companions to each other.

At the opening of Dartmouth-bay to the sea, appears the town of Dartmouth, ascending a hill. Its castle, at the distance of a mile, stands close to the water's edge. On the other side, across the bay, arises Kingswre, a sort of suburb, belonging to the town. The winding of the bay, and the varied beauty of its banks are seen to great advantage in a walk which carries you from the town of Dartmouth to the castle.

All this coast affords excellent fish. The sole breeds here in great abundance, and the John dory delights in it, as its most favourite haunt. The Torbay-boat often brings this delicious fish to the tables of the luxurious: but the epicure, who wishes to eat it in perfection, does not think a journey to these coasts too much. At Totness great quantities of salmon-peal are taken in an uncommon mode of fishing. The fish are intercepted, as the water ebbs, by dogs, which swimming after the shoal, are taught to drive them up the river into close nets provided to receive them.



all the variety of light and shade, veering round from morning throws upon them. Here a society dwelt in peaceful security. The more than once, in former times coast, and burnt Dartmouth and The abbey feared no mischief. do, was to open its hospitable an asylum to the terrified fugitive country.

This noble bay has afforded in many a time to the fleets of England in their full array ride safely without bason. But it appeared in its glory on the fifth of November 1688, William entered it with fifty sail and four hundred transports. The deed were Dutch; but a British the van, and a British flag flew head. — This station however is not modious, when the wind blows from

From Torbay your next stage is Buxhel, where, crossing the Teign along the banks of that river to Tor In your way you are entertained with of river views. But Nature, laying in a great degree her rocks and

which ebbs and flows, though the waters are not in the least brackish, but pure and limpid, which seems to indicate they have no communication with tides.

Near Brixham you begin to skirt that celebrated inlet of the sea, called Torbay. It is a grand scene, and affords many magnificent views, if you have leisure to circle the bay in quest of them.

Its general form is semilunar, inclosing a circumference of about twelve miles. Its winding shores on both sides are skreened with grand ramparts of rock; between which, in the central part, the ground from the country, forming a gentle vale, falls easily to the water's edge. Wood grows all round the bay, even on its *rocky fides*, where it can get footing, and shelter; but in the *central part* with great luxuriance.

In this delicious spot stood formerly Tor-abbey, the ruins of which still remain. Its situation was grand and beautiful. Wooded hills, descending on every side, skreened and adorned it both behind and on its flanks. In front the bay opening before it, spread its circling rocky cheeks, like a vast colonade, lessening in all the pleasing forms of perspective; and receiving

and could formerly have proceeded ease to the walls of Exeter; but Topsham the channel of the river fructed.

The tradition of the country obstruption to a quarrel between Exeter, and an Earl of Devonshire claimed the first salmon that was feason, as an acknowledgment of the river. The maydiction over the river. The may as a perquisite of his office. Th appears to have been worse found instead of appealing to the laws had recourse to private revenge. the river were his property; a closely wooded with ancient oak. he cut down in abundance, and into the channel of the river. wards carrying up with it great sand and gravel, formed this degrees into such a barrier, afterwards be removed. If this well grounded, we have seldom revenge in so grand a style. Me seek gratifications of this kind with revenging themselves on t had offended them. But the E

works with softer materials. The banks of the Teign, I understand, are rather cultivated than wild; though at its mouth it receives the sea with rocks, which are both magnificent and beautiful. They are covered, like the generality of the rocks on this coast, with a profusion of wood.

From Teign-mouth you skirt the shore to the mouth of the Ex, over which you ferry at the bar. Here the country grows somewhat bolder, but rather in the form of swelling hills. These hills likewise are profusely covered with wood, which sweeps almost down to the water's edge. But as you take a view of them with your back to the sea, they appear in still greater magnificence, uniting with the woods of the country. Those of Powderham-castle receive them first; and beyond these you see rising and stretching into distance the woods of Mamhead, in rich, though indistinct, luxuriance.

The Ex is by far the noblest river in this part of the coast. It empties a profuse channel into the sea, and forms a basin at its mouth, which would be an excellent harbour for a royal navy, if it were not obstructed by a bar. When the tide flows, however, ships of considerable burthen advance as far as Topsham,  
and



down to the sea. The hills, however, compose its sides, are not (like the vallies of a mountainous and rocky country) abrupt and broken; but consist chiefly of pasturage, and are covered with herds. They are adorned too with woods, though in their course they now and then a little, they generally lead the straight line from north to south.

Through this narrow valley you pass near the space of nine miles. Sober and decent, though in all parts gradual, it extends in length to a great height. At the entrance of the valley, you find yourself on a high ground from whence you have some of the best views which this country, rich in nature, affords. You look chiefly towards the west, and take in an amazing compass the district on both sides of the valley to the sea. These high grounds form a ridge, and made that peculiar appearance we observed in the road between Honiton\*. From these lofty downs descend gently into Honiton, where different routes lead from Plymouth

\* See page 255.

shire not only revenged himself on the Mayor of Exeter ; but on the whole city, and for all future times.

About seventy years ago the inhabitants of Exeter cut a new channel for the river, and built very expensive locks upon it; by means of which they can now bring vessels of some burthen to the town.

From the mouth of the Ex the coast affords nothing very interesting, till you come to the mouth of the Sid. This river opens into the sea between high promontories; that on the west is particularly lofty, and much broken, though not rocky, and is represented as affording many picturesque views. But here is no basin opening into the land, as in the other rivers of this coast. The Sid is a mere rural stream, and preserves its character pure to the very shores of the ocean.

The valley through which it takes its course, is a scene of peculiar construction. It forms a gentle descent towards the sea between two steep hills which leave little more room at the bottom, than what the road and the river occupy. So that, in fact, it has hardly the dimensions of a valley, but might rather be called a cleft in the higher grounds, running  
down

We have a striking picture of  
 sun, though unaccompanied by  
 short account given us of Lot's  
 Sodom. We are told, *The sun*  
*the earth, when Lot entered into*  
 tive poetry and painting must  
*of sense* before them. Neither  
 in *abstracted ideas*. But the  
 not always suit both. Images,  
 shine under the poet's description,  
 haps at the same time picturesqu  
 believe every picturesque object  
 shining as a poetical one. The p  
 us is both poetical and picturesque  
 of the plain fact would have been  
 the passage had been coldly transla  
*rived at Zoar about sun-rise*; the se  
 preserved, but the picture would  
 lost. As it is translated, the whole  
 The first part of the expression,  
*risen upon the earth*, brings immedi  
 the eye, (through the connection of  
 the earth,) the rays of a mornin  
 the tops of the hills and promon  
 the other part of the expression,  
*into Zoar*, brings before us (thro

## S E C T. XXIX.

AS we left Honiton, the obscurity of a hazy morning overspread its vale; the picturesque beauty of which we had heard much commended. If, therefore, it possesses any, (which from the analogy of the country may be questioned,) we are not qualified to give any account of it. A misty morning, in general, gives new beauty to a country; but we must catch its beautiful appearance, as we do all the other *accidental* appearances of Nature, at a proper crisis. We left Honiton at too early an hour in the morning to see the full effect of the mist. It rather blotted out, than adorned, the face of the country. The most picturesque moment of a misty morning is just as the sun rises, and begins its contention with the vapours which obstruct its rays. That appearance we had soon after, and in such profusion, that it gave a beautiful effect to a landscape, which seemed not calculated to produce much effect without it.

We

We have a striking picture of a morning-sun, though unaccompanied by mist, in the short account given us of Lot's escape from Sodom. We are told, *The sun was risen upon the earth, when Lot entered into Zoar*. Descriptive poetry and painting must both have *objects of sense* before them. Neither of them deals in *abstracted ideas*. But the same objects will not always suit both. Images, which may shine under the poet's description, are not perhaps at the same time picturesque; though I believe every picturesque object is capable of shining as a poetical one. The passage before us is both poetical and picturesque. A relation of the plain fact would have been neither. If the passage had been coldly translated, *Lot arrived at Zoar about sun-rise*; the sense had been preserved, but the picture would have been lost. As it is translated, the whole is imagery. The first part of the expression, *the sun was risen upon the earth*, brings immediately before the eye, (through the *connection* of the sun and the earth,) the rays of a morning sun striking the tops of the hills and promontories; while the other part of the expression, *Lot entered into Zoar*, brings before us (through the same

happy

happy mode of raising and connecting images) a road, the gates of the town, and the patriarch approaching it. Not, by the way, that we should wish to introduce the *story* of Lot's retreat; with any *distinction* into the picture. The principal part would be the *landscape*; and Lot could only be a distant figure to adorn it, and in that light unnecessary. *History* introduced as the *ornament of landscape* appears absurd. In Bassan, and some other masters, such introductions are frequent. We consider, therefore, the passage before us merely as *landscape*, and lay little stress on the *figures*. Reubens has thrown a fine glow of colouring into a picture on this subject, in the possession of the Duke of Marlborough. But Reubens has introduced, as he ought, the figures on the *foreground*, making the landscape entirely an *under-part*. I forget whether he has given his picture the full effect it might receive by throwing the back scenery into that grand shade, suggested by the words of scripture, the *smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace*. The atmosphere also might have a good effect, tinged with the ruddy glare of fire blended with the smoke,

As



## S E C T. XX

**F**ROM Axminster we left  
visit Ford-abbey.

In a sequestered part of the  
Devonshire and Dorsetshire  
circular valley, about a mile and

Its sides slope gently into  
directions; but are no where  
skreens, circling its precincts,  
and in many parts connecting  
which descend into the bosom  
form themselves into various  
Through the middle of this  
a stream, not foaming among  
sounding down cataracts; but  
scene it accompanies, and in  
ceeding a gentle murmur.  
all foreign scenery is excluded  
adventitious ornaments; sufficient  
its own sweet groves and foliage

—Such *landscape*  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornaments  
But is, when unadorned, adorned

in harmony with them. Of course they are too gay to be beautiful.

No carpeting, perhaps, equals the Persian in beauty. The Turkey carpet is modest enough in its colouring ; but its texture is coarse, and its pattern consists commonly of such a jumble of incoherent parts, that the eye seldom traces any meaning in its plan. The British carpet again has *too much meaning*. It often represents fruits, and flowers, and baskets, and other things, which are generally ill represented, or awkwardly larger than the life, or at least improperly placed under our feet. The Persian carpet avoids these two extremes. It seldom exhibits any *real forms*, and yet, instead of the disorderly pattern that deforms the Turkey carpet, it usually presents some neat and elegant plan, within the compartments of which its colours, though rich, are modest. The texture also of the carpet is as neat and elegant as the ornamental scrawl which adorns it.



a sweep towards it, and passing under, opens into what was once the and makes its exit through an arch on the opposite side.

—clad in the mossy vest of fleeting time | This venerable pile,

and decorated all over with variegated streaming weather-stains, and twined is shaded by ancient oaks, which, it, adorn its broken walls without them.

In short, the valley, the river and the ruins are all highly pleasing are beautiful, and the whole is harmonious.

They who have lately seen Fountains stare at this description of it.

they stare; for this description presents state by at least a century.

seen it in the year 1675, they never have seen it as it is here described it wears another face. It has been of *improvement*. Its simplicity

miserable ravage has been made part. The ruin is patched up in dwelling; old parts and new added ther, to the mutual disgrace of

giant cloister is still left; but

This happy retirement was once sacred to religion. Verging towards one side of the valley stand the ruins of Ford-abbey. It has never been of large dimensions, but was a model of the most perfect Gothic, if we may credit its remains, particularly those of a cloister, which are equal to any thing we have in that style of architecture. This beautiful fragment consists of eight windows, with light buttresses between them, and joins a ruined chapel on one side, and on the other a hall or refectory, which still preserves its form sufficiently to give an idea of its just proportions. To this is connected by ruined walls a massy tower. What the ancient use of this fabric was, whether it belonged to the ecclesiastical or civil part of the monastery, is not now apparent; but at present it gives a picturesque form to the ruin, which appears to more advantage by the pre-eminence of some superior part\*.

At right angles with the chapel runs another cloister, a longer building, but of coarser workmanship, and almost covered with ivy. The river, which enters the valley at the distance of about half a mile from the ruin, takes

\* See page 135.

we abhor. Some little atonement  
 this implacable power might  
 taste, for its mischiefs in religion  
 terred our ancestors from connections  
 fions with ruins once dedicated  
 We might then have enjoyed in  
 noble scenes, which are now either  
 faced or miserably mangled.

Before we leave these scenes  
 story of the monks of Ford,  
 credit to their piety. It has  
 century tradition says not) that  
 the name of Courtney, a bishop  
 abbey, was overtaken at sea by  
 and the seamen having toil  
 vain, and being entirely  
 themselves to despair. " Mr  
 Courtney, calling them together  
 out his watch, if watches were  
 " My good lads, you see it is  
 " At five we shall certainly  
 " that hour the monks of Ford  
 " votions, and in their prayers  
 " will be sure to remember  
 " benefactors ; and you will  
 " of being saved in my company  
 " only one hour, and you

repaired, white-washed, and converted into a green-house. The hall too is modernized, and every other part. Sash-windows glare over pointed arches, and Gothic walls are adorned with Indian paper.

The grounds have undergone the same reformation. The natural groves and lawns are destroyed; vistas and regular slopes supply their room. The winding path, which contemplation naturally marked out, is gone; succeeded by straight walks, and terraces adorned with urns and statues; while the river and its fringed banks have given way to canals and stew-ponds. In a word, a scene abounding with so many natural beauties was never perhaps more wretchedly deformed.

When a man exercises his crude ideas on a few vulgar acres, it is of little consequence. The injury is easily repaired; and if not, the loss is trifling. But when he lets loose his depraved taste, his absurd invention, and his graceless hands on such a subject as this, where art and nature united cannot restore the havoc he makes, we consider such a deed under the same black character in matters of picturesque beauty, as we do sacrilege and blasphemy in matters of religion. The effects of superstition



## S E C T, XX

FROM Ford-abbey we we  
 turn to Axminster, and f  
 out for Bridport, traversing va  
 from which, on the left, we l  
 country, and on the right, ov  
 isle of Portland ranged in th  
 leagues along the shore, form  
 beach ; which made an uncon

From Bridport to Dorc  
 through a more inland cou  
 other respects similar to the  
 just left. The features of  
 determined. Sweeping hills  
 intersect each other. Here  
 tom is cultivated, inclosed, a  
 farm-house and a few trees ;  
 the whole country is an ex  
 is every where fed with lit  
 which have formed it, with  
 into the finest pasturage. In  
 itself, which is the substratur

" what I say." This speech reanimated the whole crew. Some flew to the pump, others to the leak; all was life and spirit. By this vigorous effort, at five o'clock the ship was so near the shore, that she easily reached it; and St. Francis got all the credit of the escape.

of sheep in their most picturesque  
 should see them *reposing* after  
 over; and if they are in sunshine  
 the more beautiful. In *reposing*  
 rally better grouped, and their  
 varied. Some are commonly  
 others lying on the ground,  
 ruminating heads in various posi-  
 light be strong, it spreads over  
 general mass; and is contrasted  
 time, by a shadow equally strong  
 flock throws upon the ground.  
 served also, that the fleece itself is  
 to receive a beautiful effect of li-  
 not indeed, like the smooth cover-  
 allow the eye to trace the muscular  
 animal. But it has a beauty of a dif-  
 the flakiness of the wool catches  
 and breaking it into many parts,  
 destroying the mass, gives it a pe-  
 nefs.

We saw another circumstance all  
 sheep appear to advantage. The v  
 fultury, the day calm, and the r  
 Along these roads we saw, once  
 flock of sheep driven, which raised  
 able cloud.

As we were a little h

is naturally inclined to produce a neat smooth surface. The several flocks which pasture these wide domains, have their respective walks; and are generally found within the distance of a mile from each other. We saw them once or twice issuing from their pens, to take their morning's repast after a hungry night. It was a pleasing sight to see such numbers of innocent animals made happy, and in the following lines it is beautifully described :

———The fold

Poured out its fleecy tenants o'er the glebe.  
At first, progressive as a stream, they sought  
The middle field; but scattered by degrees  
In various groups, they whitened all the land.

But the progressive motion here described, is one of those incidents, which is a better subject for poetry than painting. For, in the first place, *a feeding flock* is seldom well *grouped*; they commonly *separate*; or, as the poet well expresses it, *they are scattered by degrees, and whiten all the land*. Nor are their attitudes varied, as they *all* usually move the same way, *progressive like a stream*. Indeed the shape of a *feeding sheep* is not the most pleasing, as its back and neck make a round heavy line, which in contrast only has its effect. To see a flock  
of



of sheep in their most picturesque form, we should see them *reposing* after their meal is over; and if they are in sunshine, they are still the more beautiful. In *reposing* they are generally better grouped, and their forms are more varied. Some are commonly standing, and others lying on the ground, with their little ruminating heads in various forms. And if the light be strong, it spreads over the whole one general mass; and is contrasted, at the same time, by a shadow equally strong, which the flock throws upon the ground. It may be observed also, that the fleece itself is well disposed to receive a beautiful effect of light. It does not indeed, like the smooth covering of hair, allow the eye to trace the muscular form of the animal. But it has a beauty of a different kind: the flakiness of the wool catches the light, and breaking it into many parts, yet without destroying the mass, gives it a peculiar richness.

We saw another circumstance also, in which sheep appear to advantage. The weather was sultry, the day calm, and the roads dusty. Along these roads we saw, once or twice, a flock of sheep driven, which raised a considerable cloud. As we were a little higher on the  
downs,

downs, and not annoyed by the dust, the circumstance was amusing. The beauty of the incident lay in the contrast between such sheep as were *seen perfectly*, and such as were *involved in obscurity*. At the same time the dust became a kind of harmonizing medium, which united the flock into one whole. It had the same effect on a group of animals, which a heavy mist, when partial, has on landscape. But though circumstances of this kind are pleasing in nature, we do not wish to see them imitated on canvas. They have been tried by Louthenberg, who with a laudable endeavour hath attempted many different *effects*; but I think in this he has failed. He has represented the dusty atmosphere of rapid wheels. But it is an incident that cannot be imitated: for as motion enters necessarily into the idea, and as you cannot describe motion, it is impossible to give more than half the idea. It is otherwise with vapour, which, from the *light mist* to the *sleeping fog*, is of a more permanent nature, and therefore more adapted to the pencil.

The only circumstance which can make a cloud of dust an object of imitation, is *distance*; as this gives it somewhat of a stationary appearance,

pearance. One of the grandest ideas of this kind, which I remember to have met with, may be found in Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

As Cyrus was approaching Artaxerxes over one of those vast plains which are often found in the east, a horseman, who had been making observations, returned at full speed, crying out to the troops, as he rode through them, that the enemy was at hand. Cyrus, not suspecting the king to be so near, was riding carelessly in his chariot; and the troops unarmed, were marching negligently over the plain. The prince, leaping from his chariot, presently armed himself, mounted his horse, called his generals around him, and drew up his troops. This was scarce done, when the historian tells us, "a white cloud was seen in the distant horizon spreading far and wide, from the dust raised by so vast a host. As the cloud approached, the bottom of it appeared dark and solid. As it still advanced, it was observed, from various parts, to gleam and glitter in the sun; and soon after, the ranks of horse and foot, and armed chariots, were distinctly seen\*."

\* As the translation is not *exactly* faithful, the critical reader may be better pleased perhaps with the greater simplicity of the original. *Εἰς τὴν Κονοπρίαν*, &c. p. 109, vol. i. Edit. Glasg.

The extended plains of Dorsetshire, however desolate they now appear, have once been busy scenes. The antiquarian finds rich employment among them for his curiosity. To follow him in quest of every heaving hillock, and to hear a discussion of conjectures about the traces of a Danish or a Roman mattoc, where the eye of common observation perceives no traces at all, might be tedious ; but he shews us several fragments of antiquity on these plains, which are truly curious ; and convinces us, that few places in England have been more considerable in Roman times than Dorchester. Poundbury and Maiden-castle, as they are called, are both extraordinary remains of Roman stations ; the latter especially, which encompasses a large space of ground. Numberless tumuli also are thrown up all over the downs. These were antiquities in the times even of the Romans themselves.

But the most valuable fragment on these plains, is a Roman amphitheatre, about half a mile from Dorchester. It is constructed only of earth ; but it is of so firm a texture, that it retains its complete form to this day. Its mounds are of immense thickness, and seem to be at least twenty feet high. The area contains

mains of any other that is well ascertain  
except that at Sylchester.

The situation of Dorchester is pleasant.  
stands on a high bank of the Frome, and  
surrounded with dry sheep-downs, on which  
however, the plough has lately made large  
crotchments. The town is clean, and  
built; and round it is a variety of pleasant  
which, to a certain degree, I think, shows  
ways engage the attention of the magistr

In the neighbourhood of Dorchester  
many gentlemen's seats, well worth  
The woody dips among these downy  
ford naturally very fine situations.  
one, however, which we regretted  
being able to see, was Milton-abbey, the  
Lord Milton, which lies about twelve  
from Dorchester. The day which  
laid out for seeing it was rainy, and  
not time to wait for a better. The  
feature of the landscape, we were  
valley winding among hills of various  
and covered with woods, which for  
vance boldly on projecting knolls;

“ columns. or other ornaments of architecture\*.”

On comparing the amphitheatre of Dorchester with this at Nice, we find the form of both exactly similar ; and no great difference in the size. The area of Maumbury is two hundred and eighteen feet, by a hundred and sixty-three. Dr. Stukely calculates, that it might have contained about thirteen thousand people. At Mrs. Canning’s execution, who was burnt in the middle of this amphitheatre for the murder of her husband, it is supposed to have contained in the area, and on the mounds, at least ten thousand spectators. It is surprising that Camden takes not the least notice of this singular piece of antiquity.

Dorchester, as we may judge from these noble remains, was a place of great consideration in Roman times. The works of Maiden-castle, supposed to be capable of receiving fifteen thousand men, shew plainly the consequence of this station in a military light ; and I know not, that the erection of an amphitheatre was thought necessary in any other part of Britain ; at least we have not, that I recollect, the re-

\* See Smollet’s Letters.

mains of any other that is well ascertained, except that at Sylchester.

The situation of Dorchester is pleasant. It stands on a high bank of the Frome, and is surrounded with dry sheep-downs, on which, however, the plough has lately made large encroachments. The town is clean, and well built; and round it is a variety of pleasant walks, which, to a certain degree, I think, should always engage the attention of the magistrate.

In the neighbourhood of Dorchester are many gentlemen's seats, well worth visiting. The woody dips among these downy hills afford naturally very fine situations. The only one, however, which we regretted our not being able to see, was Milton-abbey, the seat of Lord Milton, which lies about three miles from Dorchester. The day which we had laid out for seeing it was rainy, and we had not time to wait for a better. The capital feature of the landscape, we were told, is a valley winding among hills of various forms, and covered with woods, which sometimes advance boldly on projecting knolls; and sometimes

times retire in bays and recesses. We heard also the ruins of the abbey-church commended, as remains of the purest Gothic. All these materials are in a high degree picturesque; and if they are happily united, Milton-abbey must be a very interesting scene. To make a good picture, composition, however, is as necessary as pleasing objects.



## S E C T. XXXII.

**B**LANDFORD, our next stage, lies about sixteen miles from Dorchester; and, though not a place of such renowned antiquity, is, perhaps a still more agreeable town. It lies within a curve of the river Stour, and is pleasantly seated among meadows and woods. If a person wished to retire from business, where he might have the conveniences and pleasures of the town and country united, his choice might waver between Barnstaple, Dorchester, and Blandford. If he wished to be near the sea, he will find a pleasant sea-coast at Barnstaple. If airy downs, and open country pleased him, he might fix at Dorchester. But if he loved meadows and woodlands, he must make choice of Blandford.

This town has been twice burnt almost within the memory of man. The last fire, which was in the year 1731, destroyed it so completely, that only twenty-six houses remained standing. Here we cannot help bemoaning the singular fate of these western towns.

towns. This is the fourth of them we met with, (Dorchester, Crediton, and Honiton were the other three,) which have been totally, in a manner, destroyed by fire. To these might be added Wareham, and very lately Minehead.

Near Blandford stands Eastbury, the seat of Lord Melcombe; but it did not much attract our curiosity; as it is more celebrated for the splendor of the house than the scenery around it.

Brianston, Mr. Portman's seat, which is near the town, I suppose, is a much more pleasing place. We were not at his house; but saw enough of his woody hill, and the variety both of its steep and easy slopes, together with the vale and winding river, over which it hangs, to regret the closing in of the evening upon us, before we had finished our walk.

From Blandford the country still continues wild and uncultivated, yet full of antiquities; among which the most celebrated is the founda-

S: ETHELREDI, REGIS  
 ONUM, MARTYRIS, QUI  
 NI DCCCLXXII, XXIII. A  
 MANUS DANORUM PAG  
 CUBUIT.

The whole monument has a  
 was probably the production  
 than those of Alfred. Mr. G  
 did publication on sepulchra  
 poses from the form of the l  
 scription is not older than th  
 formation, which is perha  
 much too low, as other peo  
 carry it too high.

From Winborn we passed  
 barren, flat, unpleasant coun  
 lies about nine miles farth  
 unpleasant as it is, is rend  
 approach the town. Th  
 oozy, and when the tide e  
 pearance of a vast swamp  
 heathy flat before us unit  
 face. Nothing, under the  
 can be more disagreeable  
 flows, the view is somew

water covering the swamp gives some variety to the surface of a dead uninteresting flat.

Beyond the water appear the high lands of *the isle* of Purbeck, as it is called; though it is, in fact, only a vast promontory running eight or nine miles in the form of a peninsula along the coast. It is washed by the river Frome on one side, and by the sea on the other. Here are dug great quantities of that hard species of stone, which takes the name of the country, and is of such excellent use in paving. Here too are found marbles more beautiful than the marbles of Italy; but less valued, because more common. They are something like the marbles we admired at Plymouth\*; but I think more variegated. The veins, running on a brown ground, are white, red, and blue.

Seated high on one of the eminences of Purbeck, far to the west, we saw Corff-castle; but the distance was too great to distinguish its features clearly. The ruins of it are said to be the most considerable of the kind in England. It was reduced to this state by the parliament at the conclusion of the civil wars.

\* See page 203.

Vast piles of ruin were thrown  
ditch; but the immense massiveness  
the tenacity of the mortar, will  
them from any farther separation.  
Principal facts commemorated in  
castle, are the murder of Edward  
by Elfrida; the imprisonment of  
Second, till he was carried to  
confinement at Berkly-castle;  
siege it underwent in the civil war  
defended by Lady Banks (wife of  
Justice Banks, to whom it be-  
garrison only of forty men, and  
with artillery.

In the king's library in the British  
are a set of maps of the several  
England, which belonged to the  
leigh; and are rendered curious  
his notes and memoranda written  
margins. To the island of Portland  
to have paid great attention.  
it probably have a reference to the  
vasion. We are not to expect  
remarks from Lord Burleigh  
ations give us an idea of the coast.

“ land-bay he observes that forty boats may  
 “ land, but not without danger. At Swanage,  
 “ boats may land, and retreat at any time of  
 “ the tide. In this bay and Studland-bay, six  
 “ or seven hundred ships, of a thousand ton  
 “ burden, may ride safe in any wind. Along  
 “ this coast, for three miles, there is a good  
 “ landing. Shipman’s-pool is a creek, where  
 “ the enemy cannot land more than two or  
 “ three boats. Batterage-bay is full of rocks  
 “ and shelves. Such also are Worbarrow-bay,  
 “ Arestmifs, and Lullworth-cove. But in  
 “ Worbarrow-bay, and Shipman’s-pool, five  
 “ hundred sail of large ships may ride in al-  
 “ most every wind.”

Pool lies on a bay of the sea, which is very  
 intricate. The body of it is a large and com-  
 modious harbour; but it runs into many little  
 creeks and winding channels, which give it the  
 air of a water-labyrinth. When the tide flows,  
 the town appears encircled with water, and  
 looks like Venice. But the shores are so low,  
 especially about Brunsey-island, (which appears  
 only like a bank,) that there is little picturesque  
 scenery about the place. In some parts, when  
 the tide is full, and you can get a few trees  
 into the view, you have a tolerable Dutch  
 land-



landscape. In general, however, a  
 and that painter only, who can fill  
 foreground with figures, and man-  
 ages, can make a picture of it. B-  
 ers have the art of touching firm  
 landscape; though many have t-  
 to spoil their pictures by attempt-  
*general proportions* even of small  
 their graceful actions, (for there  
*picturesque grace*, of which even a  
 participate,) are very hard to hit.  
 of the difficulty from the few who  
 celled. Scot, who understood the  
 ship, and in his sea views could give  
 and water, not indeed the brilliancy  
 derveld, yet a clearness, which every  
 not attain, was very deficient in the  
 addition of figures. He could not  
 heads on their shoulders, nor han-  
 arms, nor set them on their legs, nor  
 an easy action. And yet a few  
 do all this — it is surprising how  
 those touches are well understood  
 veld could do it: Zeeman could  
 yet, perhaps, neither of these ma-  
 stood the anatomy of the human  
 ther of them, perhaps, could have

a leg or an arm with accuracy. But in drawing a small figure for a landscape, accuracy is not required ; it is enough to understand its *general proportion*, the *symmetry of its parts*, and the *effect of action*. To understand the *effect of action* is so exceedingly necessary, that nothing hurts the eye more, than to see a figure awkwardly using its arms and legs. Almost any eye can see the impropriety. In the management of small figures, I mentioned Callot (two of whose pictures we had seen at Longford-castle) among the most able masters\*. They who have not an opportunity of seeing his pictures, which are scarce, may observe the same skill in his prints ; and yet I should not care to mention this master as a perfect model ; because, with all his excellence, there is often a degree of affectation in his attitudes. If his figures had been large, the eye would have taken quick disgust ; but in a miniature, the exaggeration of posture is less striking.

Our route from Pool to Christ-church led us over a heath, wilder almost than any we had

\* See page 73.



yet found; but it scarcely ended in agreeable lanes, not unpleasant. At least with the country we had just seen pleasant appearance. Here, where an opening on the right, we had v sea, the Isle of Wight, and the Nees

From Christ-church we proceed mington, skirting the borders of . But as I have given an account o try in another work\*, I shall P here.

\* See Forest Scenery.

## S E C T. XXXIII.

**A**T Lymington we embarked for the Isle of Wight, and stood for Cowes. As we approached it, the shore soon began to form into two points of land; the nearer of which is defended by a small castle; the farther seemed high ground, and woody.

As we drew nearer, the bay began to open; and as we turned the castle-point, an ample road, well secured, lay before us full of large shipping. The town of Cowes occupied the two sides of the hill on the right and left. The harbour is a creek, running a considerable way into the country. It is formed by the river Medina, which comes down from the higher grounds, where the island swells into its greatest breadth, and is navigable as far as Newport, about six miles from the sea.

At Cowes we landed, intending to spend two or three days in the island, which we hoped would allow us sufficient time to examine its picturesque beauties.

The

The form of the Isle of Wight is that of an irregular lozenge. From the eastern point to the western, it ranges about twenty-three miles; from the northern to the southern about thirteen. Through the middle of it, in the longer direction, runs a track of high land, in some parts rather mountainous, but of the smooth downy kind, fit for the pasturage of sheep. From these high grounds we have every where a view of the island, and its boundaries, of the sea towards the south, and towards the north of the coast of Hampshire, from which the island is separated by a channel about five or six miles in breadth.

The shores of the island on the northern side fall almost every where to the water in easy declivities; except just at the western, or Needle point, where they are broken and precipitous. But all the *back of the island*, (as the southern coast is commonly called,) which is washed by the tides of the ocean, is worn bare to the naked rock, and is in most places bounded against the sea by steep cliffs. What depredation the waves, in a course of years, have made upon it, is evident from the fragments of rock which have tumbled from the undermined cliffs, and lie scattered along the shore.

shore. Many of them are far out at sea ; and at low water only, shew their heads above the waves. No part of the British coast is more dangerous to vessels ungoverned, and driving in the storm.

From Cowes our road led us first to Newport, along the course of the Medina ; which afforded many happy situations to those who are fortunate enough to have any of its more pleasing reaches within the view of their houses. A tide river has always its disadvantages ; but it has its advantages also. It is generally once or twice a day adorned with the white sails of little skiffs passing to and fro ; and at all times with boats or anchoring-barks, which have lost the tide, and wait for its return. These are picturesque circumstances, which an inland river cannot have.

Newport is the capital town in the island. It grew into repute from its situation on the Medina, after Carisbroke, the natural capital, was deserted. It is a large handsome town ; and its market is often a curiosity. As the island is so fertile, that it is supposed to produce seven or eight times more grain than  
its

its inhabitants consume, the  
 monly brought to Newport  
 and an hundred laden waggo  
 be seen ranged in double line  
 ket-place. The free-school  
 handsome room, about fifty f  
 looking into, as it received  
 than perhaps any school-room  
 When the commissioners from  
 treated with King Charles  
 Wight, this room was chosen  
 ence.

From Newport we proposed  
 of the northern coast, which  
 Cowes-point to St. Helen's,  
 contain the most beautiful p  
 This might be done in two  
 riding along the coast, and  
*ticular* place that was pointed  
 tiful; or by keeping along the  
 and taking a general view, of  
 ther. As we could not do bo  
 latter, and soon found we ha  
 judicious choice for the gro  
 rows in that part of the isla

tained a good idea of its *general scenery*. Mr. Grose's house at the Priory, and two or three other places, we could have wished to have examined more particularly; but as we should have been confined within hedges, we could have seen little *besides the places we immediately visited*. Of the *general appearance* of the landscape, on this side of the island, some account shall be given at the conclusion of our circuit round it.

Part of the high grounds, over which we passed, is called Ashy-down. On the loftiest summit of this ridge is placed a sea-mark. When ships are driven by the storm so near the southern coast of the island, as to lose sight of this mark of security, little hope of safety remains. It is hardly possible for them to avoid the rocks.

As the high grounds began to decline, we verged towards the southern part of the island, with an intention to take a view of its rocky boundaries. But we had not here the advantageous point of view, which we had on the other side. The rocky shores, which we wished to examine, can be seen no where properly, but from the sea. We could only, therefore, get a view of them from some particular stands,

x

which



which commanded a lengthened coast; and such stands occurred

From the high grounds we descended Sandown-bay, which lies on the coast and is the only part on this side supposed an enemy could effect a landing is defended by a fort which takes in from the bay. But the rocks soon continued the guardians of the coast almost uninterrupted chain from the very western point of the island

Among the curious parts of the scenery, we were carried to Sandown a vast chasm winding between two mountains, more than a mile into the interior, where the chasm opens to the sea, upon a bay where generally a boat or two lie, and the fisherman's hut stands half way up the precipice. Both sides of the chasm are covered with rock, and both with wood, presenting a picturesque scene: but the beauty of the dells of a mountain where the wood is commonly more rocks more adorned, and more where a stream, pouring over

or falling down a cascade, adds the melody of sound, to the beauty of the scene.

Near Shanklin-chine, Mr. Stanley built a cottage among the rocks, where he enjoyed the sea-breezes in the heat of summer. It is called *Steepbill*; and is built on a ledge of rock between the upper-cliffs and the sea. The view in front is not unpleasing. It is a sort of wild rocky valley, about half a quarter of a mile across, hanging over the sea; which appears abruptly beyond it, without the intervention of any middle ground. It exhibits generally a moving picture, presenting the track which ships, coasting the island, commonly take.

As it is a *bird's-eye* view, many of these vessels, especially of the smaller size, appear with their masts and sails considerably *below the horizon*. I mention this circumstance, because in a picture such representations are rather unpleasing. In representing a view of this kind, therefore, the painter (if under a necessity to paint it) should always wish to remove the vessels he introduces so far into distance, as to raise their masts above the horizon.



zon\*. The larger the vessel is, the nearer of course she may approach the eye. In the *variety and motion of natural views*, we are not so much hurt with these circumstances, which have a bad effect in painting; and yet a *bird's-eye view on water*, is always less pleasing than *on land*; as the variety of ground is more amusing in itself than water, and as it carries off the perspective better. The *grandeur*, which an *extensive view of the ocean* presents, is a different idea: we are speaking here only of its *beauty*. If we restrict the masts of ships, however, from appearing *below the horizon*, we object not to boats and birds in that situation. The boat either fishing or in motion, the wheeling gull, or the lengthened file of sea-fowl, appear often to great advantage *against the bosom of the sea*; and being marked with a few strong touches, contribute to throw the ocean into perspective.

But though the *situation of Undercliff or Steepbill* is pleasing, we could not say much for what is called the *cottage*. It is covered indeed with thatch; but that makes it no more a cot-

\* See this subject treated more at large in the *Forest Scenery*, vol. ii. p. 115.

tage, than ruffles would make a clown a gentleman, or a meally hat would turn a laced beau into a miller. We every where see the appendages of junket and good living. Who would expect to find a fountain bubbling up under the windows of a *cottage*, into an elegant carved shell to cool wine? The thing is beautiful; but out of place. The imagination does not like to be jolted in its sensations from one idea to another; but to go on quietly in the same track, either of *grandeur* or *simplicity*. Easy contrasts it approves; but violent interruptions it dislikes.

Pleasing ideas, no doubt, may be executed under the form of a cottage; but to make them *pleasing*, they should be *harmonious*. We sometime see the *cottage idea* carried so far, as to paste ballads on the walls with good effect. But we need not restrict what may be called the *artificial cottage* to so very close an imitation of the *natural one*. In the *inside* certainly it may admit much greater neatness and convenience; though even here every ornament that approaches *splendor*, should be rejected. Without too, though the roof be thatched, we may allow it to cover two stories;

and if it project somewhat effect may be better. We fashed windows ; but they and if you wish for a vestibule, brick porch, with a plain neat roof allow. We often see the front of covered with what is called rough has a good effect ; and this may be a yellowish tinge mixed with lime more pleasing than the cold raw and ashes. But if in the front stonework, under the denomination archetrave, or ornament of any kind much.

The ground about a cottage should be artless. There is no occasion but artless. There is no occasion bages in the front. The garden moved out of sight ; but the lawn up to the door, should be grazed mown. The funk-fence, the painted rail, are ideas alien to The broad gravel walk too we and in its room with only for fected one.

These things being considered haps, be a more difficult thing to

with all its proper uniformities, than is commonly imagined; inasmuch as it may be easier to introduce the elegances of art, than to catch the pure simplicity of nature.

From Steeplehill we visited a scene of a very different kind, Sir Richard Worsley's seat at Appuldercomb. Here every thing was *uniformly grand*. The house is magnificent, and it is magnificently furnished. Enriched ceilings, a few good pictures, costly hangings, shewy carpets, Gobelin chairs, and large pier-glasses, all correspond; and yet not in any expensive profusion\*.

The grounds too, which were more the objects of our curiosity, are laid out in a stile of greatness equal to the mansion. A woody scene rising behind, is a beautiful back-ground to the house, as well as an excellent shelter from the north. In front is spread a magnificent lawn, or rather a park, (for it is furnished with deer,) well varied, and not ill-planted, stretching far and wide. Its boundary, in one

\* Since this has been written, I am told, the house is adorned with some curious pieces of Greek antiquities.

part, is confined, at the distance of  
miles, by a hill running out like a  
tortoise; whose continuous horizontal  
surface does not hurt the eye, if it were not crowned  
by a castle. This object seems well executed  
and certainly well placed. Views of the  
various parts of the island, are  
opened from all the higher grounds  
about the house.

of about tw  
ke a prom  
al ridge mig  
owned with  
ecuted, and  
the sea, as  
e judicious  
nds about th

SECT



## S E C T. XXXIV.

**F**ROM this scene of magnificence in splendor, we visited another of magnificence in ruin. This was Carisbroke-castle, an object perhaps the best worth seeing of any in the island. Instead of passing on therefore to the Needle-cliffs, which remained yet unseen, we returned to Newport, which lies within a short walk of the castle.

Carisbroke-castle stands on elevated ground, nearly in the centre of the island. It is a fortress of great antiquity. Its towers and battlements have been the care of several princes through a long series of years; and we easily mark the style of different ages, not only from the dates, and arms, which are placed in various parts of the castle, but also in the mode of building. Its latest works have the air of modern fortification. They are constructed of earth, faced with stone, and are carried round the castle as an outwork; forming a circumference of about a mile and a half. What is properly called the castle, stands on somewhat less



less than two acres of land. It is difficult on the spot to *comprehend* the various parts of this complicated fortress; to *describe* it would be impossible. Some of the more remarkable parts are commonly shewn. We were carried to see Montjoy's tower; the walls of which are eighteen feet thick. We were conducted also to the top of the Keep; from whence we discovered the sea in the three directions of north, south, and east. On the west, a hill intercepted it. We were shewn also a well as curious for its *depth*, as the Keep is for its *height*; and were desired to listen to the echoes and *lengthened sound*, which even a pin makes when thrown into it. There lived lately an appendage to this well, which deserved notice also. It was an ass, which had drawn water patiently from it, through the space of forty years.

Carisbroke-castle was once the residence of the princes of the country; and afterwards of appointed governors, when the island became annexed to the crown. As the inhabitants had not that ready access to justice, which other parts of the kingdom had, they sometimes smarted under the despotic power of their governors. Remonstrances were often made to the  
the

the crown ; but it seems to have been a maxim of state, especially during the reign of the Tudors, to strengthen, rather than abridge the power of governors in the remoter provinces ; and though it was not always a maxim of justice, it was probably a maxim of good policy. On the borders of Scotland we have many instances of this delegated tyranny.

But though the governors of the island were sometimes apt to over-rule law themselves ; they were careful not to let the inhabitants feel vexations of any law, but their own. For this reason they would never suffer an attorney to settle in the island. In the Oglander family are preserved some memoirs of the country, written by Sir John Oglander, one of their ancestors, in which we are told, that in the reign of Elizabeth, when Sir George Cary was governor of the island, an attorney came sneaking into it, with a view to settle. Sir George hearing of him had him apprehended ; and ordering bells to be fastened about his legs, and a lighted firebrand tied to his back, he turned him loose to the populace, who hunted him out of the island \*.

\* See Sir R. Worsley's Account of the Isle of Wight,

Adjoining to Carisbroke castle domain, called Parkhurst, or Carisbroke. It contains about three thousand acres, and must have been, when its woods were more extensive, a very beautiful. It is now almost all a park, but we saw its elegant lines with the eye, as if it had been adorned with sylvan drapery. The deer, its ornaments, are now nearly extinct; but the park is still improved by sheep, and little groups of wild geese are not less ornamental.

The great historical circumstance connected with Carisbroke-castle, is its having been the scene of distressed majesty. Many authors have written on this subject, the noble historians have told us. He is called the unhappy Charles. But in an account of his relation of the unhappy Charles, collected by an ancestor of the family, and printed, though some circumstances with regard to him are mentioned, which had not been mentioned of Lord Clarendon.

That historian tells us, through the misfortune of Prince Charles, the power of Prince threw the power of Colonel Hammond, then governor of the Isle of

mond, however, seems to have been a man of humanity; and while his hands were untied, was disposed to shew the king every civility in his power. Charles took his exercise on horseback, where he pleased; though his motions were probably observed; and, as the parliament had granted him five thousand pounds a year, he lived a few months in something like royal state.

But this liberty was soon abridged: his chaplains and servants were first taken from him; then his going abroad in the island gave offence; and soon after, his intercourse with any body, but those set about him. So solitary were his hours, during a great part of his confinement, that as he was one day standing near the gate of the castle, with Sir Philip Warwick, he pointed to an old decrepid man walking across one of the courts, and said, that man is sent every morning to light my fire; and is the best companion I have had for many months.

All this severe usage Charles bore with patience and equanimity, and endeavoured as much as possible to keep his mind employed. He had ever been impressed with serious thoughts of religion, which his misfortunes had

now

now strengthened and com-  
 meditation, and reading to  
 his great consolation. The  
 brought with him into the  
 on religious subjects ; or  
 Among them was Hooker's  
 This book, it is probable, he  
 great attention ; as it relate  
 tional questions of that time  
 was better versed. In his fl  
 find also two books of a  
 Jerusalem, and Spencer's  
 Charles had *acted* with as  
 he *read*, and had shewn as m  
 life, as he had *taste in the a*  
 figured among the greatest  
 lover of picturesque beauty,  
 spect this amiable prince, n  
 political weakneffes. We m  
 in England, whose genius ar  
 elevated and exact. He saw  
 enlarged point of view. T  
 his court were a model of c  
 rope ; and his cabinets we  
 only of what was exquisite  
 painting. None but men o  
 their profession found end

him; and these abundantly. Jones was his architect, and Vandyck his painter. Charles was a scholar, a man of taste, a gentleman, and a christian; he was every thing but a king. The *art of reigning* was the *only art* of which he was ignorant.

But though a love for the arts, we see, has no connection with *political wisdom*; yet we cannot so easily give up its tendency to *meliorate the heart*. This effect we may *presume at least* it had on Charles.

To this supposition in favour of the arts, it is objected, that we often see among professional men very abandoned libertines. But I should here wish to suggest a distinction between an *innate love for what is beautiful*, and that sort of *mechanical turn*, which can happily delineate, colour, and express, an object of beauty. The one is seated in the *heart*, and the other in the *eye and in the fingers*. The *mechanical man*, merely following his profession, is governed by no idea, but that of enriching himself. It is not the love of beauty with which he is smitten, but the love of money. He paints a picture with as little enthusiasm, as a blacksmith shoes a horse. All this is sordid. Whereas the true admirer of art feels his mind thoroughly  
 3 impressed



impressed with the *love of beauty* reported with it in nature; and in art, the substitute of natural beauty may exist without a fullness of the images it excites. It may be strongly perhaps for being a conception of genius never in their being embodied. The *original* is always below the *original*.

The beautiful forms of nature impressed on the mind, give it happiness, from the habit of beauty the habit of seeking always for and making even displeasing by throwing on them such conceptions, as improve their defects for beauty is not immediately moral ideas, we may at least soften the mind, and puts it to receive them. "An intimate acquaintance with the works of art and the most beautiful and amiable agreeable writer,) harmonizes the temper, opens and extends the nation, and disposes to the views of mankind and Providence considering nature in this favorable light."

“ view, the heart is dilated, and filled with  
 “ the most benevolent sentiments: and then  
 “ indeed the secret sympathy and connection  
 “ between the feelings of natural and moral  
 “ beauty, the connection between a good taste  
 “ and a good heart, appears with the greatest  
 “ lustre \*.”

We left the unhappy Charles, who occasioned these remarks, in one of the gloomy mansions of Carisbroke-castle, amusing his solitary hours with Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and Spencer's Fairy Queen. His exercise was now much abridged. He was skilled in horsemanship, and fond of riding. But as this was refused, he spent two or three hours every morning in walking on the ramparts of the castle. Here he enjoyed at least a fine air, and an extensive prospect; though every object he saw, the flocks straying carelessly on one side, and the ships sailing freely on the other, put him in mind of that liberty, of which he was so cruelly deprived.

In the mean time, he was totally careless of his person. He let his beard and his hair grow, and was inattentive to his dress. “ They

\* Gregory's Compar. View, p. 236.



“ who had seen him.” (sa  
 “ a year before, thought h  
 “ tremely altered; his hair  
 “ appearance very different  
 “ been.”

There is a picture of him which the distresses of his characterised on his countenance is represented delivering him may be supposed to contain features were always composed here they are heightened air, and yet they are marked and fortitude. It is a very a it brings strongly before us amiable prince, on the most his life. It is painted so much of Vandyck, that it might for one of his best pictures tainly painted by Sir Peter after Vandyck, when he first land. Vandyck died in the was before the troubles of C During the time of his Carisbroke-castle, three attacked chiefly by the gentlemen of cue him. Lord Clarendon

of two of them; but a third, which he had heard of, he supposes to have been a mere fiction. As it is mentioned, however, in the Worley papers, with every mark of authenticity, and as one of the principal conductors of it was a gentleman of that family, there seems to be little doubt of its being a fact. The following is an abstract of it.

By a correspondence privately settled with some gentlemen in the island, it was agreed, that the king should let himself down by a cord from a window in his apartment. A swift horse, with a guide, were to wait for him at the bottom of the apartments; and a vessel in the offing was to be ready to convey him where he pleased. The chief difficulty in the scheme was in the first step. The associating gentlemen were doubtful how the king should get through the iron bars of his window. But Charles assured them, he had tried the passage, and did not doubt but it was sufficiently large. All things, therefore, were now prepared, the hour was come, and the secret sign thrown up to the king's window, Charles being ready, began the attempt; but he soon found he had made a false calculation. Having protruded his head and shoulders, he could get no far-

ther; and what was worse, his exertions thus far, he could not get back. His friends at the bottom groan in his distress, but were unable to help him. At length, however, he got himself disengaged; but in time no farther attempt. Afforded to saw the bars of his prison, and another scheme was laid. Particulars of this, Lord Clarendon

The treaty at Newport soon which Charles was seized brought thither he met Mr. Worthington gentlemen who had risked his Carisbroke. Charles wrung affection, and pulling his pocket, gave it to him, saying "my gratitude has to give."

This watch is still preserved. It is of silver, large and clumsy. The case is neatly ornamented but the movements are of very bad workmanship, and wound up with iron. These particulars merely observing, that the arts do not flourish in companies together so

often represented. At the time when this clumsy piece of mechanism was made, which we may suppose was the work of the best artist of his day, architecture and painting were at a height, which they have never exceeded. The case seems to be this; when art has a model before it, (as painting has nature, and architecture the Grecian orders,) it soon arrives at perfection. But such arts as depend on invention, science, and mechanic skill, work their way but slowly in a country \*.

From Caribroke-castle we proposed to visit the western parts of the island, and took our course, as before, along the higher grounds, through the middle of the country. Our road led us near Swanston, the seat of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, which seems to be a pleasant scene: and afterwards near Westover-lodge, the habitation of Mr. Holmes, where we observed nothing very interesting.

\* In the year 1793, on digging a grave in the church of Newport, a leaden coffin was found, with this inscription: ELISABETH, 2d DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING CHARLES, DECEASED SEP 8th, MDCI.

A little stream, which we c  
down the northern coast, for  
a few miles below, one of the  
bours in the island. The str  
of a considerable town are h  
scarce a house is standing.  
planned and never built, or w  
stroyed and never restored, see  
of uncertainty. It is the gene  
it was burnt in some Danish in  
being represented in parliame  
to indicate its having had a  
existence.

From hence we proceeded  
where Henry VIII. built a cast  
entrance through the Needles,  
of Wight and the coast of Hamp  
coast stands Hurst, another c  
that at Yarmouth.

Here the island draws near  
The extreme part of it is almost  
the main body by a creek, which  
Yarmouth almost to the oppos  
narrow isthmus is called Fresh-v

we found ourselves among rocks and precipices of wonderful height, and had from this stand a view of an extended range of chalky cliffs, running along the southern coast of the island. Here too we found a perforated cave; which in some positions makes a picturesque foreground, while the sea appearing through it, has a good effect.



## S E C T. XXXV.

WE had now taken a view of  
from one end to the other,  
whole, found ourselves rather dis-  
the chief object of our pursuit, w  
picturesque beauty of its scenery.

*Picturesque beauty* is a phrase b  
derstood. We precisely mean by  
of beauty which *would look wel*  
Neither grounds laid out by art,  
by agriculture, are of this kind.  
Wight is, in fact, a large garden  
field, which in every part has be  
by the spade, the coulter, and the  
abounds much more in tillage t  
tillage; and of all species of cultiv  
lands are the most unpicturesque.  
larity of corn-fields disgusts; and t  
corn, especially near harvest, is out  
every thing else.

Yet these *manufactured scenes* ar  
thought to be *picturesque*. You r  
description of the beauties of the

which some of its *artificial appendages* do not make a part of the landscape. And in *poetry* all these circumstances appear with advantage :

Sometimes walking, not unseen,  
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green :  
While the plowman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land ;  
And the milk-maid singing blithe ;  
And the mower whets his scythe.

But however pleasing all this may be in poetry, on canvass, hedge-row elms, furrowed lands, meadows adorned with milk-maids, and hay-fields adorned with mowers, have a bad effect.

In considering the Isle of Wight in a picturesque light, we divide it into three kinds of landscape, the *high grounds*, the *lower cultivated parts*, and the *rocky scenes*.

The *high grounds*, which, as we just observed, run from the eastern to the western point, through the middle of the island, are the only parts of the country which are in a state of nature ; and yet even these are not wholly so : for large farms have, in many parts, made incroachments upon them, and cut them into squares by regular hedges, and inclosed sheep-walks. Sometimes, however, from these heights, we are able to obtain a sweep of country, uncumbered



cumbered with the intrusions  
Caribroke-forest particularly,  
together, we see nothing like cu

But still the best of these vi  
more than what may be calle  
*grounds*. Of *distant country* we  
thing in a grand stile, notwith  
vation. In some parts we find  
the higher grounds into woody  
other parts distances of a few  
over the country below, but  
remote enough to assume grand

A distance must stretch awa  
from the eye; it must consist  
*mediate parts*; it must be enric  
*objects*, which lose by degrees al  
tinctness; and finally perhaps to  
purple mountains, or perhaps  
blue mists of ether, before  
to the character of *grandeur*.  
scenes presented to us from the l  
tic, and the hills of Quantoc \*.  
had nothing of this kind. I  
could not afford them. Son

\* See pages 149 and 161.

when the foregrounds were happily disposed with the sea beyond them, we got a grand and simple sea-view, *grander* perhaps than the distances I have just been alluding to, as consisting of *fewer parts*; but for that reason less *beautiful* and *amusing*.

The northern coast between Cowes and St. Helen's is generally considered as the most beautiful part of the island; and it presents, no doubt, many lawns and woods, and a variety of ground, which must be ever pleasing: but still we have only little, pleasant, pastoral scenes; and these but seldom in any perfection; for as the whole county is under the discipline of cultivation, the picturesque eye is every where more or less offended.

To this may be added, that there is a great deficiency of wood. Though here and there a few plantations about improved scenes, make a contrast with the lawns they adorn; the country, in general is naked; and yet even so late as in Charles II.'s time, there were woods in the island so complete and extensive, that it is said a squirrel might have travelled in several parts, many leagues together, on the tops of the trees. These woods, however, are now almost universally cut down.

But

But it is said, the island does much on its *home scenery*. Its view of the channel and the Hampshire coast. These views, however, are far from most beautiful of their kind, and not so beautiful than we had expected to see. They want the great ingredients of a *coast view*, a *variety of line*, and a *distance*. Either of these ingredients is a foundation for beauty; but here they are wanting.

In the first place, a *variety of line*. The line of the opposite coast runs generally a straight unbroken course for many miles. At least it appears to deviate so little from a straight line, that the deviation is lost as the true beautiful *coast line* breaks up into various irregular curves, forming either rocky projections, or ample bays from the eye in winding perspective. The ideas we had unhappily at this time of the Bristol channel, having just left the shores of the Hampshire coast, gave additional tameness to the view.

But an *extent of country* might have made some amends for the want of *variety in the lines*. We had, however, no more of this circumstance than the other. The whole length of the coast presents only a narrow edging of land. Whenever you hear the beauties of it mentioned, you always hear *places named*; but never a *country described*. You are never told, for instance, that the country forms some ample vale, with wooded hills winding on each side; or that the scene at first is woody, beyond which the country retires into remote distance. Nothing of this kind you hear; for nothing of this kind exists. Instead of this beautiful scenery, you are informed, you may see Portsmouth, and Gosport, and Lymington, and a number of other places, which lie near the shore. And so you may with a good glass; for it is the custom of the Island always to contemplate landscape through a telescope.

There are indeed times when views on this coast are grander than can be exhibited in any part of the world. When the navy of England is forming a rendezvous at Spithead, or waiting for a wind at St. Helen's, every curious person, who loves a grand sight, would wish for a stand on the island-coast. And indeed the eastern



eastern end of it is generally entertained for some exhibition of this kind, even in peace; for though a fleet of thirty sail of the line is not continually riding the coast, yet generally, either some war, or two or three frigates, are passing re-passing from Portsmouth-harbour, on a cruise, or returning from one.

These are fights with which the coasts of the island are not often enlivened. The telescope there is seldom levelled at the ships of the line. Sometimes a frigate, with a fair wind, or an Indian ship, lead through the Needles, and attract the attention of the western islanders; on the side of the coast they must generally be seen with views adorned with skiffs, pinnaces, and fleets of whiting-fishers. If, however, they will be content to substitute the appearance of the room of the *grand*, they have no other nutter appendages the advantage of their neighbours.

Having thus considered the big game grounds of the Isle of Wight, we return to its rocky scenery. This is seldom a

the scenes of the island, as it is seldom seen from any part of it. Sometimes you may get a perspective view of a range of rocky-coast; but in general the rocks of the island make a shew only at sea\*; and there they are *grand*, rather than *picturesque*. Their *beight* gives them grandeur, some of them rearing themselves six hundred feet above the level of the water. Their *extent* also is magnificent, as they range in some places perhaps a dozen miles along the coast. But their *form* and *colour* unite in injuring their beauty.

With regard to their *form*, instead of presenting those noble masses, and broad surfaces of projecting rocks, which we see along many of the coasts of England, they are broken and crumbled into minute parts. The chalky substance, of which they are constructed, has not consistence to spread into an ample surface. It shivers too much. If I were to describe these rocks therefore in two words, I should call them *magnificently little*. This, however, is a disadvantage only on the *foreground*. *At sea* all these frittered parts dissolve away, and are melted by distance into broad surfaces.

\* See page 306.

But

But here again the *colour* offends. These cliffs are not chalk, yet are so like chalk, that the fossilist hardly knows what else to call them. The painter is in the same dilemma. He finds them not white, but so nearly white, that he hardly knows what other colour to give them. Nature has, in many parts, spread over them a few stains and tints, as she seems always studious to remove an offensive glare. But on so large a surface, this has but a partial effect; and the whole coast, for many leagues together, appears nearly white. Now of all hues the painter dislikes white the most; as it is the most refractory and unaccommodating to his other tints. Of course, therefore, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight offend him.

From this uniformity of colour, the rocks of Allum-bay should be excepted; the strata of which are tinted, and marbled with red, brown, blue, and other colours, in a beautiful manner. This bay is nearly opposite to Hurst-castle, and is the most western inlet, which is formed on the northern side of the island.

There is one circumstance belonging to the western rocks of the Isle of Wight, which,  
though

though but a trifling one, is of a picturesque nature, and ought, therefore, to be mentioned. At periodical seasons, they are frequented with prodigious flights of sea-fowl of various kinds. Their numbers can only be described by the hyperbolical expression of *darkening the air*. They sit commonly, when they are not in motion, on the ledges of the cliffs; in the cranies of which they breed. You see them ranged in black files through a considerable space. The report of a gun brings them all out of their recesses; and the air, which a moment before was still and quiet, is now beaten with myriads of busy wings, and filled with screams and cries as various as the several tribes from which they issue. “ We have often rested on  
 “ our oars under the rocks,” (says Mr. Pennant, with much descriptive elegance,) “ attentive to  
 “ the sounds above our heads, which, mixed  
 “ with the solemn roar of the waves swelling  
 “ into the vast caverns beneath, and retiring  
 “ from them, produced a fine effect. The sharp  
 “ note of the sea-gull, the loud scream of the  
 “ awk, together with the hoarse, deep, periodical croak of the cormorant, which serves  
 “ as a base to the rest, often furnished us with



“ a concert, and, joined with the wild scenery  
 “ that surrounded us, afforded us a high degree  
 “ of pleasure.” But it is not, I think, from  
*novelty*, to which Mr. Pennant ascribes it, that  
 the pleasure arises. These notes, though dis-  
 cordant in themselves, are in perfect harmony  
 with the wild scenes where they are heard ;  
 and this makes them chiefly interesting. In  
 the views, therefore, of this rocky coast, these  
 flights of birds should never be forgotten, as  
 they may well be numbered among its pictu-  
 resque appendages.

Neither fish nor fowl can haunt a coast, but  
 the inhabitants find some means of turning  
 them to advantage. These airy inmates of such  
 cliffs and precipices as hang beetling many fa-  
 thoms above the sea, one should imagine might  
 pass their lives in full security. But man, with  
 the hand of art, contrives to reach them. He  
 fixes an iron crow firm in the ground, and  
 tying a rope tight to it, he lets himself down  
 with a basket in his hand, among the middle  
 regions of the cliffs, where the fowls inhabit.  
 So bold and sudden an invasion frights them  
 immediately from their recesses. With a watch-  
 ful eye he examines the parts of the rock  
 from

from which they chiefly escape; and scrambling about by the help of his rope, he fills his basket with their eggs, for which he can always find a ready market.

These birds also furnish *amusement* to all the neighbouring country. In summer, a number of shooting parties are formed both by land and sea; and when the weather is fine, you can seldom fail past without falling in with some of them.

That man has a right to destroy such animals as are *noxious* to him is undoubted. That he has a right also over the lives of such animals as are *useful* to him for food and other necessities, is equally unquestioned. But whether he has a right to destroy life for his *amusement*, is another question. If he is determined to *act the tyrant*, (that is, to consider *power* as conferring *right*,) the point is decided. Power he certainly has. But if he wish to act on authorized and equitable principles, let him just point out the passage in his charter of rights over the brute creation, which gives him the liberty of destroying life for his *amusement* \*.

I shall

\* On Noah, and in him on all mankind,

The charter was conferred, by which we hold

I shall conclude these remarks on the numerous flights of sea-fowl, with a passage from Vaillant's Travels in Africa, which is the curious of the kind I have met with. On landing on Dassen island, at the mouth of the Aldanha-bay, near the cape of Good Hope, he tells us, "there rose suddenly from the whole surface of the island an immense flock, or rather a sky, composed of birds of every species and of all colours, cormorants, sea-gulls, sea-swallows, pelicans, &c. I believe all the winged tribe of Africa were here assembled. All their voices united together, formed such horrid music, that I was every moment obliged to cover my head to give a

The flesh of animals in fee; and claim  
O'er all we feed on, power of life and death.  
But read the instrument, and mark it well.  
The oppression of a tyrannous control  
Can find no warrant there.

I would not enter on my list of friends  
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense  
Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,  
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
Else they are all — the meanest things that are —  
As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
As God was free to form them at the first,  
Who in his sovereign wisdom made them all.

relief

relief to my ears. The alarm which we  
 spread was the more general among these  
 legions of birds, as we principally disturbed  
 the females who were then sitting. They  
 had nests, eggs, and young to defend. They  
 were like furious harpies let loose against us.  
 They often flew so near us, that they flap-  
 ped their wings in our faces; and though  
 we fired repeatedly, we could not frighten  
 them. It seemed almost impossible to dis-  
 perse the cloud. We could not move a step  
 without crushing either eggs or young ones.  
 The earth was entirely strewed with them."

There is, besides these flights of birds, ano-  
 ther picturesque circumstance frequently seen  
 on the coasts of the Isle of Wight, which may  
 be mentioned, though it is a dreadful one,  
 that of shipwrecks. As the distresses of man-  
 kind furnish the choicest subjects for dramatic  
 scenes, so do they often for painting. And  
 among these, no marine subject is equal to a  
 shipwreck in the hands of a master. I put it  
 into the hands of a master, because I have more  
 frequently seen this subject mismanaged than  
 any other. A winter seldom passes in which

the inhabitants of these dangerous coasts are not called together to see some dreadful event of this kind. Long experience has taught them to judge, when the mischief is inevitable. They see that every wave, which beats over the perishing vessel, drives her nearer some reef of rocks, well known to them, though the seaman knows it not. Signals can be of no use; yet they make what signals they can to point out the danger. In a short moment the dreadful crash arrives. The labouring vessel, now beating among the rocks, gives way in every part; and the hospitable islanders, very unlike their neighbours on the Cornish coast, have nothing left but to do every thing in their power to save the miserable people, and recover what they can from the wreck.

Having now finished our view of the Isle of Wight, we returned from the rocks of Freshwater to Yarmouth, where we took boat for Lymington.

## S E C T. XXXVI.

IT has long been a question among naturalists, whether the Isle of Wight was ever joined to the coast of Hampshire? Its western point has greatly the appearance of having been torn and convulsed. Those vast insulated rocks, called the *Needles*, seem plainly to have been washed away from the shores of the island. One of them, which was known by the name of *Lot's Wife*, a tall spiral rock, was undermined and swallowed up by the sea not many years ago; and there is every probability that the rest will follow.

What renders this separation of the island from the main still more probable is, that the sea makes yearly depredations along that part of the Hampshire coast called *Hordle-cliff*, which is just opposite to the *Needles*. It has been observed too, that there are chalk-rocks at the bottom of the water, exactly like the *Needles*, all along the channel towards Christchurch.

The best *recorded authority* which we have of this early union between the Isle of Wight

and the main, is given us by Diodorus Siculus. This writer, speaking of the tin trade in Britain, informs, us, that the people of Cornwall brought this metal to a certain island called *Iethis*, for the sake of its being more easily transported from thence to the Continent; into which island they carried it in carts, when the tide ebbed; for *Iethis*, he says, was only an island at full sea\*.

By *Iethis*, it is supposed, Diodorus meant the Isle of Wight, the ancient name of which was *Vethis*, a name nearly similar. This opinion however has been opposed by some; and particularly by Mr. Borlase in his Antiquities of Cornwall, who rather supposes the *Iethis* of Diodorus to be some island, though he does not well settle where, upon the coast of Cornwall. But Mr. Whitaker, in his History of Manchester, has brought forward the old opinion again with new authority.

If, then this supposition is at length well grounded, we may gather from it these points of information, that the Isle of Wight was once a vast promontory, running out into the sea, like the Isle of Purbeck at this time; that

\* Lib. iv. p. 301. ed. Hen. Stev.

it was then united solidly to the coast of Hampshire at its western point, and in all other parts surrounded by the sea; but that about two thousand years ago, (which is somewhat before the time of Diodorus,) the sea had gained so far upon it, that it became insular and peninsular, according to the flux and reflux of the tide, till at length the sea, gaining still farther possession, formed it, as it is at present, into an absolute island.

As we entered Lymington-river, we found a fresh proof of the probability of the ancient union between Vectis and the main. The tide was gone, and had left vast stretches of ooze along the deserted shores. Here we saw lying on the right, a huge stump of a tree, which our boatman informed us had been dragged out of the water. He assured us also, that roots of oaks, and other trees, were often found on these banks of mud, which seems still to strengthen the opinion that all this part of the coast, now covered with the tide, had once been forest-land.



## S E C T. XXXVII.

**F**ROM Lymington we proceeded to Southampton; but all this part of the country, through New-Forest, as far as to the bay of Southampton, hath been examined in another work\*.

At Redbridge we crossed the river, which flows into Southampton-bay, over a long wooden bridge and causeway, sometimes covered by the tide. Ships of considerable burden come up as far as this bridge, where they take in timber from New-Forest, and other commodities.

A little beyond Redbridge, at a place called Milbroke, a beautiful view opens of Southampton. Before us lay Southampton-bay, spreading into a noble surface of water. The town runs out like a peninsula on the left, and with its old walls and towers, makes a picturesque appearance. On the right, forming the other side of the bay, appear the skirts of New-

\* Forest Scenery.

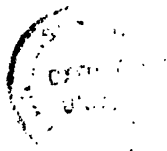
I.

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akes a pictu-  
t, forming the  
skirts of New

Forst





Forest, and the opening in front is filled with a distant view of the Isle of Wight.

Southampton is an elegant well-built town. It stands on the confluence of two large waters; and when the tide is full, is seated on a peninsula. It is a town of great antiquity, and still preserves its respectable appendages of ancient walls and gates. The country around is beautiful.

At Southampton we took boat to see the ruins of Netley-Abbey, which lie about three miles below on the bay. As we approached, nothing could be seen from the water; the bank is high and woody, and screens every thing beyond it. Having landed and walked up the meadows about a quarter of a mile, we entered a circular valley, which seems to be a mile in circumference, and is screened with wood on every side \*, except that which opens to a part of the river, and which has probably once been wooded also. In a dip, near the centre of this valley, stands Netley-Abbey. As you approach it, you see buildings only of the most ordinary species, gable-ends and square

\* I believe much of this wood is now cut down.

walls,

walls, without any ornament, except a few heavy buttresses.

You enter a large square, which was formerly known by the name of the Fountain court. The side on which you enter seems to have been once chambered, and divided into various offices. Such also was the left side of the court, where the bakery and ovens may still be traced. But in general, whatever the rooms have been which occupied these two sides, the traces of them are very obscure. On the third side, opposite to the entrance, the court is bounded by the south wall of the great church; and along the fourth side range different apartments, which are the most perfect of any that remain in this whole mass of ruins.

The first you enter seems to have been a dining-hall. It is twenty-five paces long and nine broad, and has been vaulted, and chambered above. Adjoining to it, on the right, are the pantry and kitchen. You still see in the former the aperture, or buttery-hatch through which victuals were conveyed into the hall. The kitchen of Netley Abbey is inferior to that of Glastonbury, but is a spacious and lofty vaulted room; and what is peculiar, from one side of it leads a subterraneous passage to the river, which some imagine to have been a com-





mon sewer, but it is too ample, I suppose, to have been intended for

At the other end of the passage, I pass through a small vaulted chapter-house, that passes through a small vaulted room, which is ten paces square, and room is beautifully proportioned, on each side by three arches, which at the top in ribs, support a vaulted roof. This adjoin two smaller rooms, from there is an entrance to the great church cross aisle.

The great church has been a very piece of Gothic architecture; and is the only part of the whole ruin, which is picturesque. All traces of the aisles are lost; but the walls are entire, except the cross-aisle, which is gone. The west windows remain; the former have lost all its ornaments; and both are very beautiful without, as well as within. Maundrel says, that the east windows in all the churches he met with in his travels in Tyre, which were not fewer than a were left uninjured\*. A similar remark, may be made on most of the churches in England. The fact is,

\* Maundrel's Travels, p. 49.



but whether it is owing to chance or superstition may be doubted. In that part of the cross-aisle at Netley-Abbey which remains, a small part of the stone roof is still left, and is a very curious specimen of Gothic antiquity.

More of this roof might still have remained if the warnings of Heaven (as that renowned antiquarian Brown Willis informs us) had taken effect. From him we have an anecdote, which, *he assures us*, is founded on fact, of a carpenter, who once trafficked with the owner of Netley for this elegant roof, which he meant to pull down and convert into gain. As he retired to rest, his slumbers were disturbed with dreadful dreams. These having no effect, the next night visions appeared; venerable old men in Monkish habits, with frowning faces and threatening hands. Still he pursued his wicked purpose. But the next night he had scarce fallen asleep, when a monstrous coping-stone fell plumb upon his head. He started with horror, and was hardly at length persuaded it was a dream. All this having *only* a momentary effect, in the morning he went to work on the execution of his design. No farther warning was given him. He had scarce mounted a ladder, when a coping-stone fell in earnest from the roof, and put him

mon fewer, but it is too ample, I should suppose, to have been intended for that purpose.

At the other end of the dining-hall, you pass through a small vaulted room, into the chapter-house, which is ten paces square. This room is beautifully proportioned, and adorned on each side by three arches, which uniting at the top in ribs, support a vaulted roof. To this adjoin two smaller rooms, from whence there is an entrance to the great church by the cross aisle.

The great church has been a very elegant piece of Gothic architecture; and is almost the only part of the whole ruin, which is picturesque. All traces of the aisles and pillars are lost; but the walls are entire, except half the cross-aisle, which is gone. The east and west windows remain; the former has not yet lost all its ornaments; and both are very beautiful without, as well as within. Maundrel tells us, that the east windows in all the Christian churches he met with in his travels as far as Tyre, which were not fewer than a hundred, were left uninjured\*. A similar remark, I think, may be made on most of the ruined churches in England.. The fact is singular,

\* Maundrel's Travels, p. 49.

but

## S E C T. XXXVIII.

**A**<sup>S</sup> we fet sail from Netley-Abbey, we had a beautiful view of Southampton, running from us in a point directly opposite to that view which we had from Redbridge. The indentations made by the river Itchin, and other creeks, are great advantages to the view.

From Southampton we took our rout to Winchester, through a very beautiful country. The first object is an artificial avenue, composed of detached groups of fir. The idea of an avenue as a connecting thread between a town and a country, is a good one. We observe however, that the beauty of this avenue is much greater as we approach Southampton than as we leave it. As we leave it, the avenue ends abruptly in a naked country; but as we turned round, and viewed it in retrospect it united with the woody scene around it, which had a good effect. A retrospect also afforded







striped divisions, is of all kinds of count-  
generally the most unplea-  
sant.

Near Basingstoke stand the ruins of Basing-  
house, which we cannot pass without feeling  
a respect for the gallant figure it made, beyond  
that of any fortress of its size, in the civil war  
of Charles I. It was at that time the seat  
of the Marquis of Winchester, who fortified and  
held it for the king, during the greatest part  
those troublesome times, though it underwent  
an almost continued blockade. Once it was  
so far reduced by famine, as to be on the point  
of surrendering; and its relief by Colonel  
Gage was considered as one of the most glori-  
ous actions of the war. Lord Clarendon  
detailed this gallant enterprize at length.  
The outlines of it are these. The King was then  
at Oxford. He had been applied to for assistance;  
by the garrison at Basing-house; but it was  
blockaded by so large a force, that all the  
tary men about him thought any attempt  
to relieve it, desperate. Gage, however, offered  
his service; and getting together a few volun-  
teers, well mounted, undertook the business.  
On Monday night he left Oxford, which was  
forty miles from Basing-house; and came up  
the besiegers before day-light on Wednesday  
morning.

afforded beautiful views over Southampton river, and its appendages, the town, New-forest, and the Isle of Wight. All this pleasing country appeared under various forms; and was often set off with good foregrounds.

Having passed the avenue, and a few miles of miscellaneous country, no way interesting, we entered, about the sixth stone, a forest-scene, abounding with all the charms of that species of landscape. In this we continued three or four miles.

From these woody scenes the country becomes more heathy; but is still diversified with wood, and affords many pleasing distances on the right; till at length it suddenly degenerates into chalky grounds, which are of the same kind as those described in our approach to Winchester\*.

We left Winchester by the Basingstoke road; which passes through a country, with little picturesque beauty on either hand. It becomes by degrees flat and unpleasant, and soon degenerates into common-field land, which, with its

\* See page 44.



ed it by assault; and put the garrison to the sword. — Among the few fugitives that escaped was the celebrated engraver Hollar, who had been shut up in the castle — This event, in picturesque work, is a circumstance worth mentioning.

From Basingstoke we continued our route to Bagshot. Bagshot-heath is a very extensive tract of barren country; occupying a part of Surrey, Hampshire, and Berkshire. We spent a great part of a morning in travelling over it. In general it is void of beauty: it rarely, anywhere, exhibits a foreground, but its distances are often extensive, and beautiful. The prospect of it from Farnham-castle is very grand. Lord Albermarle's house and improvements appeared to great advantage, contrasted by the heath, which surrounded them. They seem like an island in the main. As we approached Stains, the Duke of Cumberland's plantation in Windsor-park made a noble appearance. From Stains we crossed the Thames at Kingston, where we re-entered Surrey.

morning ; forced their lines by an unexpected attack ; and entered the place with a string of horses laden with provision. The enemy soon found how contemptible a number had alarmed them ; and returning to their posts, began to close up the avenues. Gage, with that readiness of invention which is able to command the crisis of a great action, sent orders into the country, to provide quantities of provision for a large reinforcement, which he hourly expected. This intelligence gave a momentary pause to the motions of the enemy. A moment was all that Gage wanted. He issued instantly from the garrison with his small troop of horse ; and through bye roads got safe to Oxford without interruption. Thus relieved, Basing-house continued to baffle all the attempts of the Parliament, till the fatal battle of Naseby. After that event misfortunes came in with a full tide upon the king. Every day brought him some new account of the loss of his garrisons, and among other places he had the mortification to hear the loss of Basing-house. Cromwell himself appeared before it, and summoning it in haughty language, was answered with scorn. The incensed chief fell upon it with a body of his veteran troops ; car-

ried it by assault; and put the garrison to the sword. — Among the few fugitives that escaped, was the celebrated engraver\* Hollar, who had been shut up in the castle. This event, in a picturesque work, is a circumstance worth mentioning..

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From Stains we crossed the Thames at Kingston, where we re-entered Surrey.

## A P P E N D I X.

SINCE this volume went to press, Sir Joshua Reynolds's Lectures fell into the author's hands, which he had never seen before. As they point out two or three mistakes which he had made, he thinks it proper to mention them in an Appendix. In page 46, speaking of monuments in churches, he expresses his doubts, whether the "introduction of them will be any " advantage to St. Paul's; which the judicious " architect, he supposes, had already adorned " as much as he thought consistent with the " sublimity of his idea." In speaking on the same subject, Sir Joshua, on the contrary, informs us, that " Sir Christopher Wren left niches " in St. Paul's on purpose for monuments, busts, " single figures, bas-reliefs, and groups of " figures." Vol. ii. p. 242. The author can only say, that he does not remember any niches or recesses in St. Paul's, which gave him ideas of this kind; but as what Sir Joshua says is given as *information*; and his remark depends only on *supposition*, and *recollection*, it must of course give way.

In page 112, he speaks highly of Vandyck's superiority as a *portrait painter*; but slightly of his

his

his abilities *in history*. A large piece, in which Vandyck has many figures to manage, he supposes to be a work which required more skill in composition than Vandyck possessed. His opinion is formed chiefly on the great family-picture at Wilton, which gave occasion to these remarks; and on two large pictures which he had formerly seen, and examined at Houghton-hall; in none of which the composition pleased him. But Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his Travels through Flanders, tells us, that he saw at Mecclin, a picture of the Crucifixion by Vandyck, which he thought one of the first pictures in the world and scruples not to say, he thinks Vandyck had a genius for history-painting. The author cannot withstand such authority; but must withdraw his own opinion — or, at least, keep it modestly to himself.

But though he had the mortification to find he differed from Sir Joshua Reynolds in these, and a few more particulars, he had the pleasure to find they agreed in a number of others. Two or three of them belong to the volume before us. In page 117, the author observes that he had oftener than once judged falsely on the *first sight* of Salvator's pictures, which pleased him more on a second view. This, however, he considers as a fault, for we expect from a good picture.

picture, as from a good man, a favourable impression at sight. Sir Joshua's opinion of a good picture is the same. He says, "it should please at first sight, and appear to incite the spectator's attention." Vol. i. p. 208.

In the 21st page, the beautiful effect of easy action in a statue, in opposition to none at all, is considered; and the Venus, the Apollo, the listening Slave, and the Farnesian Hercules resting from one of his labours, are instanced. All these gentle modes of *action*, or *expression*, are considered, in the passage alluded to, as much more beautiful than the uninteresting vacancy of a consul standing erect in his robes. — He had the pleasure to see remarks exactly similar to these in one of Sir Joshua's Lectures (vol. i. p. 259.). "Those works of the ancients," says he, "which are in the highest esteem, have something beside mere simplicity to recommend them. The Apollo, the Venus, the Laocoon, the Gladiator, have a certain composition of action, with contrasts sufficient to give grace and energy in a high degree. But it must be confessed of the many thousand statues which we have, their general characteristic is bordering at least on inanimate insipidity."

THE END.

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